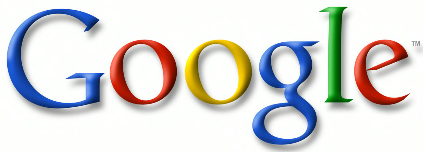


This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

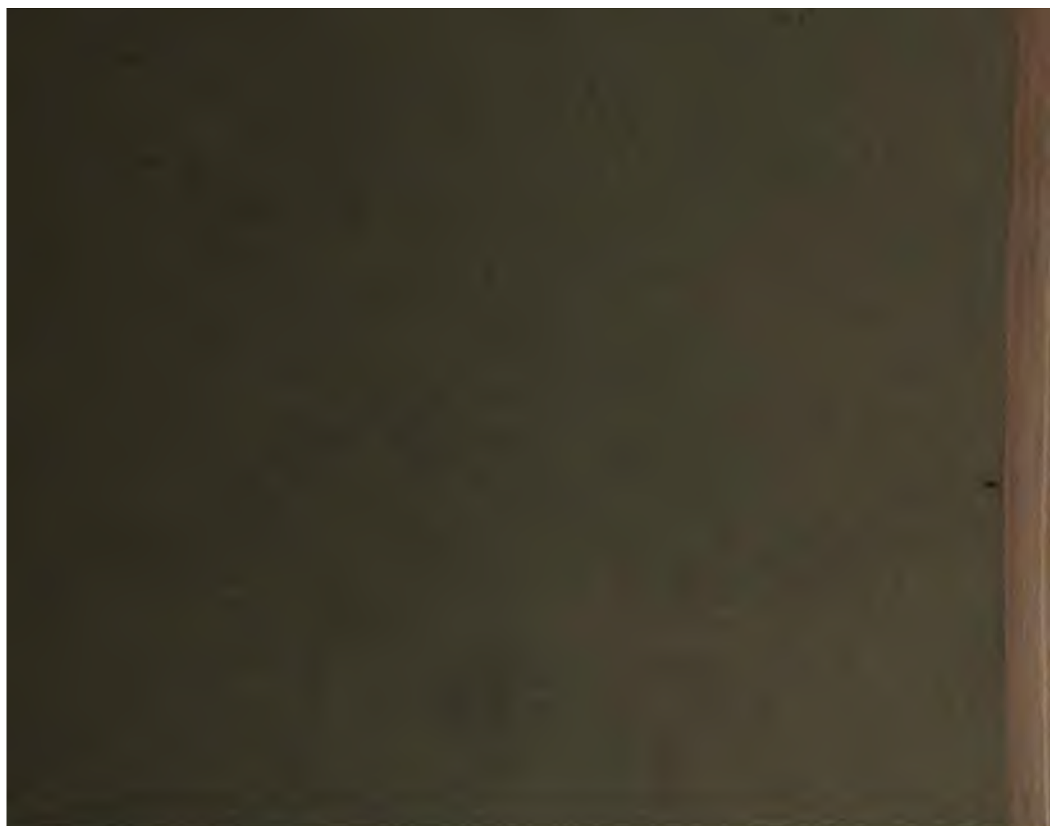
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



THE

Gentleman's Magazine

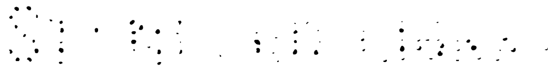
VOLUME CCLXXXII.

N.S. 58

JANUARY TO JUNE 1897

PRODESSE & DELECTARE PLURIBUS UNUM

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*



London

CHATTO & WINDUS, 111 ST MARTIN'S LANE

1897

;ONTENTS *of* VOL. CCLXXXII.

PAGE
, The Emperor of, and his Capital. By EDWARD H. PARKER 119
on-Sea. By Dr. N. E. YORKE-DAVIES 269
)n Behalf of. By ROBIN BIRDILOVE 217
an's Romance, A. By CHARLES LUSTED 347
The Tribute from. By NORA HOPPER 300
'hested Soul, A. By TOM RUSSELL 403
, Historical Monuments of. By KATHLEEN BLECHYNDEN 389
al, In the Shadow of a. By C. WYNN WILLIAMS . . 509
: Art at Derby. By JAMES CASSIDY 321
: Punishments. By EDWARD H. PARKER 49
Reader, A. By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING 568
Town, A, in the Seventeenth Century. By A. BALLARD . 25
Ceramic Art at. By JAMES CASSIDY 321
:al Folk-Lore, More, relating to definite Localities. By
BRUCE BOSWELL 443
Pietra. By EDMUND G. GARDNER 256
Stars, Spectroscopic. By J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S. . 19
r, The, of Annam and his Capital. By EDWARD H. PARKER 119
Match Factory, An. By JAMES CASSIDY 149
The Making of the Map of. By Rev. WRAY W. HUNT, M.A. 429
, for Life. By Rev. M. G. WATKINS, M.A. 252
Some Holiday. By JOHN PENDLETON 96
:k Lewis of Hanover. By ALISON BUCKLER 166
and Weimar. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON 369
School. By E. CARPENTER 616
Green, A Mid-Country. By JOHN HYDE 81
al Monuments of Calcutta. By KATHLEEN BLECHYNDEN 389
; Chulalongkorn's Dominions. By PERCY CROSS STANDING 544
erranean Caves. By WALTER WOOD 303
hadow of a Cathedral. By C. WYNN WILLIAMS . . . 509
stic Responsibility, On. By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS . . 131
a's War-Club. By J. R. WERNER 313
aniel. By J. W. SHERER, C.S.I. 209
By LILY WOLFFSOHN 140
s, The, of Mercy Newdigate. By Major MARTIN A. S. HUME 1
, The, of the Map of Europe. By Rev. WRAY W. HUNT, M.A. 429
llen. By MARY HARTIER 88
Factory, An English. By JAMES CASSIDY 149
a New South Wales Station. By HUGH HENRY . . . 493
untry Gretna Green, A. By JOHN HYDE 81
vinch and her Pigs. By PENLEY REYD 563
)iabolical Folk-Lore relating to definite Localities. By
BRUCE BOSWELL 443
rom the South. By CLARE SOREL STRONG 337
ory, An. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M.A. . . 76

in my heart, and my soul clamours the protest I dare not speak; because I, of all people, shrink from torture and the stake.

But in the silent night, and in the long hours I pass at my cell-window looking on the changeless sapphire sky, the black velvet shadow of the cypresses on the blinding Spanish sunlight, and far away across the arid Castilian plain, I curse the cowardice that prevents me from wearing the martyr's crown and wiping out my transgression by the cleansing ordeal of fire.

God forbid that I should say a word against the faith in which I was born; but, if I dared, I would cry aloud before the altar itself that no human creature, Bishop or Inquisitor though he be, should be allowed to maim and murder men after God's likeness who are mistaken in their interpretation of God's Word.

How happy life was in England before the Jezebel Elizabeth came to root out the old faith! There were bad times before that, I know, for my own great uncle, the martyr Sebastian Newdigate, was burnt at the stake by King Henry, and much oppression was exercised in the name of our good young King Edward; but of this I recollect nothing, having been a child at the time. But those who, like my own people, were unobtrusively Catholic, were but little harmed before the wicked Queen came to undo the work of my mistress, the sainted Queen Mary.

I and my twin-sister Millicent were only thirteen when one day a courier came from London with the news that King Edward was dead and Jane proclaimed Queen. It seems but yesterday, I recollect it so clearly. My father called his people together in the great hall and told them what had happened, and how our real Queen Mary was in Norfolk wanting their aid. And when he ceased speaking he lifted his cap and reverently said, "God save her Grace!" and a great shout answered him, "God save Queen Mary!" Then we saw them clatter off with pikes and harquebuses on their shoulders to the town hard by, where my father joined his cousin, Sir William Dormer, and other gentlemen, and proclaimed Queen Mary.

Millicent and I, with our old governess, were in great fear of bloodshed; but all went well, and in three weeks my father came back and told us the blessed news that our lawful Queen had taken possession of her birthright.

My cousin, Jane Dormer, had been almost our only companion, and we had since our mother's death passed much of our time at Sir William Dormer's house at Ethrope; but she was to be a great lady now, for her mother had been a sister to Sir Harry Sidney, and her father was rich, whilst our father was a modest country knight, who

loved not the Court and its dangers, and asked but to be allowed to live in peace on his own lands. My sister Millicent, too, was of the same nature. She was ever a home-bird, and whilst Jane Dormer and I, like the giddy children we were, imagined all sorts of brilliant futures for ourselves, in which foreign princes and nobles took an important part, my sister was firm in her purpose to wed a neighbour and live and die in the old home. So when my cousin Jane went with her grandmother to Court and wrote me long accounts of the grand doings there, I pined and fretted to join her and take part in the splendour she described. My father stood out against it for many months, and prayed his little girl, as he ever called me, not to leave him; but I fell sick with sorrow that I could not go, and grew to hate our country gaieties. At last my teasing prevailed, and my father, with a heavy heart and much grave warning, consented to take me on horseback to London to place me for a time under the care of my great aunt, old Lady Dormer. I was mad with joy and excitement, but my father was very sad as we rode along in the pleasant May weather towards the Court; for the times were still disturbed, though Wyatt and his knaves had been hanged. Nobler blood, too, than Wyatt's had been shed in plenty for treason against our Queen; and even now most Englishmen misliked the marriage of her Grace with her cousin the Prince of Spain. My father had been summoned, like all other gentlemen, to accompany the Queen on her marriage journey to Winchester, but neither the errand nor its object pleased him, though he was forced to go.

Ah! the fluttering heart and quivering knees with which I was taken through the long galleries and endless chambers at Whitehall to the Queen's apartment. On the threshold of the presence-chamber I would fain have fled for mere fright, but old Lady Dormer was leading me by the hand, and my father was just behind with other gentlemen, so for very shame I dared not draw back now. The room was rather dark when we first entered it, and I could not see the Queen clearly, but, as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw that two maidens were dancing in the middle of the chamber, whilst another, who sat on a low stool, was playing upon a lute. Out of the semi-darkness I heard a rich, deep voice, like a man's, say, "And whom have we here?" and then my father led me forward and knelt, bidding me kneel too. And well it was I had to kneel, or I should have fallen from sheer fright; but soon I gathered courage enough to look up, and I shall never forget the kindly, gentle, yet sad smile which passed over the poor suffering face, so white and patient, of the good Queen as she held out her hand, all covered with

jewels, for me to kiss. "Nay, child," she said, "do not tremble so, I will not harm thee. Go to thy madcap cousin Dormer; she will school thee, I will warrant. But be a good child and not over-bold, and let me see thee near me every day."

And so thenceforward I was always near her Grace. Ah! the happy, happy summer! It was for us one long round of gaiety and pleasure as the Queen journeyed slowly from palace to palace, all through June and July, on her way to Winchester to meet her bridegroom. All was hopeful and joyous then, and even the Queen's face seemed to grow brighter, younger, and more comely as she approached her wedding-day. We young girls were half-crazy with delight at our fine new garments and the bravery which surrounded us, greater, it is said, than ever was seen in the world before or since. But all this and the splendid ceremony at Winchester has but little to do with my story: only that on the night before the wedding, when our new King Philip came secretly to see his bride for the first time at the bishop's house, we maidens were kept, much to our discontent, in an adjoining room whilst the Queen met her husband; and when the Queen brought him in to see us, he gaily kissed us all on the lips in the English fashion, whereat methought the Queen was sad. And when she had withdrawn him, the principal Spanish nobles who accompanied him would fain kiss us too. There was much merry-making at this, for the fashion was strange and new to the Spaniards; but I noticed as I stood next to my cousin Jane that, whilst she pertly struggled with the rest of the nobles, she turned deathly pale and nearly fainted as the splendid Count de Feria kissed her lips.

During the next few months we saw much of the Spaniards that remained, though most of them soon went to the wars; but Feria and a few others remained in England with the King. What passed between him and Jane Dormer at the time I knew not, only that he was to be married to his own niece for the sake of her money, and yet it was clear to us all that he was in love with Jane; and much we teased my cousin about it. But when he came back to England as ambassador four years afterwards, when all hope and joy and health had faded out of the Queen's life, he made love to Jane almost openly, although the poor Queen prayed and besought him not to pledge himself to her for fear of King Philip's displeasure.

With the Count came a kinsman of his, Don Diego de Sarmiento, an hidalgo of ancient family but small estate, the brightest, bravest, and best man in the world. Ah! the sweet secret meetings we had at Whitehall, at Richmond, and Hampton Court, where the Count pledged his troth to Jane, whilst Don Diego made most rapturous

love to me. All the Court was in gloom and sorrow. The Queen was slowly dying, public discontent was rising, a disastrous war was being waged against England, and trouble was all around us. But we, poor fools, were the happiest creatures alive, and, when the Count and his kinsman had to join the King in Flanders, I thought our hearts would break.

When the Queen was on her death-bed some months later, Feria came back again and brought Diego with him ; and as soon as our poor mistress had died, and none knew what course Madam Elizabeth would take, we withdrew from the Court and took up our abode with old Lady Dormer in the part of the palace of the Savoy where she lived. There the Count renewed his suit, much to the distress of the aged lady, who at last peremptorily refused her own and her son's consent to Jane's marriage, and wrote to my father saying she was sending me and my cousin into the country again, for the Court was full of heretics and evil persons, and was no fit place for young maidens.

Then my cousin and myself did an undutiful thing. We knew the real reason for our banishment was the fear of our pledging ourselves to the strangers, who would take us to live in distant lands, and we could not bear to lose our lovers. So one night late, by the help of our governess and some of the servants, the Count and Diego were admitted, and whilst Lady Dormer slept we were married by the Bishop of Aquila, Jane to the Count, and I to Don Diego. Directly after the ceremony the bridegrooms and the Bishop took boat to Durham Place, where they were staying, and the next morning we were sent off to Buckinghamshire, the good old Lady Dormer congratulating herself upon having, as she thought, got rid of her troublesome charges.

But the two married lovers could not brook separation from their lawful wives for long, and the Count soon confessed all to Sir William Dormer, and took his Countess to her new home in Durham Place. I had more ado to reconcile my own father, for Don Diego was but a poor gentleman, whilst Feria, who was soon to be a Duke, was the King's ambassador and a very great personage. But at length, after many tears, I too left the old hall to go with my husband. All the world knows how the termagant Queen Elizabeth flouted and quarrelled with the new ambassadress, and how, before many months were over, we all went across the sea to Flanders, and thence with King Philip to Spain.

It is thirty-four years since then, and I have never looked upon my birthplace again. My path in life, and that of my cousin the

Duchess, lay apart, and I saw her but rarely, for she was, and is, one of the greatest ladies in Spain, and the most saintly.

But my Diego and I retired as soon as might be to his ancient mansion-house, near Valladolid, in Castile, and there we passed ten years of our simple, happy married life. Two out of our five children only survived their infancy, the eldest and the youngest: Diego, who was born within a few weeks of Jane's son Fernando, now Duke of Feria, and Philip, so christened after our good King.

But at length came stories that the heretics in Flanders were rising in rebellion against the King, and my husband grew restless, rusting, as he said, like a useless sword in its scabbard; for the talk of war to him was like the sound of a trumpet to a charger. So at last I could keep him at my side no longer, and he was fain to put on his armour again to fight the heretics under the Duke of Alba.

It was a bitter trial to me to be left alone, and my trouble was increased by the news which reached me from England. The Catholics there were being sorely persecuted by the Queen, and multitudes were being driven by fear into the new faith. The English, moreover, were helping the rebels, and injuring our King by land and sea. I was ashamed of my countrymen to be thus led away by the caprice of a wicked woman. My father, ever faithful, had been proscribed and persecuted until he had died of trouble and distress; and, worst of all, Millicent my sister had just married a Protestant gentleman named Philip Sendye, whose estate joined ours, and had herself embraced his faith. Thenceforward I wrote to her no more, nor she to me.

Long months passed sometimes without news coming to me from my husband, months full of anxiety and sorrow for the danger he was in; but at last, when he had been gone three years, a pikeman returning wounded to our neighbourhood told me he had seen him fall struck by a harquebuse ball at Brille. I thought I should have gone mad with grief, and was like to die, when suddenly my sorrow was turned to joy by the return of my husband himself, sorely wounded, a shadow of his former self, but still alive. He had lost an arm in the war, and his estate had suffered much in his absence, but withal we rejoiced and were united again once more in bonds of perfect love.

For the next few years our principal care was the fit bringing up of our children. Young Diego, who had been born in 1560 and was now growing almost into manhood, was bold and adventurous like his father, never tired of hearing stories of war and travel. Like his

came nearly killed me. My husband's cousin, Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, who was the Governor of Magellan for the King, wrote to say that one morning a caravel was seen drifting off Port St. Julian, which presently ran aground. High aloft from the yard-arm there dangled by the neck the corpse of a one-armed man, and all the bloodstained deck was strewn with the bodies of the crew, each man with his throat cut. The ship had been captured and ransacked by the accursed Drake, and my husband had been murdered by my own countrymen.

My son's dark brow grew darker as he heard the dire news, and before I could stop him he seized a reliquary containing a piece of a bone of Santiago, and swore solemnly upon it that he would avenge his father, even at the cost of his own life. By tears and entreaties I tried to keep him near me ; but I could not wean him from his thought of vengeance. He had no money to fit out expeditions, for we had little left but the old mansion-house with a few acres, and my own portion, with which I had bought two houses in Madrid ; but he polished up his dead father's arms and armour, and, without even telling me he was going, rode out one morning for Santander, to join the force which was being embarked there in the Pope's name to succour the brave Irishmen who were holding out against the heretic English. He wrote to me in high spirits before he sailed, telling me that when he had killed ten Englishmen he would come back and stay with me for ever. Alas ! he never came back. I learnt afterwards how the craven Italian who commanded them had surrendered the fort at Smerwick at the first summons, and had basely gone on his knees to beg for their lives, whilst Kildare was within a few hours' march of him, hastening to his support. Their lives were promised, but the incarnate devils, Grey and Bingham, broke their word, and cut the throats of eight hundred of them and more. And so my bright lad was slain by the heretic fiends who had murdered my husband, and lies dumbly crying for vengeance under a few inches of bog in Dingle Bay.

I think I must have been mad when I first heard the news. All my soul seemed to turn to hate and bitterness ; and, but for my child Philip and his sweet caressing ways, I should have lost my reason for ever. There were times indeed when I would turn even from him with sudden hate and loathing, he was so like an English lad ; but this gradually passed away, and I grew so that I could hardly bear him out of my sight.

But as years passed on and Philip became a straight, tall stripling, stories came that our good, patient King, who had suffered so much

at the hands of the English Queen, had at last determined to punish her. There would be no fighting, it was said. All England was sick of her rule, and was only waiting to welcome our great fleet to bring them the Catholic faith again. His Holiness had given his special blessing to the enterprise and vast sums of money; and the greatest fleet that ever sailed the seas was going on a voyage of pleasure and delight, without danger and without opposition. So good Father Blas told us all, and the friars that came and went about our house said it was the duty of all good Christians to take part in so holy an excursion.

Philip was now over eighteen and was aflame to go, for he was always very devout and full of pity for the poor heretics who were so misguided. The English priests at Valladolid, too, had sent word to the Court of the young Spaniard who spoke English so well and might be useful. So an order came for him to join Don Pedro de Valdez as interpreter and secretary on board the Armada. I could hardly let him go, for he was all I had left; but he laughed at my fears, and they all told me there could be no possible danger. The English were only too anxious for our coming, always with the exception of the Queen and her few heretics. The wretched smacks and poor galliots of Drake would not dare even to approach our splendid fleet, and the voyage would be a long holiday. Fool that I was to believe it! I, an Englishwoman, should have known my stubborn countrymen better. But I let my boy go for the cause of Christ and the King, though, if I had dared, I would have stopped him at the last moment. I was an Englishwoman, and, as such, always subject to suspicion; and any hint of dissent from me would have been dangerous both to me and to my boy. But my heart shrieked within me that he should not go, though my lips were silent. And so he started on that bright spring morning to avenge his father and his brother, not with blood, but with faith and salvation for their murderers.

All that summer of 1588 I was on my knees in prayer night and day, as, indeed, was the whole of Spain. One day in the autumn came the glorious news that Elizabeth had fled with all her heretics, Drake had been defeated and killed, and the Spaniards received with open arms by the English. The story came from our ambassador in Paris, but it was a lie; and in the midst of our rejoicing there crept over us, like a cold wind from the Guadarramas, doubt and distrust, none knew from whence. And then followed whispers of bad weather, of wreck, of disaster—what know I? I could hear it no longer, I must go myself to the brink of the cruel sea, across it, if need be, to England

All night long I lay awake thinking, planning, and praying; and at the earliest streak of dawn I was out upon the quay again in the hope of seeing my son. But, though other galley-slaves dragged past me, no Philip was there, and my heart sank as I thought that perhaps the cruel whip had killed him. But I saw that I was being watched, and knew that I must be careful for his sake as well as my own; for it was a dangerous thing to meddle with the concerns of the Holy Office. So I bethought me of the good Spanish priest who had helped me yesterday, and sought him out, for he knew that neither I nor my people had ever been tainted with heresy. But secular priests were in as much fear of the Inquisition as were laymen, and he dared not even go with me to the house of the Holy Office to inquire after my son: all he could do was to recommend me to the prior of the Dominicans at the monastery at the end of the Rocio, who himself was one of the Council of the Holy Office for Portugal. Father Eusebio was stern and cold, and told me to avoid mixing myself in matters of faith such as this, or trying to favour a convicted heretic, though he was my countryman. But I cast myself at his feet weeping, and besought him, in the name of the Holy Church, to save my son, a good Catholic, from the fate that had befallen him; and at last, from sheer weariness at my persistence, he consented to make inquiries. After many days I was summoned to the monastery and told that the young man with whom I had spoken, who had refused to give any other name than Philip, was convicted of heresy out of his own mouth, and had obstinately refused to retract or repent; and I should see him no more.

Beyond this I could learn nothing, and I was well-nigh beside myself. The same night, as I lay awake pondering as ever how I should save my son—for I knew he was no heretic—I was aroused by two officers of the Inquisition, who gave me an order to leave Lisbon before daylight, or I myself should be arrested on the charge of favouring heretics.

Alone, friendless, and almost without money, I left the city in the grey dawn in a barge that carried me up the Tagus to Alcantara on the Spanish frontier. Three days' journey by mule to the south of this are the castle and town of Zafra, where my cousin, the Duchess, lives her good life, and thither I wended my way to beseech her aid to recover my son. Jane wears still beneath her dainty garments the coarse frock of a Franciscan nun, and her rich benefactions to the Church are known to all the world; but, being by birth an Englishwoman, even she dared not directly appeal to the Holy Office in favour of a convicted heretic. If he were a heretic, moreover, said

she, if he were twenty times my son or even her own, she would not raise a finger to save him. Nor, I told her, would I; but my Philip I knew was as devout and faithful as we were, and was no heretic. My earnestness convinced her almost, in spite of her judgment, that the officers of the Inquisition must have made a mistake, and she consented to give me recommendations to her son, the Duke of Feria, in Madrid, to Secretary Vasquez, and, above all, to Cardinal Quiroga, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, and one of King Philip's chief advisers. It was a sad and hurried meeting and parting, and Jane would have had me stay at Zafra for a time; but I would trust no other hands than mine with my son's safety, and started without an hour's delay on my long, long journey to Madrid, in better comfort now, for the Duchess had provided for me a litter and mules. But slow, ah! so slow it seemed to me, for I was burning with impatience, and every hour seemed a day to me. Over the parched plain at last at evening I saw again the Alcazar on its cliff, and the red tiles of Madrid; and I thanked God, for I knew that here, if anywhere, I could beg the life of my son.

My cousin, the Duke, was kindly and sympathetic, but he was a soldier, a fine gentleman, and a courtier, and was loath to interfere in matters of faith. All he could do was to send his chaplain, a Dominican, with me, so that I might get easy access to Cardinal Quiroga. The King and Court were at the Escorial, for it was early summer—only a year ago, though it seems an age to me—and thither early next morning I wended my way. It was nearly midnight when I arrived, but I could not sleep, and sat rocking myself to and fro before the inn fire all night, counting the minutes as they dragged along. At last the day came, and I went up to the monastery to see the Cardinal. Armed with my cousin's letter, and aided by the Duke's chaplain, I had no difficulty in seeing him whilst he took his breakfast after early mass. He was rosy and plump, and laughed a good deal; God knows why, for I was well-nigh distraught, and can hardly have been a subject for merriment, but he said he did not see how he could interfere with the Council of the Office in Portugal. There could be no mistake, he said; my son must have become a heretic, in which case he had better remain where he was. The man was cruel and heartless for all his smiles; and my entreaties were powerless to move him.

Secretary Vasquez looked hard and sour, but was much kinder. He of himself, he said, could do nothing, but would speak to the King, and perhaps His Majesty himself might see me. Ah! if I could only see King Philip, I thought, all would be well, for he

would recollect me in the old days, and my son was called Philip too. All the long day I remained on my knees praying in the church before the high altar, and once or twice methought a little wicket high up in the wall opened, and I felt keen eyes watching me. As I rose at last to go, and tottered towards the door, for I was fainting with hunger and fatigue, a priest came and told me to follow him. Up many granite stairs and through many passages we went; and at length he left me alone in an ante-room. Presently Secretary Vasquez came from an inner door and led me forward into the small room from which he had emerged. It was nearly filled with papers, stacked up on every side; and at a table, with his back to the window, sat a figure in black velvet, which I knew to be that of the King, though I could hardly see his face, for he was bending over his writing. I knelt, though he did not see me for a time; but, when he looked up, his sad, wan face lit up with a sweet smile of recognition as he raised me kindly, whilst I kissed his hand. "Tut! Tut! my daughter," said he, "what trouble is this of yours I hear?"

And then I told him how the accursed English had killed my husband and eldest son, and how the younger had gone to fight in the Armada, and was now by some dire mistake in prison as a heretic. The smile faded, and the lines in his face deepened as he heard the story. "There is little mistake, I fear, my daughter. The poison-fangs strike where least expected, as I well know to my sorrow: but heresy must be rooted out, let who will suffer. This is a matter of faith in which I cannot interfere." The words struck my heart like death, and I was blindly groping to the door to go out in my misery, when an usher entered, and I stood aside, grasping the panelling whilst I tried to conquer the deadly faintness that was creeping over me.

A moment afterwards, as it seemed to me, I heard a voice I knew well, and I saw kneeling before the King my countryman, Father Persons, chief of the English Jesuit College of Valladolid, under whom my Philip for a time had studied. In another moment I was on my knees by the side of him, frantically imploring the King to hear him bear witness that my boy was no heretic. Good Father Persons calmed and soothed me, and, in reply to the King's question, said he would answer for my Philip's faithfulness with his life. What balm to my heart was this! I could not refrain from weeping for very joy; and, as the King bade me rise again, he told me he would see what he could do to help me. Then, with a word to Vasquez, he motioned me to retire.

The next day Father Persons told me that my boy was to be

brought to Madrid and re-tried before the General Council, and that, in the meanwhile, he would approach the members and influence them in his favour.

All was bright and happy for me now, and the world seemed young again. Hope came that all would yet be well, and for the next few weeks I was busy in my Madrid lodging getting ready for my boy's return—for I knew he was no heretic and would be absolved. A hundred times I arranged and rearranged the little room I had prepared for him; a hundred times I smoothed and laid out in readiness the new garments I had bought for him. At last the happiest news of all came—Philip had been brought to Madrid, and at the King's instance was not to be tried again, but to be handed over to my care, nominally a prisoner still, and to be rearrested if he showed signs of heresy; whilst I was bound solemnly by oath to report to the Holy Office any relapse from the faith. Ah! the happiness of it. What cared I for such conditions? My boy would never relapse into heresy, that I well knew, and was content to have him on any terms. And then I waited, waited for days which seemed like years for my boy to come, and at last they brought him to me: gaunt and in rags, nearly blind with the unaccustomed sunlight, but, oh! so beautiful he seemed to me then. How I kissed him and wept over him, my lost one who had suffered so much! I would not let him speak; but at last he held me at arm's-length and gazed upon me.

"Mother," he said, always speaking in English, "how you have changed! Mother, I *must* know—how come you here? What does it all mean? It must be a dream."

I thought his mind was wandering, and told him how I had sold the old home and come to Madrid to live.

"Sold the old hall!" he said in amazement. "And what about my father?"

But now I felt sure that his suffering had turned his brain for a time, and I would suffer him to speak no more until he had slept. For many hours he slept like a tired child, and, as I peeped in upon him again and again, I thought he looked just as he did years ago, only he was so much taller and thinner than when he went away.

At length, when he awoke, a barber was sent to him, and by-and-by he came down trimmed, bathed, and clothed in the smart new slashed doublet and trunks I had bought him, looking almost bonny again. I had a good meal spread for him, and pressed him to partake of it.

"No, mother," he said, "I will not touch bit nor drop until I know why you are here, and how you knew I was in the hands of

these accursed Spanish Papists—for I refused my name so as not to grieve you at my miserable fate."

"Spanish Papists!" I echoed in horror, shutting the door that none might hear; "you did well not to give your name if you so defame your country and your faith, miserable, misguided boy. Say you are mad, for God's sake! but do not tell me you are a heretic; for no Sarmiento ever was that yet."

"I suppose I must be mad," he replied. "What means this of Sarmiento? They would insist upon calling me Sarmiento for weeks past in prison, but I know not what they meant. And you, mother, to talk as if you were a Papist too! What strange thing is this? What would my father say? For though your house were long ago Papist, as I have heard, the Sendyes ever were true Protestants, as I am, and have suffered for their faith."

Even as he spoke the scales fell from my eyes, and I felt as if my brain was on fire. This man was not my son at all, but my twin-sister Millicent's son, Philip Sendye. And as he gazed upon me his blue eyes opened wider and aghast as if a phantom stood before him.

"Ah, good God!" he gasped, "you cannot be my mother, after all—you must be my Aunt Mercy who lives in Spain."

"Cheat! impostor!" I cried as I cast myself in fury upon him, "what have you done with my Philip? Have you murdered him as you murdered the rest?"

But he kindly and calmly held me off whilst the tears gathered in his eyes.

"Alas! I know nothing," he said, "of all this. I have murdered no one; but was captured by Spanish ships last year on a voyage to Barbary, and have been held a prisoner ever since. "Have pity upon me," he continued, "in this strange, cruel land; for my mother's sake send me back to her."

As he spoke he looked so much like my own boy that all my anger against him went out of my heart, and I almost loved him again; but at the same time there arose a black jealousy of my sister Millicent that she should have a son whilst mine were taken from me. But I soothed the poor fellow and cared for him, and tried to school my rebellious heart to the Divine decree. But every now and again during the next few days a great gust of hatred of him passed over my being because he was not my Philip, to be followed by a wave of tenderness because he was so much like him.

I think even I could have grown to love him but for one thing. He was for ever thinking of plans for leaving me and going to his

own mother. What had Millicent done so much better than I that she should have a son Philip, whilst mine perhaps was in his grave, or at the bottom of the cruel sea? And then sometimes I would think that my own Philip might even now be on his way home to me. Perhaps some kind souls in England had succoured him ; and this thought made me gentle to my nephew, and I swore to myself that if my boy came back to me I would send Millicent's Philip to her again at any risk, heretic though he was.

One day, when my nephew had been with me for a week, a messenger came with a letter for me. I did not know the handwriting, but my heart was bursting as I cut the ribbon, for I knew instinctively that it would tell me the fate of my son. It was from Don Pedro Valdez, from his home at Gijon ; and as I patiently spelt it through without excitement or apparent emotion, I felt gradually turned to stone, except only my brain, which seemed on fire. It told me that after Don Pedro had been basely deserted, disabled as he was, by the rest of the Armada, and was engaged alone with all the English fleet, to which he was about to surrender, my boy, with others, was swept off the deck by some falling wreckage. He fell into the water, and for safety swam to an English boat not far off to beg for quarter, and to surrender himself. He grasped the gunwale of the boat with both hands, and cried for quarter in English. Then a fiend in the boat shouted, with a brutal oath, "This is one of the English traitors," and, seizing a hatchet, he struck off my poor boy's two hands at the wrists, and, with a piteous cry, Philip's fair curly head sank into the crimson water to rise no more.

No complaint fell from me. I shed no tears. I could not pray; and to Philip's frequent inquiry what ailed me I replied not a word. But at the hour of vespers I crept out of the house like a reptile to the palace of the Holy Office, and reported that my prisoner was a blasphemer and a heretic of the deepest dye. That night, when Philip was sleeping, the masked familiars came and took him away ; and two days afterwards I was summoned to give my evidence against him. I swore falsely that he had scoffed and mocked at holy things and ridiculed the mass. In answer to it all he would say no word to the Inquisitors ; but stood gazing upon them with his clear blue eyes, whilst his lips moved in prayer in English. It was hardly audible, but I caught the words, "Save my mother, and forgive those who unjustly persecute me." And, as I turned to go, an officer standing by him raised the butt of his pike and struck him on the mouth, to silence, as he said, the vile language of the heretics.

But I was all unmoved and as cold as ice, for I had always before

SPECTROSCOPIC DOUBLE STARS.

MANY of the stars when examined with a good telescope are seen to be double, some triple, and a few quadruple and even multiple. These when viewed with the naked eye, or even a powerful binocular field glass, seem to be single, and show no sign of consisting of two components. Some of these telescopic double stars may be seen with instruments of moderate power, but in others the components are so close together that the highest powers of the largest telescopes are necessary to show them as anything but single stars. Optical double stars are those in which the component stars are merely apparently close together, owing to their being seen in nearly the same direction in space. Two stars may *seem* to be close together, while in reality one of them may be placed at an immense distance behind the other ; just as two lighthouses at sea may, on a dark night, appear close together when viewed from a certain position, whereas they may be really miles apart. In the case of double stars it is, of course, always difficult to determine whether the apparent closeness of the components is real or merely optical. But when, from a long series of observations of their relative positions, we find that one of them is apparently moving round the other, we know that the stars must be comparatively close and linked together by some physical bond of union. These most interesting objects are known to astronomers as binary, or revolving double stars. Many of them have been watched for a number of years, and their period of revolution and other details respecting their orbits have been computed by astronomers. Their periods vary from about eleven years to over one thousand.

A new class of binary stars has been discovered in recent year by the aid of the spectroscope. These have been called "spectroscopic binaries," and are supposed to consist of two component stars so close together that the highest powers of our largest telescopes fail to show them as anything but single stars ! Indeed, the velocities indicated by the spectroscope show that they must be so close that the components will probably for ever remain invisible by the most

powerful telescopes which could ever be constructed by man. In some of these remarkable objects, the doubling of the spectral lines indicates that the components are both bright bodies, but in the case of the variable star Algol, at least, as the lines are merely shifted from their normal position, not doubled, it would seem that one of the components is a dark body, or at least gives so little light that its spectrum is not perceptible. In either case the motion in the line of sight can be measured by the spectroscope, and we can therefore calculate the actual dimensions of the system in miles, and thence its mass in terms of the mass of the sun, although the star's distance from the earth remains unknown. Judging, however, from the brightness of the star and the character of its spectrum we can make an estimate of its probable distance from the earth.

Let us first consider the case of Algol. This famous variable star has, according to the Draper Catalogue, a spectrum of the first or Sirian type. It may therefore be comparable with that brilliant star in intrinsic brightness and density. Assuming the mass of Sirius at 2·20 times the mass of the sun, as determined by Auwers, and that of the bright component of Algol at four-ninths of the sun's mass, as found by Vogel, I find that for the *same distance* Sirius would be about 2·8 times brighter than Algol. But photometric measures show that Sirius is about 22 times brighter than Algol, from which it follows—since light varies inversely as the square of the distance—that Algol is 2·77 times farther from the earth than Sirius. Assuming the parallax of Sirius at 0·39″, this would give for the parallax of Algol 0·14″, or a journey for light of about 23 years. From the dimensions of the system as given by Vogel—about 3,230,000 miles from centre to centre of the components—this parallax would give an apparent distance between the components of less than the two-hundredth of a second of arc, a quantity much too small to be visible in our largest telescopes, or probably in any telescope which man can ever construct. It is therefore no matter for surprise that Burnham, the famous observer of double stars, failed to see any trace of duplicity in Algol with the highest powers of the great telescope of the Lick Observatory. From a consideration of irregularities in the proper motion of Algol and in the period of its light changes, Dr. Chandler infers the existence of a second dark body, and a parallax of 0·07″. As this is exactly one-half the parallax found above, it implies a distance just double of what I have found, and would, of course, indicate that Algol is intrinsically four times brighter than Sirius. This greater brilliancy would suggest greater heat, and would agree with its small density, which, from

2·85 times the distance of Sirius. This would make the parallax of Spica about 0·137″. So far as I know, a measurable parallax has not yet been found for this star. Brioschi, in 1819–20, found a negative parallax which would imply either that the parallax is too small to be measurable, or that the small comparison star is actually nearer to the earth than the brighter star. Still, the above result would seem to suggest that its parallax might possibly be measurable by the photographic method. The parallax found above would imply that the maximum distance between the components of Spica would not exceed the one-hundredth of a second of arc, a quantity much too small to be detected by the most powerful telescopes. In addition to its orbital motion, Vogel finds that Spica is approaching the earth at the rate of about nine miles a second.

We now come to Zeta Ursæ Majoris, which has also a spectrum of the Sirian type, and which the spectroscope indicates to be a close binary star with a period of about 104 days, and a combined mass equal to forty times the mass of the sun. Proceeding as before, we find that the light of Mizar should be about 8·7 times that of Sirius. But the photometric measures made at Oxford show that Sirius is about three magnitudes, or about sixteen times brighter than Mizar. Hence the distance of Mizar should be nearly twelve times the distance of Sirius. This gives for the parallax of Mizar about 0·032″. Klinkerfues found a parallax of 0·0429″ to 0·0477″, which does not differ widely from the above result. As the velocity of the orbital motion shown by the spectroscope indicates a distance between the components of about 143 millions of miles, or about the distance of Mars from the sun, the maximum distance between the components would be 0·032 multiplied by 1½ or 0·048″, a quantity beyond the reach of our present telescopes.

The well known variable star Delta Cephei has recently been added to the list of "spectroscopic binaries." From observations made with the great thirty-inch refractor of the Poulkova Observatory in the summer of 1894, M. Bélopolsky finds that the star is probably a very close double, the companion being a nearly or wholly dark body, as in the case of Algol, the orbit being a very eccentric ellipse. The observed variation of light, however, indicates that there is no eclipse as occurs in Algol, so that the fluctuations in the light of Delta Cephei will have to be explained in some other way. The spectrum of the star is of the solar type, so that in this respect it differs from the other spectroscopic binaries referred to above. The observations show that the system is approaching the sun at the rate of about fifteen miles a second.

Spectroscopic observations also suggest that the well-known variable star Beta Lyræ may also consist of two or more close components. Bright lines were detected in the star's spectrum by Secchi so far back as 1866. In 1883 M. Von Gothard noticed that the appearance of these bright lines varied in appearance, and from an examination of photographs taken at Harvard Observatory in 1891, Mrs. Fleming found displacements of bright and dark lines in a double spectrum, the period of which agreed fairly well with that of the star's light changes. Professor Pickering thence concluded that the star consists of two components, one stellar and the other gaseous; but this conclusion has been somewhat modified by subsequent investigations. M. Bélopolsky, from photographs taken with the great thirty-inch telescope of the Poulkova Observatory, confirms the periodical displacement in the bright spectral lines, "in a period identical with that of the star's usual double fluctuation;" but Keeler and Vogel agree that the observed displacements are incompatible with the supposed occurrence of eclipses. Vogel, however, is "convinced that Beta Lyræ represents a binary or multiple system, the fundamental revolutions of which in $12^d\ 22^h$ in some way control the light change, while the spectral variations, although intimately associated with the star's phases, are subject besides to complicated disturbances running through a cycle perhaps measured by years."

Quite recently (1896) M. Bélopolsky has found with the spectroscope that the brighter component of the well-known binary star Castor is a close binary star with a dark companion, like Algol. The period of revolution is about three days, and the relative orbital velocity about $20\frac{3}{4}$ miles a second. Assuming the bright and dark components to be of equal mass, and hence the absolute orbital velocity of the bright components one-half the relative velocity given by Bélopolsky, I find that, if the orbit is circular, the distance between the components is about 854,000 miles—or slightly less than the sun's diameter, and their combined mass about $\frac{1}{87}$th of the sun's mass. This result tends strongly to confirm the opinion which I arrived at some years since from a consideration of the orbit of the two visible components of Castor, namely, that they are masses of glowing gas. Assuming that the visible components are of equal mass, the combined mass of the whole system would be $\frac{1}{78}$th of the sun's mass. From this result we can easily compute the stars' parallax, which I find to be 0·2873″. From heliometer observations made in 1854–55, Johnson found a "relative parallax" of 0·198″, but as the comparison star used may itself have a small parallax, the

"absolute parallax" of Castor may possibly be greater than that found by Johnson.

It should be mentioned that in the case of Beta Aurigæ, Spica, Mizar, and Castor, as there is no variation of light, as in Algol, the plane of the orbit is probably inclined to the line of sight. This would have the effect of increasing the computed mass of the system and thus diminish the calculated parallax. As the above calculations have been made on the assumption that the orbital plane passes through the earth, it follows that the computed parallaxes are a maximum, and that these remarkable objects may be really farther from the earth than even the small parallaxes found above would indicate.

By the aid of the parallaxes found above we can easily compute the relative brightness of the sun compared with that of the "spectroscopic binaries." Assuming that the sun is 28 magnitudes brighter than a standard star of the first magnitude, and taking the parallax of Algol at 0·07″, I find that the sun placed at the distance indicated by this parallax would be reduced to a star of 5·35 magnitude, or about three magnitudes fainter than Algol, which implies that Algol is about 15½ times brighter than our sun. In the case of Beta Aurigæ, if the sun was placed at the distance indicated by the parallax of 0·061″ it would be reduced to a star of 5·65 magnitude, or about 3·7 magnitudes fainter than Beta Aurigæ, which would imply that Beta Aurigæ is about thirty times brighter than the sun. In the case of Spica, we have the sun reduced to a star of about the fourth magnitude, or about three magnitudes fainter than Spica, indicating that Spica is, like Algol, about 15½ times brighter than the sun, although the mass of Spica is only 2·6 times that of the sun. Finally, in the case of Mizar we have the sun reduced to a star of about the seventh magnitude, or about five magnitudes fainter than Mizar, indicating that Mizar is no less than one hundred times brighter than our sun. These results show the great relative brilliancy of stars with a Sirian spectrum when compared with that of the sun, a conclusion which has already been arrived at from other considerations.

J. ELLARD GORE.

A COUNTRY TOWN IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

SINCE the railway has been opened from the Great Western main line at Kidlington to the ancient Borough of Woodstock, not a few travellers have found their way to the station of "Blenheim and Woodstock," and have wondered at the curious blending of the names. But whoever was the godfather of the station has followed the teaching of history in giving precedence to that partner which at first sight seems the junior; for, under its former name of Woodstock Park, our monarchs for centuries before Queen Anne's time knew and loved that country which we know as Blenheim Park, and, as we shall shortly see, the town of Woodstock was called into being by the frequent visits of the Court to Woodstock Manor House.

Tradition relates that it was at Woodstock Manor that Alfred the Great completed his translation of Boethius's "Consolatio Philosophiæ"; whether that be so or no, it is perfectly certain that Henry I. came frequently to the Park, and that it was in a bower near the Manor House that his grandson concealed Fair Rosamund. The Hundred Rolls of Edward I. inform us that King Henry "le veyl" often sojourned at the Manor House at Woodstock "for the love of a certain woman named Rosamund"; and that because his suite was lodged too far from the Manor House he granted certain portions of waste land at the Park Gate to different men to build hostelries for the use of his suite.

When the survey contained in the Hundred Rolls was made in 1279, there were 133 houses standing in the town from which the king's bailiff collected rents amounting to 45*s.* 3½*d.* From this time we have little information about the growth of the town till 1453, when Henry VI. granted the first charter and constituted the inhabitants of Woodstock (who, according to the Charter, "for no short time past had enjoyed certain liberties and free customs") into a body corporate by the name of the "Mayor and Commonalty of New Woodstock." They were to choose fit persons to be Mayor and Serjeant-at-

Mace, to have a Merchant Guild, and to enjoy the same customs as the Borough of New Windsor. The king, moreover, granted to the body corporate the town of Woodstock and a certain pool or marsh adjoining the town (now known as the Corporation Meadows) at the yearly rent of four marks. Two clauses of the Charter deserve further reference; the first giving to the inhabitants of the borough the power of bequeathing by will "what each may have acquired for himself within the borough," and the second prohibiting anyone from seizing within the borough any inhabitant whom he might claim to be his serf. But it is to be noted that, apart from the provision for the election of a Mayor and Serjeant-at-Mace, nothing was said about the governing body of the town. This first Charter was confirmed by succeeding monarchs, and Queen Elizabeth gave to the town some shops and cottages which had formerly belonged to the Chantry of the Blessed Mary in Woodstock; but none of these later Charters contain any further provision about the government of the town.

Apart from the Charters, the oldest record belonging to the town is an old parchment book, bound in oak boards and secured by ancient locks. This book contains the orders for the quiet and civil government of the town made by the Mayor and Corporation on March 10, 1580, and from it we learn that great changes had happened in the previous century and a quarter. For instead of the two officials appointed by the Charter of Henry VI.—the Mayor and Serjeant-at-Mace—in the interval there had grown up a large Corporation, consisting of a High Steward, Recorder, five Aldermen (one of whom was to be Mayor), twenty Common Councillors, a Town Clerk, and a Serjeant-at-Mace, all of whom were elected for life. Unfortunately we have no means of knowing the various stages in the growth of this new body, which by a Charter of Charles II. in 1665 received the sanction of the Crown, and existed thenceforth till 1886.

The Merchant Guild had ceased to exist in name; but the privileges of its members were maintained by the bye-laws which, under heavy penalties, forbade others than freemen from using or exercising any occupation or trade within the borough, unless they worked for a freeman, and had been lawfully hired; and it was further ordered that no freeman should employ a foreigner unless he had hired him for one whole year before the Mayor. This monopoly of trading is not the only proof that the freemen represented the members of the Old Merchant Guild; for we find that admission to their ranks was obtained in ways similar to those by which men became members of the Guild—by birth, by seven years' appren-

ticeship to a freeman, by marrying a freeman's widow, or by purchase. Although by the orders of 1580 the terms of admission were fixed at a fee of £5 on the purchase of the freedom of the borough by a foreigner, yet in practice it seems that the Corporation bargained for the best sum they could get from him, and would not disdain the small fee offered by a poor man.

In 1675 George Lowe agreed to pave or pitch a portion of the Market Place, in consideration of being admitted a freeman, and of receiving £3 10*s.* from the town.

In addition to the fees payable by a freeman to the Mayor, the Town Clerk, and the town, every newly elected freeman was obliged "within six weekes nexte after his admittance to bringe into the gilde hall of this borrough a good and sufficient newe lether buckett, there to remayne to thuse of this borrough uppon payne to forfeit to thuse of the Town, vis. viiid. to be levied by distress." In later years the freemen paid 3*s.* 4*d.* each to the Chamberlains for the purchase of these buckets, and the Chamberlains accounted for these moneys at the end of their years of office; at St. Thomas's Day, 1623, there were twelve buckets in the hall, and the Chamberlain had 36*s.* 8*d.* to procure more. Twelve years later there were seventy-two which were given into the charge of the Cryer of the Court, and as the Chamberlain then had in hand 43*s.* 4*d.* on the "bucket account," he was ordered to procure new ladders, scaling poles, and irons for the use of the town.

Only freemen had voices in the government of the borough; whenever there was a vacancy in the council the surviving members of that body chose names, from which the freemen elected a person to fill the vacancy; and the freemen also chose the Mayor from the body of Aldermen, and elected two members to represent the town in Parliament. It appears that the Aldermen (who must have served the office of Chamberlain) were chosen by the Corporation out of the Common Council, but there is no direct provision to this effect. Two members of the Common Council were appointed Chamberlains of the borough, and received and paid all moneys on behalf of the town. The Chamberlain's accounts from 1609 to 1650 and from 1738 to the present time are still in existence, and form part of the materials on which this essay is based. The Mayor received a salary of £10 a year, and in addition certain fees, which, however, did not amount to a great sum. The Town Clerk's salary was 40*s.* a year and Court fees, and for an additional 5*s.* he kept the Chamberlains' accounts for them. By the orders of 1580 the Serjeant-at-Mace was to receive the tolls of the two summer fairs instead of wages, but

in 1638 he surrendered these tolls to the town and was thenceforth paid a salary of £1 10*s.* a year. The Recorder, who was standing counsel to the borough rather than chief judge, was paid £3 6*s.* 8*d.* annually. Neither the High Steward nor the members of Parliament received any salary, but they were usually presented by the Corporation with cakes and sugar at Christmas time.

A number of the orders of 1580 consist of rules of practice in the Borough Court (known as the Portmouth Court) and of market regulations, and in all these the freemen were favoured at the expense of foreigners. The market regulations show the habitual interference of the authorities on behalf of purchasers; one forbids the buying of fells on a market day in any place "but betweene Richarde Lowes' corner the woll markett hill stone and the corne markett hill"; another forbids any but the three common bakers from baking bread for sale; others forbid the erection of stalls for foreigners, and prescribe the length of the stalls and the order in which the various trades were to erect their stalls in the street. An order of the Corporation in 1670 forbids "any huckster or hagler or any other person who buys to sell again in the same kind in places near hereunto adjoining," from buying "any butter, cheese, fish, fowl, or eggs within this Borough on the Market Day before the ringing of the Market Bell or one of the clock in the afternoon." Others of these orders remind us very forcibly of the regulations of Merchant Guilds in various parts of the country; all the members of the council were to attend the Mayor to church "when anye sarmon or preaching shalbe at this borrough and upon all high festifall dayes"; no member of the council was to come to the Mayor in the Guildhall or at church unless he wore his proper gown; and further "none of the companye of the aldermen or comon counsell of this borrough shall revyle miscall or gyve any unfittinge, indecent or obprobrious words to anye other of the same companye and companyes or either of them."

But perhaps the strangest order of all was one to the effect that every inhabitant of the borough was to keep his place at church as appointed by the Mayor. Even although we bear in mind that Woodstock is merely a chapelry of Bladon, it is no easy matter to account for the Mayor's authority within the church; but that this authority did exist is clear, not only from this order, but from the acts of the council ninety years later; in 1675 the Mayor and council appointed a new Parish Clerk; in 1677 the council ordered the churchwardens to make an agreement for the plastering and ceiling of that part of the chancel which then lay unceiled; and the next year it was "ordered that Mr. Gowsuch erect himself a seat between

upon the magistrates other than the administration of justice ;
justices were the licensing authority and seem to have been n
liberal in granting licenses for ale-houses and taverns ; for in
early part of the seventeenth century, when the population of
borough did not exceed eight hundred, the number of licensed ho
varied from fourteen to twenty-six. Every alehouse-keeper
obliged to enter into a bond with two sureties to conduct his h
in accordance with the regulations laid down by the justices an
obedience to the king's proclamations ; he was not to allow gambli
nor to allow any person to remain in his house above a day an
night without delivering his true name to the constables of
borough ; he must close at nine o'clock in the evening, and du
service time on Sundays and holy days ; he must observe the As
of Bread and Beer ; and in 1619 he was bound not to "utter
willingly suffer to be uttered, drunk, taken and tippled
tobacco within his said house, shop, cellar or other place thereu
belonging." Moreover, for some years the magistrates compelled
licensed victuallers and the butchers of the town to enter into bo
with two sureties each not to "dress any flesh in their houses du
this Lent time, nor upon any Friday or Saturday, nor upon
Ember days, nor upon any other days called vigils, nor upon
other days commonly called fish-days, nor at any other times pr
bited for any respect, nor to suffer it to be eaten contrary to the la
To ascertain whether these conditions had been observed it
usual to empanel a jury "to enquire of the killing, eating and dr
ing of flesh." In February 1623-24 John Durbridge confessed
the jury to have eaten flesh in his house during Lent, and was fi
12*d.* ; and a similar fine was imposed on six others who had c
mitted the same offence ; while Richard Cole, a butcher, was fi
10*s.* for dressing and selling flesh during Lent. After 1629 the
still presented the offenders, but no fines seem to have b
imposed.

Another duty devolving upon the Mayor was the holding of
Assize of Bread and Beer, when he fixed the prices at which all
brewers, bakers, and victuallers within the borough were to sell b
and beer. At these times a jury was empanelled, whose dut
was to ascertain the prices of the various qualities of wheat and
on the previous market day ; and in accordance with their fin
the Mayor fixed the price of beer, and the weights of the pe
loaves according to their quality. Thus when the best wheat
sold at 40*s.* a quarter, and the second quality at 36*s.* (a
September 14, 1623), the penny white loaf was to weigh 8 oz. 4

the penny wheaten loaf 12 oz. 12 dwt., and the penny household loaf 16 oz. 18 dwt. On the same date the best malt was sold at 33*s.* 4*d.* a quarter, and the Mayor fixed the price of the strongest beer at 9*s.* 6*d.* a barrel. But whatever the price of a barrel of strong beer might be, the Mayor always ordered every innholder to sell a quart of ale for one penny and two quarts of small drink for one penny. The bakers did not always observe these orders, and were often presented for their disobedience at the next assize; on September 6, 1626, Christopher Smith was presented because he "divers times did want two and three ounces in his bread after the last assize," and he was therefore fined 13*s.* 4*d.*

Within a few days of the holding of the Assize of Bread and Beer all the weights and measures in the town were brought to the Mayor, and by him compared with the standards kept in the Guildhall, and allowed or disallowed accordingly. The standard bushel procured in 1670 is still preserved in the Council Chamber. In 1624 the Chamberlains paid 2*s.* for a new market bushel, and in 1645 for one with iron and chains they paid 8*s.*

There was a "View of Frank Pledge and Session of the Peace" held twice a year within the borough, at which were elected the officers of the town—two Chamberlains, two constables, four tything men, two ale-tasters, and two supervisors. Service was obligatory on those who were elected, and in 1629 Robert Brun was fined 40*s.* for refusing to take upon himself the office of ale-taster. To the ale-tasters was entrusted the custody of the market weights and measures, and the enforcement of the market regulations; in 1580 a woman was fined twopence for selling unwholesome meat in the market, and in 1625 the tasters seized nine and a half bundles of tanned leather from Thomas Wills, a Chipping Norton tanner, because it was not lawfully tanned. The leather was declared by the Portmouth Court to be forfeited to the king, and the tanner was fined 4*s.* At Chipping Norton (a small borough about eleven miles from Woodstock) there was an official known as the Leather Sealer, whose duty it was to examine all leather exposed for sale, and to seize such as was improperly tanned.

For some reason or another one of the constables was sent to Blackheath to train in 1615, and his expenses (12*s.*) were paid by the town. At the previous Christmas he and his colleague had taken charge of the town armour, which consisted of:

"Item twoe cossletts furnisshed remayning in the hall.
Item 2 Calliners furnisshed.
Item one Muskett furnisshed without flask and tutchbox.

> Item three swords and three daggers on lether belts.
> Item two head-pees and one Fack for a horstrion without sleeves.
> Item pike newe bought and one ould pike in the hall.
> Item Wm. Raunsom hath one dagger in his house.

A "flask and tutchbox" were forthwith bought for the town at the price of 12*d*.

Various duties devolved upon the jury at the View of Frank Pledge; in 1626 there was a dispute between William Seares and his mother (who had married a second time) as to the dower to which she was entitled in the house which he had inherited from his father, and the jury presented "the thirds belonging to his mother to be the rooms following, viz. the Hall, the old Buttery and the third part of the east side of the backside next to John Archer's as it is stoned out by the jury." In the next year they decided which of two adjoining owners should repair the fence between their properties. In 1631 a man was convicted on his own confession of being a forestaller, and was committed to prison; and in the next year George Gregorie was ordered to enter into sufficient bonds with sureties to save the town harmless from his new tenant; that is, in case he should come on the rates as a pauper. At the same time Mrs. Keit was ordered to fill up the mortar pit at Mr. Lees' malthouse.

The property which was given to the town by Henry VI. and Queen Elizabeth formed in those days, as it does to-day, the mainstay of the borough finances; the rents, which in 1609 amounted only to £27 2*s*. 7*d*., rose in 1649 to over £53; while the stallage and market tolls averaged about £12 a year. Under Cornewell's foundation the town received payments amounting to £13 a year, which it handed over to the master of the Grammar School; and the fines paid by those who took up the freedom of the borough and by those who had broken its laws, all were paid into the borough chest. One of the most frequent entries on the other side is "For wine to a preacher who dined at Mr. Mayor's 12*d*."; and if we may assume that whenever a sermon was preached in the church the preacher was treated to wine at the town's expense, it is clear that in some years there were sermons on only every other Sunday, or on one Sunday out of three. A varying proportion of the borough cash was spent on repairs to the properties belonging to the town or to the highways and bridges, and in all these repairs it seems that the workmen were paid and the materials were bought directly by the Chamberlains; the contractor does not appear in these accounts. The little wooden footbridge over the River Glyme absorbed a large

share of this expenditure, till in 1696 the Corporation agreed "that the wooden bridge be new made and that it be made with stone." In 1612 the almshouse belonging to the borough was in such bad repair as to be uninhabitable; and a new one was erected under the supervision of the Chamberlains at a total expense of £32 0*s.* 1*d.*, which sum included a payment of 2*s.* 6*d.* for pulling down the old building. The draw-well in Oxford Street was "new made" in 1631 at a cost of £4 15*s.* 11*d.*; while "for music at the bringing home of the elm from Combe on May Day 1610 as a May Pole," was spent 3*s.* 2*d.*, the only payment for amusement to be found in the accounts. In poor relief there was spent an average sum of £1 a year, and occasionally clothes were purchased and given to the old people; in 1615 two smocks were made for Joan and Ann Cope, of an old sheet at a cost of 6*d.* Nor was the town's charity confined to its inhabitants; for in 1613 there was a great fire at Bicester, and the Mayor ordered 5*s.* to be given towards the erection of new houses. But the strangest payment of all is the following: "Paied for expenses upon fower witches that were sent from London to goe into Lankeshier by the Kings appoynment at the Coontries chardge . . . 24*s.*"

The records of the borough show that its inhabitants were not unaffected by the political movements of the century. A sum of £20 was levied on the town in pursuance of the first writ for ship-money, and the original apportionment of this sum among the inhabitants is still in existence. Everyone was assessed, from the Mayor, who paid £1 10*s.*, down to Widow Long, who paid 1*s.*; and all seem to have paid their share, as a memorandum is endorsed on the assessment that the money was paid to the Under-Sheriff in Oxford within a month after the assessment. Certain payments were made by the Chamberlains for billeting soldiers during the Civil War, and in 1646 there was "paid to six laborers 2 days in throwing down the bulwarks 8*s.*" After the Restoration a Royal Commission visited the town, and "displaced removed and discharged" Mr. Alexander Johnson the Mayor; Mr. Williams the Town Clerk, and four members of the Common Council, presumably because they had been too active supporters of Cromwell. The political leanings of the Corporation in later years will be easily understood when we learn that the notorious Titus Oates, Doctor of Divinity, was made free of the borough in 1679; and that two years later it was "agreed that an Address be drawn up to his Majesty to show the dislike of the common Council to all manner of associations against the Government as now established."

WOMEN AS BOOK-LOVERS.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

BIBLIOMANIA has many votaries, and the fair sex have not escaped its fascination. It was remarked by one who saw a lady sitting in front of a blazing fire with a book in her hand, warping and cracking the binding, and utterly destroying its beauty, that a woman could never be a true book-lover. In that assertion history has convicted him of error; but some allowance must be made for his injured feelings when, as a true bibliophile, he beheld the wanton destruction of a treasure he prized so highly. Good manners teach men to treat all women with respect; so does the true book-lover treat his books. They are to be regarded with reverence, and may not be toasted over the fire, or wrenched open, or lifted by the boards, or placed on the table face downwards; and those who are guilty of such atrocities can never hope to rank as bibliophiles. "Books are kind friends; we benefit by their advice, and they reveal no confidences."

Nevertheless, many illustrious ladies may claim the honour of being enrolled among the noble company of bibliophiles, and have been distinguished as learned and able collectors. They have passed away, but their treasures remain. We see the arms and monograms on the bindings which declare the owners. The books in the libraries of these female savants were often chosen with taste, bound with elegance, and preserved by them with loving solicitude. La Bruyère compared such libraries to tanneries, and suggested that their fair owners cared more for the bindings than the contents of their volumes. Pope also made some satirical verses on this form of book-collecting, which run after this fashion:

> Right through the leaves, ye maggots, make your windings,
> But for the owner's sake, O spare the bindings!

So doubtless several of the ladies herein mentioned scarcely deserve to rank as true bibliophiles. They bought books, bound them elegantly, arranged them with more or less method in a book-

case, and then were quite satisfied in contemplating the result of their labours. Nevertheless, we shall discover many genuine book-lovers, such as Diana of Poictiers and Catherine de Medicis in the sixteenth century, the celebrated Duchess de Montpensier (called "La Grande Mademoiselle") and the Countess de Verrue in the seventeenth century, and Madame de Pompadour in the eighteenth. Marie de Medicis, Anne of Austria, the Duchess of Burgundy, Marquise de Maintenon, and Madame de Chamillart loved the bindings, perhaps, more than the intrinsic value of their books, but we find many who studied the works which they collected. Christina of Sweden made the Greek language the study of her leisure hours, and was accustomed to read Tacitus. Also several of our English book-collectors, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and others, were great book-readers. The misfortunes of their owners add a melancholy interest to some books; and it is very touching to examine the favourite volumes of the poor Queen Marie Antoinette, or Mary of Scotland, or the Princess de Lamballe, who consoled themselves in their misfortunes by reading the pages of their beloved authors.

The love of books and elegant bindings owes its birth to Italian art. Before the days of the Renaissance Italy was the home of the painter, author, and bookbinder, and when the revival of arts and sciences spread to other lands the French and English binders took for their models the exquisite work of the Italian masters. The art throve in the new soil, and in the time of Diana of Poictiers France surpassed her instructor in the beauty of the binders' productions. Fashion is a fickle goddess, and she has exercised much influence on the clothing of books, causing almost as much variety in this department of her rule as in the adornment of the person. A great change in taste was effected in the time of Marguerite de Valois, at the end of the sixteenth century. The fashion in books became more feminine; the crossed fillets and arabesque designs gave place to crowns, symmetrically repeated, which cover the backs of the volumes, while in the centre appear various flowers, among which the marguerite frequently appears.

In the time of Marie de Medicis the bindings became more simple, but were remarkable for their elegance. We may notice the fineness of the gilding, and the cipher of the Queen, together with the *fleur-de-lis* reproduced at equal intervals. The period of the second part of the reign of Louis XIII. was an epoch of trans-rmation, and Anne of Austria was the guiding spirit. Le Gascon s the illustrious binder of the age, and his work is recognised the simple fillets, straight or bent, at the corners, by the rich

designs of embroidery or lacework, and the magnificent interlacing in the compartments. He effected a considerable artistic improvement in the binding of books. We may notice the same richness in the coverings of the books of the celebrated Maria Theresa.

Then came the reforming influence of the Jansenists, who were so remarkable for their piety and earnest religious faith. The simplicity of the school of Port Royal even affected the art of bookbinding, and a violent reaction took place. The intricate lacework and dazzling designs of Le Gascon were abandoned, and the books of the Duchesse de Montpensier, Madame de Maintenon, and the Duchess of Burgundy show that a new and simpler fashion had set in. Du Seuil and Boyet were the principal binders of the period, which embraced the last years of the seventeenth century. Madame de Chamillart was a great admirer of the new doctrines, and her books show the simplicity of her taste. Two C's interlaced are stamped on the covers, and her arms framed in a simple circle.

But this style of art did not last long. Under the influence of new manners the austere character of the bindings was abandoned, and the art was revolutionised. Padeloup and Derôme were the chief masters of the new style, who introduced rich mosaics into their work. Very beautiful specimens of this epoch are found among the books of Marie Leczinska, Madame de Pompadour, and Marie Antoinette. Morocco decorated with much richness was the material principally used for ordinary bindings. The Bradels, Vente, Biziaux, and other workmen of secondary rank profited by the example of Derôme, and produced many elaborate and beautiful designs. Then followed a period of decline in the art of bookbinding, and the French Revolution of 1789 effectually killed it. When the people were engaged in cutting off each other's heads they had not much leisure to give to the study of books or the craft of clothing them. The art entirely disappeared, and half a century elapsed before it was again discovered.

In the gallery of famous women who take their rank among the noble order of book-lovers are many illustrious persons remarkable for their beauty and fascination quite as much as for their learning and admirable taste. It is strange also that several of these learned ladies were notorious for their frailty and lax morals, and yet posed as patrons of the art, and loved to have their rooms adorned with rich specimens of the binder's skill. The selection of their books is also worthy of notice, and on the shelves of the most shameless we find books of devotion, lives of saints, and other pious works which were scarcely in keeping with the characters of the fair owners.

One of the most famous of female book-lovers was Marguerite d'Angoulême, the sister of Francis I. of France, who was the great restorer of arts and letters, and achieved a reputation for his literary researches throughout Europe. He loved this Marguerite of Marguerites, and his court was frequented by many beautiful princesses. She loved refined manners, and exercised a powerful influence in improving the tone of society. She greatly favoured the reformers, and encouraged the work of Calvin and Melanchthon. Rabelais dedicated to her the third part of his famous romance. Robert Estienne was the great bookseller of her age, one of the famous family of booksellers who exercised so powerful an influence on the literature of France. He invented ingenious devices for the ornamentation of his books, several of which bear the monogram of Marguerite. When she became the widow of the Duke d'Alençon she married Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, in 1527. She loved to understand the Scriptures, and to sing Marot's version of the Psalms. Moreover, she wrote some theological works, of which one, entitled Mirouer de l'âme pécheresse," was censured by the Sorbonne. Her tragic-comedy on nearly the whole of the New Testament was performed at court by Italian players, who introduced verses in ridicule of the clergy. She wrote also "L'Heptaméron," in imitation of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, and rivalled her master in the freedom of her narratives. She wrote also a book of poems, a copy of which was given to the Duchesse d'Etampes. It is a transcript on vellum, enriched with eleven miniatures, and forms a beautiful MS. It was sold in 1878 for 20,000 francs. The fair Marguerite died in 1549. Most of her books are in the National Library at Paris, except a beautiful Homer, which reposes in the Chantilly collection. The binding is original; the ornamentation consists of interlacing squares, separated by marguerites, enclosing an M surmounted by a crown. The books include "Orationes," a MS. on vellum dedicated to Louise de Savoy, her mother; "Fleur de Vertu," translated from the Italian into French by the Archbishop of Lyons. This is a MS. containing forty-seven miniatures, representing Charity, Love, Envy (Cain and Abel), Flattery (Fox and the Crow), &c. There are also in the collection S. Augustine's Letter to a Good Woman, the Mass of S. Anne, Dialogues of Lavardin, "Les Belgiques Amours" (a poem), and "Le Myroir des Dames," and doubtless many other volumes which have been lost.

Our next bibliophile is Anne of Polignac, the daughter of Jean of Polignac, a great lover of letters and encourager of learning at the time of Francis I. Her second husband was the Count de la

Rochefoucauld, one of the most brilliant flowers of that brilliant family. On becoming a widow in 1533 she retired to Vertueil, where she formed a library full of works on theology, morality, poetry, and history, chiefly for the purpose of instructing her children. After the fashion of her age her books were chiefly MSS. The National Library at Paris contains the following of her books: A Bible, Psalter, Book of Hours, two Books of Pious Prayers, "Life, Death, and Miracles of S. Jerome," "Meditation on the Passion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ," the "Life of a Christian Man," which was dedicated to her, two Books on Good Manners, "Le Jouvencal" —an instruction in the exercise of arms—and various chronicles and histories. Thus did this excellent lady console herself in her widowhood by collecting this goodly company of the best of friends, and in instructing her children.

The famous Diana of Poictiers was a very different character. She witnessed the triumph of the Renaissance, when letters flourished and the spirits of the learned revived, and she herself was the incarnation of the triumph. Diana was born in 1499, and romantic legends are extant of her sacrificing her honour to Francis I. at the age of sixteen years in order to save her father from death. She ruled the ladies of her age by her marvellous beauty and brilliancy. Marot addressed to her poetic homage, and her name figures in gallant sonnets as Luna, the protectress of all art. She was beloved by Henry II. of France, and her cipher, interlaced with that of her lover, ornamented with capitals and friezes, appears on her books. Her portraits are numerous, representing her in classical imagery as the Queen of Hunting, sometimes with figure draped, usually nude. Painters and sculptors vied with each other to immortalise her. She revived the romance of chivalry, and reigned as a queen over the authors and artists of her day. She greatly loved books, and liked to have them bound luxuriously. Her library was enriched by presents from the King, most precious and beautiful MSS. on vellum, enriched with miniatures, and encased in magnificent bindings. Amongst her books, which were dispersed after her death in 1566, were the Bible in French, seventy-five Psalms of David in verse, hymns in honour of the Virgin, mystic theology, and the Orations of S. Basil. She seems to have had a strange love of medical and surgical works, and amongst her books we find one on the dissection of the human body, on the manner and treatment of wounds caused by arrows, fractures, gangrene, &c., written by the Master Barber-Surgeon of Paris, and other subjects more suited to a doctor's library than to that of a lady of fashion. There were also books of poetry,

SMUGGLING IN SUSSEX.

:ounty of England, and perhaps in no country of the world, the art of smuggling flourish to such an extent as it did in Sussex. During the latter half of the sixteenth and the : and middle of the seventeenth centuries the gangs of became so formidable that they even carried on their evil in the broad light of day, and rode about the country the teeth, and with the boldness of a band of Scottish ; about to descend on the castle of some northern English who lived on this side of the border. But even the of some of the Scottish rovers of old pale before the stony- leeds of many of the Sussex smuggling gangs, and the some of their acts of atrocity is perhaps only to be found ody pages of the "Newgate Calendar," or the early history th American Indian tribes.

nost formidable and feared of these Sussex bands of was the body of desperadoes known as "The Hawkhurst At the time this gang existed (1748), Hawkhurst, in Kent, e village; it is now a slowly growing town. The members wkhurst band of smugglers were, with one or two exceptions, n—fishermen, labourers, shepherds, farm-hands, and the re than one of the most desperate among these contra- were men who held a respectable position in life until ices or their own inclinations led them to adopt smuggling ain pursuit

were hanged for the brutal murder of some Customs officials. In 1746 the Government sent two regiments of dragoons to that town "to awe the smugglers." So audacious had they become, that no person dared to molest them, and it was their common practice to discharge their pistols to intimidate the authorities by showing the consequences of interference.

During the month of June 1744 the Customs officers at Eastbourne received information to the effect that a gang of smugglers would endeavour to land a cargo near Pevensey. They proceeded with five dragoons to the spot where the cargo was to be run. They were met by a strong body of smugglers, numbering about one hundred men, who rode up to them and disarmed them, fired into their midst, and wounded them with swords. They loaded their horses with the illicitly landed cargo, and set out in the direction of London, while the King's men returned home mortified and discomfited.

Occasionally in these fights with the Customs men the "owlers," as the smugglers were known, came off but second best. In one such fight, near Goring, a preventive officer made a cut at a contrabandist's head with his sword. The "owler" sprang back to avoid the blow. He saved his life but not his face, for the sword shaved his features closer than they had ever been shaved by razor, and the man's nose was cut off as cleanly as if done by a surgeon's knife. With presence of mind that one cannot but admire, he picked up the severed organ and clapped it to its place again. The member was bound in position and in time grew to the man's face, healing by what doctors call "first intention."

Another famous body of Sussex smugglers was known as "The Alfriston Gang." Although, perhaps, not so formidable and desperate as the Hawkhurst men, they were none the less feared by the more peaceful inhabitants of the centre and south and east borders of the county over which they ranged. The captain of this crew, a certain Stanton Collins, was once a respected member of the community, and a man with gifts that might have secured him a good position in his own sphere of commercial life, had he not chosen to ally himself to disorder and open wickedness, which ultimately brought him to the gallows.

In order to fully understand the many advantages in favour of "free traders," as the smugglers called themselves, it must be
in mind that at the time when smuggling was at its height in
, George III. was at war with France, therefore all the available
y and naval men, including many of the preventive officers,
eceded the coastguard, were sent forward to the seat of war.

This left several parts of the coast but scantily watched, to the profit of the contrabandists. Another great advantage in their favour was the abominable state of the Sussex roads, which proved a mighty hindrance to pursuit on the part of the officials. Indeed, so impassable were the highways that many Sussex people looked upon them as an excellent protection against foreign invasion, as they would prove an almost insurmountable obstacle in the advance of troops and munitions of war, and in certain parts of the county their improvement was for some time resented !

A third great advantage to the carrying on of free trade was the help accorded the smugglers by almost all grades of country society. The heavy import duties made such goods as lace, gloves, tea, spirits, and tobacco a very considerable item in a family's expenditure, and also rendered the legitimate fair trader's struggle to live a hard one. Therefore, although many of the shopkeepers and others did not hold with the desperate deeds laid to the charge of the various smuggling gangs, they did not hesitate to purchase contraband goods from them, and winked at the means by which they were obtained.

Two classes of smugglers flourished at different periods on the Sussex coast. The first class, who may be termed the early Sussex smugglers, exported English wool, which the Governments from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century endeavoured to keep in the country as a means of protecting the woollen manufacturers. The smuggled wool, with the connivance of the large sheep farmers, was secretly conveyed to France and Holland, where a ready market was found for it ; and this, in spite of the fact that a law was passed prohibiting the purchase of wool by any person within fifteen miles of the sea in the counties of Kent and Sussex, without an undertaking not to sell it to any purchaser within a similar radius of the coast.

The smugglers of exported goods lived and dealt long before smuggling imported goods became the fashion. Socially the former were a better class of men than the latter, numbering amongst them many landowners and well-to-do farmers. The latter-day smugglers of spirits, tea, lace, &c., were of quite a lower strata in the social scale, and it was of this latter class of men that the famous "Hawkhurst Gang" and many another dreaded body of contrabandists were in great measure composed. Their proceedings were characterised by such brutality and callousness, that in course of time the whole country cried out against them. A guerilla civil warfare was for many years carried on between the smugglers and the preventive men, the latter being sometimes assisted by the King's troops ; the

even women were not exempt from this torture if the smugglers found that they had given information against them. Ben Tapner, one of the leaders of the Hawkhurst gang, scourged a woman naked across Slindon Common, in Sussex, and then killed her by ripping her with his knife; and this was because she had given the authorities information against some of his band.

But smuggling pure and simple was too tame a pursuit for some of these desperadoes. In 1761 a number of ruffians, hailing principally from Hastings, banded themselves together, under one Ruxley, for the purpose of committing acts of piracy. They carried on their deeds of blood and robbery for over seven years. Then the reckoning day came. In 1768 they boarded a Dutch vessel and chopped down the master of the ship with an axe. They came ashore, and under the influence of strong drink became incautious, and talked of how the Dutchman wriggled when they cut him down. The matter thus came to the ears of the authorities, who took steps which ultimately led to the destruction of the whole gang.

Yet another incident of the many atrocities practised by these outlaws which I have collected, and I shall consider this article sufficiently full of horrors. A party of "free traders" captured two Revenue men near Seaford and pinned them to the sand just above low-water mark by means of ropes and stakes. When the tide came up the preventive men were drowned.

It has been suggested that the smuggling evil was not unproductive of good. One writer declares that the smugglers in the aggregate acted in the interests of the public by keeping open commercial dealings with other nations, which, but for them, would have ceased. But the evil was greater than the good, and for that reason all impartial judges will grant that it would have been better to await other sources for reopening the means of commerce with other nations, which foreign wars often tended to close to us, rather than that the annals of this country should have been stained by the atrocious acts of these bloody-minded men.

As I have intimated above, until these deeds of horror seized the minds of all humane Englishmen, the popular sympathies were with the smuggler, and he was often assisted in his warfare against the Government by his sympathisers. These smugglers' friends helped the "free traders" in many ways; the farmers removed their gates when a cargo was about to be run, so that the contrabandists would not experience a hindrance to themselves and their loaded horses in passing through the fields, and others of the "free traders'" friends would put the pursuing preventive men on the wrong track and so

business, and the places names, where they are usually and mostly resident. Cat (Morten's man) fired first; Morten was the second that fired; the soldiers fired and killed Collison, wounded Pizon, who is since dead; William Weston was wounded, but like to recover. Young Mr. Brown was not there, but his men and horses were.

From your Honours' dutiful and most faithful servant,

GORING.

There was no foreign persons at this business, but all were Sussex men, and may easily be spoke with.

This is the seventh time Morten's people have workt this winter, and have not lost anything but one half hundred of tea they gave to a dragoon, and one officer they met with the first of this winter; and the Hoo company have lost no goods, although they constantly work, and at home too, since they lost the seven hundredweight. When once the smugglers are all drove from home they will soon be all taken. Note that some say it was Gurr that fired first. You must well secure Cat, or else your Honours will soon lose the man; the best way will be to send him up to London, for he knows the whole company, and hath been Morten's servant two years. There were several young chaps with the smugglers whom, when taken, will soon discover the whole company. The number was [twe]nty-six men. Mark's horse, Morten's and Hood's were killed, and they lost [half] their goods; and twenty-nine horses set out from Groombridge this day, [ab]out four in the afternoon, and all the men well armed with long guns. . . . [The]re are some smugglers with a good sum, and they pay for taking. . . . The [Ho]o company might have been all ruined when they lost their goods; the officers [and] soldiers knew them all, but they were not prosecuted. . . . Morten and [...]ra sold, last winter, someways 3,000 lb. weight a week.[1]

Perhaps the greatest blow that brought about the fall of the free [tra]ders was the establishment of the coastguard system in 1831. [Pr]evious to that time various devices had been tried to subdue smug[gli]ng, but with little or no success. Riding officers, dragoons, the [blo]ckade system, and the employment of a preventive water-guard had their day and still free trading flourished. The water-guard [wa]s perhaps the least effective of these many systems. It was com[pos]ed of landlubbers and others but little trained in things appertaining [to] the sea. The crews rowed their boats along the coast and occa[sio]nally, by means of their overwhelming numbers, effected a capture; [bu]t the preventive water-guard cost the Government too much money, [an]d did so little to justify its existence that it was not long before it [wa]s abolished.

The effects of the splendid coastguard service, composed of [trai]ned seamen, were soon seen, and free trading degenerated into [a] more scientific system of bringing over small packets of tobacco [and] eau-de-cologne concealed on the person or in the baggage of [tho]se who wished to cheat the revenue.

[1] *Smuggling in Sussex*, by Wm. Durrant Cooper, Esq., F.S.A.; "Sussex [Arc]hæological Collection," vol. x.

CHINESE PUNISHMENTS.

THE seamy side of Chinese life always had its fascinations for me, and accordingly on one occasion a party of us resolved assist at an orgy of blood—in other words, at an execution of riminals. The place of execution varies in different towns. In anton it is literally a potters' field, outside the Tartar, but inside the hinese walls, the criminals being forced to kneel down in a narrow pace, one side of which is bounded by a stagnant ditch running through the pottery quarter, and the other by rows of potters' stalls. The idea evidently is to perform the gruesome work on a spot where it is not easy for dangerous crowds to congregate; the alternative of being pushed into green slime or tumbled amongst fragile earthenware, with only a narrow avenue for escape into the arms of the police at either end, is not an inviting one for the larrikins and the evil-disposed. At Kiungchow the executions took place entirely outside the city walls, upon the Champ de Mars, or drill-ground, of which there is usually one in or near every central town. At Peking the autumn executions, as they are called, are carried out about the middle of the Chinese "winter moon," or eleventh month, at a place called the "Entrance to the Vegetable Market," about one mile outide the "Easy Government Gate" of the Inner or Tartar city, in e middle of the main street which runs thence through the Outer Chinese city. The Autumn Revision precedes the executions, at this revision the Emperor ticks off, or "hooks off," as it is d, a number of those offenders whose crime presents "solid stances" of proof, allowing the remainder to stand over. If l is fortunate enough to pass three such ordeals without oked off," he may consider himself reprieved, and he either n gaol, is exiled, or is banished with or without hard labour; ven in time bribe himself free. It is a Peking autumn at I am about to describe; minor special executions may the same spot at any time.

y hour upon the appointed day the traffic is stopped, sufficient for the purpose is barred off, no one but

garments from a royal rest-house in Chêh Kiang province (stealing from public buildings is a very much graver matter than an ordinary theft); and four men convicted of stealing or receiving rice from the granaries of Yün Nan province. All these were to be decapitated. Amongst the strangled were a man from Kiang Su province, who had been caught plundering coffins—the Cantonese call such offenders "mountain dogs"; an old man from the same province, who had in some way caused the death of another person—very little, if any, allowance for accident is made in Chinese law, which rather favours the *lex talionis*; a seal forger from Shan Tung province; a man from Chih Li province, who had beaten another to death; and three thieves from Shan Si province. It is not a capital offence to steal ordinary objects, unless the value exceeds Taels 105, say £20, a sum which compares favourably in point of common sense with the historica English five shillings. It is popularly stated that substitutes can be bought for Taels 50, and most certainly this statement is more than true, so far as the price of human life is concerned; but it is quite another question whether the gaolers and judges can always be bribed. A Chinese magistrate—a very good fellow, who saved my life in a row—once told me in almost as many words that he could always arrange to starve or murder any prisoner in gaol if he found it expedient to get rid of them in that way: his predecessor was a regular trafficker in human lives, and the official servants used tc tell me all kinds of categorical stories which quite convinced me that an unscrupulous executive mandarin can practically do what he likes so long as he manages to keep to windward of legal forms and avoid giving personal offence to his superiors. There is a third form of capital punishment called "piecemeal hacking," which is performed upon women who poison or otherwise murder their husbands (usually by running a stiff bristle into the navel whilst asleep); individuals of either sex who cause the death of a parent or senior agnate; traitors, &c. I never saw this performed, but I once saw a snap-shot photograph of a man at Canton upon whom it had been executed. Almost invariably the executioners allow the victim to stupefy himself or herself with opium: the breasts are first sliced off, then the flesh at the eyebrows, then the calves, muscles of the arm, &c., until at last a dagger is plunged into the heart, which is crammed into the mouth of the corpse. Many Europeans, and most Chinese officials, deny that this cruel punishment is ever carried out; but, as I have said, I saw the photograph, and the viceroy was so angry about it that the British Steamer Company had, in their own interests, to remove the engineer who took it.

a coral button, the highest of all ranks except those reserved to the imperial family; all the rest stood up as he descended solemnly from his cart and entered the booth. So many splendid costumes in a row presented a very striking sight; the robes were usually of brown or blue silk, trimmed with ermine, and topped with expensive fur capes. After the commissioner had taken his seat and motioned to the others to follow his example, he opened the yellow packet, took out the decree, and, observing which names had been "hooked" by the Emperor with the vermilion brush, called them out one by one; this was the first intimation he or anyone else had of his Majesty's selections. An underling ran off to the prisoners' booth as soon as the first name was called, and shouted it out. The unhappy victim, with his hands tied behind his back, was summarily hustled into the street in front of the commissioner to be formally identified. The next step was to draw a piece of chalk across the back of his neck, in order to mark the exact vertebral spot where the knife ought to go. The crowd and the police yelled and cheered lustily as the man was dragged, at a wave from the commissioner's hand, into the middle of the road and forced upon his knees. The executioner took from his breast a yard or two of very excellent twine, having the appearance of stout whipcord, and deftly placed it like a bit between the prisoner's lips; the cord was then passed behind the head, and brought back tightly over the eyes, whence again the two ends were fetched round the occiput to meet in front of the face. One assistant pressed the wretched criminal's back down, whilst a second hauled violently at the two ends of the cord until it sank almost invisible into the folds of the skin, and a third arranged the position of the neck so as to afford the other two more purchase. The executioner now took up one of the knives. Advancing with the utmost coolness, he made careful aim at the chalk line with his right hand; he then raised the sword, and grasping the handle with his left hand too as it was suspended in the air, brought it down fair upon the chalk mark. The head was cut clean off at one blow, and then swung into the air for a second by the assistant who held the ends of the cord, amidst shouts of "*Hao, hao!*" (well done!) from the crowd. Meanwhile the body lay gushing with blood like a palpitating fire-hose, and a basket of bread was thrust under the aperture of the neck to catch it as it came. The head was carried before the mandarins to be identified and marked off in the register, after which it was cast down by the side of the body. It had now assumed a dull terra-cotta colour, but still moved or twitched convulsively. A piece of paper was last of all fixed to the corpse's hands, as evidence of his

corpse; no doubt a perquisite would have to be paid to the executioners for this show of delicacy.

The strangling operation is even more revolting than the decapitation. Up to the point of being forced down upon the knees in the middle of the street, the procedure was exactly the same as with the decapitation cases, the victim being trussed up for all the world like a fowl ready for the jack, his shins, thighs, and back forming three tightly adjacent parallel lines, the total height of all not exceeding one foot. Two strands of cord were used instead of one in the strangling cases, doubtless on account of the immense strain upon it caused by the lever or tourniquet used. The cords, which bound up the man's body so that no movement of any description, except bodily rolling over, was possible, were connected with a double cord round the throat; a short stick was so placed behind the man's neck and back that when twisted it drew the whole system of lashings exceedingly taut, including that round the throat, which quite disappeared into the skin. Four men united to hold the poor fellow still and work the tourniquet apparatus, which was kept going for at least five minutes, we spectators, meanwhile, crowding round so closely that there was not a square yard of space for the executioners and prisoner together to move in; the crowd reeled behind and before us, and it was as much as we could do to keep ourselves from falling upon the expiring wretch. When the executioners were satisfied that he was dead, he was rolled over on his face, which, by this time, had turned quite blue, and was gushing with blood from both eyes and nostrils.

The two women were subsequently strangled also; but, indifferent though I had grown to the stolid sufferings of Chinese men, I did not care to witness the slow, deliberate, and cold-blooded slaughter of females. Nor did I witness the "decapitation of the dead." One prisoner was lying dead in his coffin, and already in an advanced stage of decomposition; but in exceptionally grave criminal cases Chinese vengeance is not to be thus balked by death, and the head of the offender is taken off all the same. Quite half of the total number of Chinese prisoners die of misery in gaol, apart from any deliberate arrangement to murder them or let them starve. Others eagerly seize any opportunity offering for committing suicide, and then there is an end of them, unless a striking example is intended to be made, in which case they are executed just the same—occasionally even taken out of the grave to undergo decapitation, so that the devil (or his equivalent) may have his full due when they appear before him. The Panthay Sultan, who swallowed poison in

1874, before he surrendered Tali Fu to the Imperialist general, Ts'ên Yü-ying (the supposed prompter of Margary's assassination), was thus executed after his death. All this may be very silly and horrible, but we must remember what we ourselves did with Oliver Cromwell's remains; that, within living memory, we hanged a man for five shillings, and that no Chinese tortures ever exceeded in cowardly baseness those inflicted all over Europe three centuries ago in the name of religion. The vengeance of the Chinese Emperor even goes beyond the grave. I distinctly remember his issuing the following order about eighteen years ago: "The grace of our ancestors, in sanctioning the principal of metempsychosis in the persons of Tibetan infants acclaimed as spiritual successors to priests, has hitherto favoured the finding of souls in the bodies of the X—— family: X—— Y—— having been found guilty of treason, we hereby command that in future no souls shall be discovered in the bodies of X—— infants for at least three generations." Depriving a dead man and his parents of all honours in the next world is also a frequent occurrence.

At Canton the bodies of criminals who have been executed are cast upon a patch of waste ground near the lepers' village outside the town, and are there left for the dogs and crows to feast upon. There is, however, nothing more shocking in this than in the Parsee practice, which I have seen, and anyone may witness, under the British flag, at Bombay, of feeding the vultures with human corpses; or than in the Mongol practice, which has been frequently described by travellers, and may be witnessed at Urga, of pitching one's father or mother upon a dung-heap for the dogs to eat in the public streets. All "horrors," and most virtues, are largely a matter of prejudice and convention, and any one who, like the present writer, has been round the world half a dozen times, and visited most countries, will probably arrive at the conclusion that human beings should be sparing of their censures of each other, patient with supposed faults, and tolerant of everything which to others conscientiously seems right. But, to return to our subject, in Peking the bodies of executed criminals (in cases where the relatives are unable or unwilling to bribe the police to give them up) are cast into a pit of about the capacity of a British coal-shaft, but not so deep as to hide the corpses below from the view; this is outside one of the city gates, and is called the *Wan-jên-k'êng*, or "Myriad man-hole." Swarms of rats soon devour the flesh; they are of enormous size, and have become so fierce through always being left undisturbed, that the people believe they have "eyes of fire"; certainly a live man would

stand a poor chance if he fell down that hole. The heads of decapitated offenders are suspended for a few days near the place of execution, or, if the offence is very grave, taken back to the city nearest the spot where the crime was committed. The most serious offence of all, after treasonable designs upon the Emperor's person, is the causing of a parent's death. So horrible is this considered, even when done by pure accident, that slicing is the invariable and minimum result. To avoid the graver consequences, which nominally include severe punishment of many other members of the family, degradation of the local authorities, and even razing of the city walls (I once actually saw such a razed city in Sz Chuan province), the mandarins invariably discover that the offender was stark mad; he is quartered none the less, but others escape.

Pirates are often put to death very cruelly. Once, at Shanghai, I read in a native Chinese paper one Sunday morning that the magistrate was killing a man publicly by inches in this way. The wretch was suspended in a cage, so that the tips of his big toes rested on two bricks; his neck was fixed in the wooden top, so that if he rested his toes the pressure was transferred to his throat. It was expected that the "fun" would begin on the Monday, when people were to be allowed to pelt him with rotten eggs, &c. I at once translated a full description, as related, as though I had seen it, and asked the editor of the first English paper to put it in on Monday morning. The effect was quite startling. A meeting of treaty consuls was proposed, with protests from the Powers to the Chinese Government, and I do not know what not. I lay low, enjoying my own "fun" all to myself. Public feeling ran so high that the man was not only not tortured to death, but respited, and, I believe, subsequently reprieved.

EDWARD H. PARKER.

WATER-CLOCKS, B.C. AND A.D.

FORTY-FIVE centuries ago the Chinese—that wonderful people who never seem to have had a national childhood—were employed in astronomical observations, and had arrived at the need for instruments to help them in their calculations. Among the instruments devised to satisfy this need was one which measured the period of a star's movement by the trickling of water out of a vessel of a certain size, and although the inventor of this lived so long ago, his name, Hwang-ti, is still handed down to posterity as a mechanical genius of the day. But this invention, though it became somewhat elaborated, was not applied to the measurement of time in general until many centuries later—probably about eleven before the Christian era—and then a certain Duke Chan is credited with adapting and improving it until he produced a water-clock, or clepsydra. Duke Chan's clock when it was finished consisted of two vessels, an upper and a lower, the upper being filled with water which gradually ran through an aperture into the lower. In the lower vessel were two indices which measured the quantity of water that flowed in, and were each divided for this purpose into a hundred divisions. In the winter forty of these divisions were apportioned to the day and sixty to the night; in the summer this arrangement was reversed, and sixty marked off the day and forty the night; while in spring and autumn day and night were each represented by fifty. But even with these variations Duke Chan found he had not attained perfect accuracy, so he made forty-eight indices with slightly varying scales, and twenty-four times a year he changed his markers. Altogether his water-clock or clepsydra seems to have been of rather an involved nature.

Of course this intricacy must have been evolved out of simpler forms, and, curiously enough, if we would see the clepsydra in its elemental form, we can find it at the present day in the Malay economy. In a vessel of water a cocoanut shell floats. It has a small perforation at one point near the water-line, and so gradually fills with water and sinks. As it sinks the native watching it calls

out the hour; he then empties the shell and resets it. Each operation represents a fairly regular period of time, and thus a rough time measurement is made.

A step in advance of this is found among the natives of northern India, where a copper bowl takes the place of the primitive cocoanut shell. As the bowl fills and sinks the attendant strikes vigorously on the metal surface, and in the resonant sound given out we have the original suggestion of the striking of a clock.

The Greeks and Romans first measured periods of time in the same sort of way. They did not at first attempt a continuous series of measurements such as we are accustomed to nowadays; the sun-dial and the natural features of the day sufficed for their leisurely proceedings. But the Greeks in their law-courts early felt the necessity of some limitations to the loquacity of the pleaders. Therefore a check was kept upon them by a clepsydra—they might speak while it emptied itself a certain number of times. Aristotle describes this clepsydra as a spherical, short-necked bottle (not, of course, of glass), which had a small opening at the bottom, and was filled through the neck, while the flow-out at the base could be regulated by opening and closing the neck aperture. Where the Athenians got the idea of the clepsydra from it is difficult to say. It is first mentioned by Aristophanes about 420 B.C., but he speaks of it as then a perfectly familiar thing. It is suggested, with a fair show of probability, that the knowledge came from the East through the second Persian war.

We know that the clepsydra was not used by the Romans until nearly three centuries later, for Pliny expressly tells us that it was brought to Rome by one Scipio Nasica, about 158 B.C. This check upon the tongue in the law-courts devised by the Greeks appealed also strongly to the business-like Romans, and so it was not long before the gag was applied there too. A clever touch of wit has come down to us with reference to this custom. A certain dry-as-dust orator was permitted to speak while the clepsydra emptied itself seven times—probably about an hour and a half. His efforts made him thirsty, and he refreshed himself by a copious draught. The poet Martial thereupon suggested that by drinking out of the clepsydra he could give satisfaction to both his audience and his thirst!

In the meantime the Chinese, who at that period were in the progressive state of existence, had found that their time-measurers [illegible]d sundry defects, one of the chief being that, as the quantity of [illegible]ter in the upper vessel decreased, the rate at which it flowed out

varied. But they found, too, that a little ingenuity could remedy this, so they now used three vessels, all connected, in each clepsydra. The first was a reservoir of water which supplied the second in such a way that the level of water in it was always kept the same, and since the pressure was thus necessarily constant, the flow of water into the third vessel was uniform. This last vessel was graduated, and a floating index measured the quantity of water it contained.

Rather more than a century before our era (the Grecian records relate with pride), a certain Aesibus of Alexandria made a novel clepsydra, introducing an æsthetic element into the utility. As the water rose in the lower vessel, little figures rose with it and pointed out the hours on the index. Eighty years later Athens determined to have a public timepiece which should control the time of the city, so in the Tower of the Wings, then being built in the market-place, two vessels were placed and connected with a running stream of water, which kept the upper one full to a certain level; the lower vessel received the water trickling from the upper, and as usual a floating index registered the water's rise, and with it the passage of time.

The Chinese had initiated water-clocks, and all the way along the line of their development they kept the lead. They were the first who utilised water action to work moving models, and we can imagine the sensation it must have caused among the Celestials when Tsiang Heng, in 130 A.D., connected with his clepsydra a moving model of the earth and the heavenly bodies, in which each star moved round the earth with its apparent motion. This gave the initiative to the construction of more elaborate clepsydras, and we even read of them in the shapes of birds, dragons, and so forth. At length mechanical skill attained to an instrument that would work without constant watching, and would strike the hour by day and night, a drum sounding the day hours, and a bell ringing out those by night. There was, however, nothing of the modern way of striking a different number as each hour passed by, for the Chinese named, not numbered, the hours, so could make no such distinctions.

Elaboration in water-clocks grew apace as each generation vied with the preceding ones in the ingenuity it could exercise. Of some of these clocks we have full accounts as they became in turn the marvel of the age. In the eighth century the great Emperor of the East, Harun al Raschid, of "Arabian Nights" fame, sent to Charlemagne, Emperor of the West, an embassy carrying rare and curious gifts. An elephant, a tent of rare silken stuff, the Keys of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and a marvellous clock were among them, each gift being some special rarity meet for so great a Prince

to give and so great to receive. "The clock was of gilt bronze," says Eginhard, "wherein a clepsydra marked out twelve hours. As each hour ended a little golden ball was released and fell on a bell, struck it and made a sound. Moreover, the clock had in it twelve horsemen, which issued forth from twelve windows at the end of the hours, and by the shock of their issuing forth closed up twelve other windows, which before were opened. Many other marvels were there also in the clock, too long to tell." But we wish now that Eginhard had not so spared his words.

But this was soon surpassed by the work of a Chinese astronomer, who constructed his clock in the form of a terrace three stories high. On the upper story the motions of the heavenly bodies, and other astronomical features, were shown; on the middle story, where also were placed the wheels working the whole machine, he put twelve images of men, who appeared in turn every hour at an open door on the terrace; on the lowest story were figures which struck not only the hour, but the eighth part of every hour. Thus he combined time-telling, time-sounding, and astronomy. Naturally the works were very complicated, and it is recorded that the wheels were some perpendicular, some horizontal, and some oblique, and that falling water supplied the motor power.

But the triumph of Chinese art in this direction seems to have been reached about the middle of the fourteenth century, and the masterpiece was the labour of an Emperor, the last of the Mogul race. He was not esteemed for his general qualities (he is described as monkey-faced and effeminate), but he would evidently have made a better mechanic than emperor. He constructed three toy temples, and placed them on the top of a box of works. In the centre temple he put a number of fairies, who each carried the sign of one of the hours. One side temple was dedicated to the moon, and one to the sun, and both were inhabited by miniature genii, and connected with the middle temple by bridges. Outside the temple were the images of two gods standing before two drums. At the hours the gods struck the drums, a fairy came out with her hour-sign, and genii from the temples of the sun and the moon wended their way across the bridge, apparently ascertained the time from the fairy, and returned to report to their fellows. Altogether this device of Shun Tsing, the Mogul Emperor, seems to have been a very pretty toy.

It is strange, with elaborate works such as this in existence, that the only Chinese specimen handed down to posterity by this generation is of a primitive and rude description, a relapse, as it were, from a high standard to the level of centuries before. It may

still be seen in the Watch Tower of Canton, where it was placed at the beginning of the fourteenth century by Chin Yungho, and though the Tower has gone through many vicissitudes, the clepsydra yet remains in working order, a living example of a past era. It is called Tung-Wu-Tek-lan—"copper jar dropper"—and is an arrangement of four copper jars of varying size placed on a brick stairway, the steps of which are of such depth that the top of one jar is level with the bottom of the one above. Water is poured into the top jar, and slowly trickles through the series of jars, and along the open trough connecting them. In the lowest jar is the index, and twice a day, early morning and late afternoon, this index is set, and twice a day, too, the water from the lowest is emptied back into the highest jar to begin again its trickling round. Every quarter of the year the whole water is renewed to keep the quantity constant, and the jars are kept covered, to prevent, as much as possible, evaporation. Two large drums are close by, and on them the attendant watchman sounds the hours by night and day. With regard to the accuracy of this elemental public timepiece, the editor of the "Chinese Repository" says: "Probably ruder contrivance to denote time can hardly be found the world over, and if it were not for clocks and watches everywhere in use which rectify inaccuracies, the Cantonese would soon be greatly behind in their reckoning, so far as they had to depend on this clepsydra, and the time-sticks which are burnt to regulate it."

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

RICHARD WAGNER.

IN a musical paper recently appeared the following passage over the familiar initials "F. C.": "It is surely time that Wagner was allowed to take his hard-won seat among the immortals without any more of the childish and futile opposition which continues to be exhibited by some even in the present day. Victory was ever with him—his detractors have always imagined a vain thing ; now let us have peace, and let us acknowledge Richard Wagner as a classic—an artist not only to be honoured, but to be quoted as an authority and imitated as a model in all theoretical and practical points which have to do with dramatic composition. Of course composers have regarded him in that light for the last twenty years, but it is the formal recognition by schoolmen that I demand for him." It is impossible not to sympathise with these words. The "common people" now hear Wagner gladly, and it is with the object of explaining why, that this article has been written—not from the standpoint of the expert musician, but from that of the ever-increasing crowd of opera-goers who are always best pleased when the performance offered to them is one of Wagner's works. If further excuse be needed for its appearance, it may be said that the public are still waiting for a cheap popular biography of the great Saxon written in Anglo-Saxon.

Richard Wagner was born at Leipsic on May 22, 1813, the son of the chief of police, but not, however, beyond the sphere of theatrical influence. Although not musically an infant prodigy, the child was father to the man. Set to learn freehand drawing, the little boy wanted there and then to start upon life size historical paintings. At the age of thirteen he had translated the first twelve books of Homer's Odyssey, and he set about learning English in order that he might read Shakespeare in the original. Subsequently he wrote a drama of which the end had to be played by ghosts, as in the earlier acts he had killed off forty-two characters. At the age of sixteen Wagner heard Beethoven's music, and thereupon he resolved to become a musician. Neglecting at first his studies in counterpoint, he took to composing overtures for grand operas. Before he was of

he had written some concert music and immature operas, which in
present instance must be ignored. In 1834 he became music
ector of the opera at Magdeburg; but the venture failed, as did a
ilar company at Königsberg, where Wagner went next—having in
meantime, when only twenty-three years old, imprudently married
nna Planer, a young actress, an admirable woman in her sphere,
ich was not that of wife to a genius. The young couple went
n Königsberg to Riga, but ultimately had to flee in disguise to
pe importunate creditors. "The unknown young musician with a
an immature opera (the 'Love Veto'), two acts of 'Rienzi,' a
ll purse, and a terribly large and terribly hungry Newfoundland
" sailed from Pillau to Paris, *viâ* London. Storm following
n, the voyage lasted three and a half weeks, and the vessel had to
safety in the Norwegian fiords, where Wagner heard the story of
Flying Dutchman and gained the local colour that later stood
in good stead. A week in London sufficed, and this is not sur-
ng, as the Wagners lodged off Seven Dials. In Boulogne
ner made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, and, armed with
ductions, sought his fortune in Paris. Here a disheartening
ession of disappointments awaited him. His wife's jewellery had
e pawned, and he unsuccessfully sought employment as a chorus
er in an inferior boulevard theatre. An overture, his only manu-
ot of which he sent to London, was returned and lost, as he had no
ey to pay for the postage. He kept body and soul together by
ical hack work, avenging himself, as he said, "for such humilia-
" by writing bitter and wonderfully graphic novelettes, based on his
experiences, for a French musical paper. However, he found
to finish "Rienzi," and to compose the whole of the "Flying
chman."

After three years in Paris he returned to Dresden, where
ienzi" was produced, and pronounced a success. Of "Rienzi"
sufficient to say that Wagner founded the book on Bulwer's
el, and to add his own words: "My ambition was not only to
ate, but with reckless extravagance to surpass all that had gone
ore in brilliant finales, hymns, processions, and musical clang of
s. Whilst writing the libretto I simply thought of an opera text
ch would enable me to employ the principal forms of grand
ra, such as introductions, finales, choruses, arias, duets, trios,
" The "Flying Dutchman" was a great step in advance, and
that reason was a failure when produced a few weeks later. It is
old story powerfully retold, full of strong situations. The music
words are wonderfully wedded—the music is often weird in the

extreme, and throughout smacks of the salt sea. One critic, seeking to belittle it, said it made him sea-sick—in reality a tremendous compliment; and another—an Englishman—vowed the music was hideous and detestable. For twenty years the "Flying Dutchman" was not heard in Dresden again. Wagner, however, was shortly afterwards made one of the royal conductors at Dresden, and for six years he wielded the bâton.

In this period he composed "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." The former was produced at Dresden fifty-one years ago. The remembrance of that *première* was a torture to him. The people flocked to the theatre; but what went they there for to see?—the operatic features, which, however, have this abiding value, that they show that Wagner could have beaten other composers on their own stage. Wagner could almost have said, as Hegel said of his disciples, "None understands me save one, and he misunderstands me!" The story of "Tannhäuser" is sufficiently well known. In human interest it is second only to "Tristan." Musically it is nearer the commonplace than the later works, but it contains enough melody for half a dozen ordinary operas. The critics who killed "Tannhäuser" for a time vowed it would never be revived. One declared that Wagner was "no artist either in taste or creativeness," adding "Time will judge"; another described the music as "shrill noise with abundance of broken crockery effects."

In 1847 "Lohengrin" was finished, but no manager would touch it—"Lohengrin," which to-day, judging by the number of performances, is the most popular opera in the world, but which Wagner himself was destined not to hear till twelve years later. Not unnaturally dissatisfied with things in general, he joined forces with the revolutionists that in Saxony, as elsewhere in Europe just then, were so busy, and he took part in the insurrection at Dresden in 1849. But what part is not clear—one authority suggests the musical direction of the alarm bells. For this Wagner had to fly the country, and he went to settle at Zurich. On his way thither he stopped at Weimar, and made the acquaintance of Liszt. No historical friendship between men was ever more delightful to contemplate than that which subsisted between the greatest composer and the greatest pianist of modern times. Wagner became the hero of Liszt, who was invaluable as a banker, and what is better, gave him all needful encouragement when he seemed an *Athanasius contra mundum*. It was at Weimar—forbidden ground to Wagner—that Liszt in 1850 brought out "Lohengrin," and before long pilgrims were going to Weimar to hear the "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin," as later they have gone to Bayreuth to

This expresses everything, even the most terrible. Her
e is politics. A political man is detestable, but a political
n is an atrocity—such an atrocity I had to pourtray." With
ception of the hackneyed wedding march, there is nothing in
engrin" which can be torn from its context without injury.
hat a melodious whole! It is hard to understand that twenty-
ears passed before "Lohengrin" was heard in London, and
four years before it charmed the ears of Paris. But one of the
critics described the music as "a disagreeable precipitate of
ous theories, a frosty sense and soul congealing tone-whining."
her said it was "blubbering baby-talk"; and a third complained
'the hearer is tortured and dragged through a saccharine bom-
of harmonies that make one's hair stand on end." Our own
h said it was "simply inconceivable that operas without music,
Lohengrin,' should take any permanent hold on the human
And in the opinion of the *Times* the opera was "a mass of
erent rubbish." Once more the stone which the builders re-
l has become the head of the corner.

or six years after the completion of "Lohengrin" Wagner wrote
usic, but instead, the pity o't! essays on all things under the
"from solar myths to diet," which fill ten stout volumes.
acquaintance with these is absolutely necessary to the student
gner. It was now that he wrote the words of the "Nibelung's
" and when Liszt heard that Wagner proposed to turn it into a
drama, he wrote: "May the living God bless you and have you
s keeping, my glorious friend! It is a subject worthy of you."
rich Wagner often lacked the necessaries of life, and he begged

[illegible] Wagner [illegible] London for four months, staying at [illegible] Philharmonic concerts. [illegible] English press [illegible] the Daily News, whose [illegible] Dickens, was [illegible] most popular of all overtures—[illegible] a more infuriated display of [illegible] been summoned to an audience [illegible] discord [illegible] tedious beyond [illegible] demagogic [illegible]." The [illegible] Wagner a desperate char- [illegible] English [illegible] of more than one year's [illegible] without ears and education to pen [illegible] Wagner [illegible] all this time in London he [illegible] but the concerts were a [illegible] and the Queen sent for the composer, to say that [illegible] and Her Majesty and Prince [illegible]

[illegible] Wagner finished the "[illegible]" and Liszt wrote [illegible] and marvellous work—dearest Richard, [illegible]." In [illegible] of "Siegfried" had been [illegible] was not finished until twelve years later—after [illegible] and the "Meistersingers." The truth is that Wagner [illegible] "Ring" properly performed, and it [illegible] as a composer. He set to work upon [illegible] Paris in the forlorn hope of producing [illegible]. At the instigation of Princess Metternich, Napoleon ordered that "Tannhäuser" should be produced at the Grand Opera regardless of expense. Wagner prepared the Paris version, and held no fewer than 164 rehearsals. The aristocratic [illegible] of the Jockey Club, incensed at no ballet being included for their lady-loves, attended the first performance with penny whistles, so that Baudelaire wrote that for the noise he really did not know if the opera was even sung. After three nights of this Wagner withdrew the opera, and all the money he got was £30. He was now given leave to return to his Fatherland at the age of forty-eight, after thirteen years' exile. "Tristan" was accepted at Vienna, but abandoned after fifty-four rehearsals as "impossible," and twenty years passed before the opera was performed in the Austrian capital.

In the meantime Wagner determined to meet the Philistines halfway, and set about the "Meistersingers"—his one comic opera. In 1864 [illegible] find him, in ill-luck and ill-health, not far removed from suicide, [illegible]denly sought out by King Ludwig of Bavaria, then eighteen years old,

who had read the "Ring" poem, and who, Wagner says, "loved him ecstatically." "Through him," the composer wrote, "the male sex has completely rehabilitated itself in my eyes." The King gave Wagner a house and an order to finish the Tetralogy, and in the following year "Tristan," then eight years old, was produced at Munich with conspicuous success, which, however, led to little. "Tristan und Isolde," the first-fruit of Wagner's maturity, is once more an old story, common to Scandinavia, Spain, Italy, France, Germany, and England, in differing versions. No love music ever written has surpassed the duet in the second act, and the tragic intensity of the third act is a revelation. This music drama has been well called a poem for poets and a score for musicians, marking a new epoch in the evolution of music, which in this opera varies with the meaning of every line in the poem. Wagner was willing to submit this work to the severest test that could result from any theoretic assertion of his, and he said he had made a longer stride in "Tristan" from "Tannhäuser," than in "Tannhäuser" from the modern opera. Space will not permit of tracing Schopenhauer's influence in this work; an enemy declared that it was only the philosopher of decadence who enabled the artist of decadence to discover himself. The headings of the *New York Times*, à propos of the first night, are worth reproducing :—

"A work not wanted outside of Germany, and not too often there."

"Beginning of the end of the craze for symphonic music in the opera."

Meanwhile Wagner's enemies had not been idle—no man ever had more. He had the defects of his qualities, and we know that

> With fame in just proportion envy grows,
> The man that makes a character makes foes.

By malicious slanders they fanned popular feeling against him, so that to prevent insurrection the composer had to flee to Lucerne. Ludwig visited him there *incognito*, and, what is better, allowed him an annuity of £800. Wagner at Lucerne finished the "Meistersingers," and twenty-two years after the first sketches of it had been made it was produced with the greatest success at Munich, on June 21, 1868. The "Meistersingers" has been referred to as a comic opera—a satire would be a more correct term. One of the Guild of Master Singers has promised his daughter, Eva, to the singer who should win the prize at a festival. Walter, a knight who loves Eva, seeks entrance to the guild that he may compete. He is Wagner himself, or, at least, the embodiment of natural music untrammelled by pedantic and con-

ventional rules. Beckmesser, a rival, the typical critic, shows how Walter's trial song possesses of melody not a trace. Hans Sachs, the glorious cobbler and poet too, who befriends Walter and Eva, is enlightened public opinion. The opera ends with Beckmesser's discomfiture and Walter's success with the "Preislied," almost, if not quite, the loveliest melody Wagner wrote, and rivalled only in this opera by a quintet and the choruses. Yet, although it has operatic features, which once more show how Wagner could transcend others on their own ground, the whole scene is symphonic and connected. The scenes are a triumph of realism, and have even induced some to visit Nuremberg. Munich, however, would have none of the proposed Wagner theatre, so Bayreuth was chosen instead, and Wagner built himself the Villa Wahnfried there. The foundation-stone of the theatre was laid in 1872, on Wagner's fifty-ninth birthday; the composer insisting that the orchestra and, thank goodness, the conductor should be invisible, and that side seats and boxes should be abolished. Owing to that lack of pence which vexes public men, the "Ring" was not brought out at Bayreuth until 1876—twenty years ago, or twenty-two years after its composition had been begun.

It is quite impossible to give in a few words an adequate idea of the story about which whole volumes have been written. It is welded out of the old sagas—"the primeval heritage of the German people." In the "Rheingold" we find Alberech, the Nibelung, renouncing love for gold, and robbing the Rhine maidens of treasures, in particular the ring, which are to make him all-powerful. By cunning, Wotan, chief of the gods, wrests these treasures from him, and bestows the ring on two giants as a ransom for Freia, goddess of youth and beauty, their reward for building Walhalla. But fearful lest Alberech's curse on the ring should rest on the gods, Wotan, in union with a human woman, begets the Volsung twins, Siegmund and Sieglinda, in the hope that Siegmund, possessed of no selfish motive, may regain the ring and restore it to the Rhine maidens. The unhappy love and fate of the twins is told in the "Walküre." Brunnhilda, one of the Walküre, also offspring of Wotan, who carry the dead heroes to garrison Walhalla, saves Sieglinda at the cost of her divinity. Wotan throws Brunnhilda into a trance, and the mortal who awakens her therefrom is to have her as bride; and, that the rescuer of the sleeping beauty needs be fearless, Wotan surrounds her with fire. The third drama tells the story of Siegfried, the child of the twins, brought up in the forest by one of the Nibelungs, who wishes to get the treasure for himself. Siegfried slays his designing foster-father, and also the dragon who guards the treasure, of which he then possesses himself.

Fearless, he finds Brunnhilda, and claims her as bride. In "Götterdämmerung," or "The Dusk of the Gods," it is seen how the curse on the ring follows Siegfried, who is treacherously slain by Alberech's son, and Brunnhilda in passionate self-surrender immolates herself on the burning pyre; the Rhine rises, its maidens regain the ring, Walhalla is seen in flames, the reign of the gods is ended, and the new era of love is inaugurated. It is a stupendous story, this, full of symbolic significance and exquisite and majestic nature poetry. The scenery is the grandest ever conceived for the stage. Most typically, the music is a means to an end—that end the drama as a whole. The actors are few, their movements simple, there is practically no chorus, and not a tune, in the narrow sense, from beginning to end. It has its intervals of tediousness as performed in this country, but then the Tetralogy was never intended for the general stage, on which it makes too great demands, and to be fully appreciated it must be heard as a whole on successive nights. The first performance was "a moral victory," though it involved a loss of £7,500, and the critics, who on this cried havoc and let loose the dogs of war with a vengeance, prophesied that the theatre would on the morrow be a circus, a dancing hall, or a national shooting gallery. Wagner was forced to let the "Ring" be performed at ordinary theatres to pay the debt, which was just as well, or otherwise it would not have been heard outside of Bavaria.

In 1877 six concerts were given at the Albert Hall, Wagner conducting, in order to meet the deficiency. Wagner went to Windsor, made a host of friends, including George Eliot, had his portrait painted by Mr. Herkomer, and read the story of "Parsifal"—conceived, like all his dramatic poems except "Tristan," before his thirty-fifth year —to a select party at his rooms, 12 Orme Square, Bayswater. It was at Palermo, that beautiful city once seen never forgotten, where Wagner had located his first ambitious effort—the "Love Veto," or "Novice of Palermo," it was at the Sicilian capital in 1882 that the score of "Parsifal" was finished, and later in the year sixteen successive performances of it were given with entire success at Bayreuth. "Parsifal" is Wagner's one sacred music drama. While one critic vowed "Parsifal" would remain externally unrivalled as an attempt to retell an old legend of the Holy Grail with due reverence for its traditional form and full sympathy with the modern spirit, another—the madman Nietsche—declared he despised every one who does not regard "Parsifal" as an outrage on morals. It is really a passion play. The two great religious systems, Christianity and Buddhism, find place in it side by side with Schopenhauerism. Alas! that its wealth

of choral and orchestral splendours, its unequalled pagea
should have to remain unknown to those who cannot go
Bayreuth.

In the autumn Wagner went to Venice, and on February
1883, he died, and was buried at the place he had made famous
all time. All Venice mourned him, and when, some years later,
was there, my gondolier was more excited in pointing out the Palac
Vendramini, where Wagner died, than in indicating any other sigh
of the city.

After the production of "Tannhäuser," Wagner, who had a great admiration for his fellow reformer, quoted Luther's famous words, "Here am I. God help me. I cannot be otherwise." He felt the single possibility before him was to induce the public to understand and participate in his aims as an artist. What were those aims? He asked himself, "Can the theatre be in this century what it was in the palmy days of Athens?" His answer was, "Yes, by means of the music drama." He thought that individually the arts could go no further. In Beethoven, for instance, music pure and simple had reached its climax. In the music drama, music, poetry, and scenery must be equally important, each giving way to the other. In the score the musician should find full scope, in the words the poet, in the scenery the painter and architect, and in the poses and movements of the actor should be realised the aspirations of the sculptor. Wagner's music must not be heard, therefore, in the concert room, but in the theatre, where, according to the German "philosopher," Nietsche, now under restraint, "one becomes mob, herd, woman, Pharisee, voting animal, patron, idiot—Wagnerian!" Nor can the pianoforte represent the master who was at first opposed to his operas being arranged for that most useful of instruments. Wagner's scenery suggests that had he persevered he would have become a great painter, and, as everybody knows, he wrote his own words. Curiously enough, in Bayreuth, in the very year that Wagner was born, Jean Paul had written: "Hitherto Apollo has always distributed the poetic gift with his right hand, the musical with his left, to two persons so widely apart that up to this hour we are still waiting for the man who will create a genuine opera by writing both its text and its music." Wagner was attracted to mythical subjects because the emotions suggested by them are more elemental, lending themselves best to broad effects. He held that in dealing with ordinary history one had either to distort facts or be conventional. His skill as a poet, not necessarily, of course, as a rhymer, is now owned by all.
instance, he was at great pains to avoid the hoarse gutturals with

which the German language abounds. He chose chiefly alliterative verse, which is itself vocally melodious. The poet provides emotional and rhythmic verse—the musician does the rest. In his skill in re-telling an old story, Wagner has been likened by enthusiasts to Shakespeare, in the simplicity of his style to Æschylus, in his mysticism to Goethe. Small wonder that, having made dry bones live, this modern Pygmalion fell in love with his Galatea.

As musician, Wagner killed old-fashioned opera—his influence is felt in all modern works of importance—he killed the opera with its ludicrous libretto, inartistic acting, "the aria introduced to enable the singer to display the agility of his vocal chords," the scales, arpeggios, and trills, the tiresome recitatives, the chorus of conspirators shouting out details of a plot in the market-place and dragged in with absurd inappropriateness at the end of every act; and he rescued the orchestra from playing the part of a mere accompanist. Great deliverer that he was, he banished the old-fashioned *prima donna* with her capricious jealousy, and the tenor who stood as a type—and it is no compliment to women—of effeminate vanity. In the third act of "Parsifal," Kundry remains on the stage the whole time acting, and only sings one word twice. All great Wagner interpreters sink their identity in the characters they assume; they do not come to the footlights or suffer the movement to be suspended to take encores. In the third act of "Tristan," Mr. John de Reszke's greatest achievement, we do not think of a somewhat stout, middle-aged, highly-respectable Pole, or even of the possessor of the most glorious voice in the world; we do not stay to think how beautiful the music is here or there. It is something more than music—articulate love, boundless and eternal, and tragedy unspeakable. Wagner raised the orchestra from the level of "a monstrous guitar" to the dignity of "an artistic conscience"—in his own words, "dissolving the hard immobile ground of the actual scene into a fluent, elastic, impressionable ether, whose unsounded bottom is the sea of emotion itself." The orchestra plays the part of the Attic chorus (and this is important, as Wagner seldom interrupts the movement to explain it to the audience), and to it is often relegated the melody, leaving the singers freed from the bonds of tune, as tune is vulgarly understood, to give all their attention to the expression of passion.

This suggests the subject of leading motives. A leading motive, a recurring theme, has been defined as "a passage of music which guides the mind to the person, object, or idea that is represented in its competition and employment," Wagner's leading motives are

ed his objection to Wagner on physiological grounds, which a curious confusion of ideas in his mind.

who is not moved to laughter by the "Meistersingers" and not literally, perhaps, by "Tristan," can have no sense of , but must be cursed with a very unemotional nature for he is to be truly pitied. "The young," said Mr. George th, in another connection, "who avoid the region of romance the title of fool at the cost of a celestial crown;" and else- "the Philistine detests it because he has no view out or in. ry confess they are cut off from the living tree, peeled and sap- when they condemn it. The vulgar demand to have their ures in their own likeness—and let them swamp their troughs!" ks like Wagner's are, to adopt a German aphorism, "as a mirror: ass looks in you cannot expect an apostle to look out." Wagner upreme by the merit of his emotional nature, of his sincerity, of originality, and of his lofty ideals of art; and that which half a tury ago was called in contempt the music of the future is the sic of the future still, but with this difference, that it is also most phatically the music of the present.

R. MAYNARD LEONARD.

AN ODD STORY.

MR. JOHN AUBREY, F.R.S., was an antiquary, a gentleman of high repute, an ingenious and learned *virtuoso*, as inquisitive as Herodotus. Before I pass on to the incident described in one of his miscellaneous papers, I should like to say a word about himself. He was born in 1625–6, a weakly child, at Easton-Piers, in Wiltshire, and educated at Malmesbury School, and at Trinity College, Oxford, where a friendship with Mr. Anthony à Wood caused him to turn his attention to antiquities and curiosities of all kinds. His father died in 1646, and left him estates in no less than five counties, together with the reversion to a number of lawsuits, which eventually ruined him. In 1662 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society; in 1664 he went on a journey to France, as far as Orleans, and returned in October of the same year with a wife; but from a pithy note among his papers, the affair was not altogether to his mind. "I made," he writes, "my first addresses in an ill hour to Joan Somner." He wrote a life of Mr. Hobbes, the philosopher, and a "Perambulation of Surrey." He had intended to perambulate Wiltshire also, but foreseeing that life would not suffice him, he deposited the papers in the Ashmolean Museum, but afterwards published a selection of them in Miscellanies. His worldly affairs, as his biographer says, "ran very cross," and obliged him to sell his whole estate, the sale being completed in 1670, "from which year," says the old philosopher, "thank God, I have enjoyed a happy delitescency," by which he means obscurity. An old friend, Lady Long of Draycott, received him as an inmate into her house, but he died at Oxford on a journey, though the time of his death and burial are uncertain. He affected the name "Albericus"—"vulgo Aubrey," ... d to add.

... r his story: it is related in a letter from the Rev. Mr. ... schal, B.D., Rector of Chedzoy, in Somersetshire. Mr. ... ins by saying that there have been "many prodigious ... performed in a parish called Cheriton-Bishop by some ... l daemon."

"About November last," he goes on, "in the parish of Spreyton, in the county of Devon, there appeared in a field near the dwelling-house of Philip Furze (given in some editions as Flurge, but it is 'Furze' in my own copy, which bears date 1784, and was formerly, according to the bookplate, in the possession of Dr. Parr) to his servant Francis Fry, being of the age of twenty-one, an aged gentleman (who afterwards turned out to be Mr. Furze's father, or 'what seemed he') with a pole in his hand, like that he was wont to carry about with him when living, to kill moles withal—who told the young man he should not be afraid of him," and thereupon mentioned several legacies that he had bequeathed by will, which had not been duly paid, none of them amounting to more than twenty shillings; these he desired should be at once settled, and then, he said politely, he would trouble him no further.

Mr. Philip Furze accordingly, on hearing Francis's story, paid the legacies, as "the Spectrum" desired—one of which was a sum of £1 due to his sister, Mrs. Furze, of Staverton, near Totnes. This was taken to Mrs. Furze by Francis Fry, when a difficulty occurred: that gentlewoman refused to have anything to do with the money, coming, as she plainly said, "from the Devil."

Fry spent the night at Staverton, and the old gentleman paid him a second visit when he was in bed. Poor Francis reminded him that he had promised not to trouble him, and complained that he had at some inconvenience endeavoured to carry out his wishes. The Spectrum replied that it was true, but that he was to lay out the twenty shillings in a ring, and Mrs. Furze would not refuse that—and it seems she did not—and so Francis Fry went home rejoicing, having transacted the old gentleman's business.

But now a worse thing happened. Old Mr. Furze, the Spectrum, had in one of his conversations with Francis spoken with some warmth of his own second wife, the late Mrs. Furze, "that wicked woman!" Mr. Paschal takes occasion to remark on this: "I knew Mrs. Furze myself, and took her for a very good woman;" but it seems that Mr. Paschal was wrong.

As Francis Fry rode home from Staverton, he found an old gentlewoman sitting on the crupper of his saddle behind him. But before he could recover from the shock, "she often threw him off his horse, and hurried him with such violence as astonished all that saw him, or heard how horribly the ground was beaten." No one appears to have assisted him in any way, though the sight of a stalwart young footman of twenty-one being belaboured by an elderly lady must have been surprising.

On arriving at Spreyton, the horse on which he rode sprang, in a horrible manner and without warning, a distance of twenty-five feet. But this was only the beginning of sorrows. The old lady began to haunt the house, and appeared to numbers of people whose names are given, sometimes in human shape, sometimes as a black dog belching fire, sometimes as a horse, which sprang out of the window and carried away "one pane of glass with a little bit of iron."

Then one morning Francis was found with his head thrust into a narrow space between a bed and a wall, where a man's fist could not enter, and great force had to be used to extricate him; as he came out all bruised and bloody, it was thought best to bleed him a little more. Then they left him with his arm comfortably bandaged, but they had hardly quitted the room when the bandage was whipped off and drawn so tight round Francis's middle as nearly to kill him, and was then cut by some invisible agency asunder, "making an ugly uncouth noise."

Again and again his cravat was pulled tight round his neck and he nearly strangled. Then for some days the old lady took a fancy to spoiling his periwig, in which it seems he used to sleep; for she continued to tear it "to flitters," even though he tried the experiment of keeping it in a little box with much heavy furniture on the lid. Then the old lady broke the buckles on his shoes, and pulled out his shoe-strings and threw them about the room, and when the maid took hold of the end of one of them, it crisped and curled about her hand like a living eel. Then the gentlewoman took to "dexterously tattering" Fry's gloves. Mr. Paschal himself examined the remains, and said that "nothing human could have done it, and that a cutler could not make an engine to do it so." Then barrels of salt were rolled from room to room, and irons leapt into pans of milk, and flitches of bacon descended from the ceiling. Then the merry old lady appeared in her daughter-in-law's, Mrs. Philip Furze's, clothes. And worst of all, says Mr. Paschal, was "the entangling of Fry's face and legs about his neck and about the frame of the chairs, and as they have been with great difficulty disengaged."

But on Easter Eve of the same year (Mr. Paschal notes that he passed the door on the very day and heard all the details) the malevolence of the old lady reached its height.

Francis was returning from his work, "the little," adds Mr. Paschal, "that he could do," when the spectre caught him by the skirt of his doublet and carried him away into the air. He was soon missed by his master and the workmen, and great inquiry was made, but no hearing of him, till at last in about half an hour he was heard

whistling and singing in a kind of quagmire, and at first, being rescued, no one regarded what he said, as he seemed light-headed. But presently he maintained that he had been carried on high into the air, that he saw his master's house beneath him no bigger than a haycock; that he then prayed to God that he might not be destroyed, and he was let down into the quagmire, so that he fell soft. His shoes were found, one on one side of the house, one on the other, and next day his periwig, always the object of the old lady's attentions, was found hanging in the top of a high tree. Well, poor Francis was much benumbed, and on Low Sunday he was carried to Crediton to be let blood: and being there left alone for a time, he was found in a fit, with his forehead all horribly bruised and swollen. When he recovered, he told them that a bird had flown in at the window with a stone in its mouth, and flew directly against his forehead. Search was made and a curious brass or copper weight was found on the ground, which was taken up and parted among the spectators. A gentleman "of good fashion" being at Crediton, had a part analysed and found it to be an unknown mineral.

Mr. Paschal says that he has not visited the house lately, because he "was not qualified to be welcome there, having given Mr. Furze a great deal of trouble about a conventicle in his house," where a man of Mr. Paschal's parish was the preacher. But he adds that he doubts they can obtain no relief in this demoniacal persecution, because they have called to their assistance none but Nonconforming ministers; and it was hardly likely that the spectre would give much heed to them.

Poor Mrs. Fry, Francis's mother, he adds, had just come to consult him, Francis having had five pins thrust into his side that day. But Mr. Paschal adds that there must be *aliquid latens*, something concealed, because others in the house are beginning to be troubled, particularly Anne Langdon, a maid, who, says Mr. Paschal, screeches in a hellish manner; and Thomasin Gidley has obsessions too.

There the story ends; but John Aubrey adds a similar story of the Lord Duffus (in the shire of Murray in Scotland), who was carried away when walking in one of his fields, and next day was found in Paris, in the King's cellar, with a silver cup in his hand. He was brought before the King and questioned, and he said that the previous day, as he walked, he heard the noise of a whirlwind, and voices crying "Horse and Hattock," which, it is well known, is the formula that fairies use when they remove from any place. Whereupon, "very imprudently too," he said "Horse and Hattock," and was immediately caught up and transferred to the Parisian cellar, where, he

said, he drank heartily and fell asleep. The King, without further remarks, gave him the cup, and dismissed him, and the cup is still preserved in his family.

He further adds that a gentleman of his acquaintance, Mr. M., was in Portugal in 1655, when a man was carried through the air from Goa in East India, to Lisbon, in an incredibly short time, and instantly, and quite rightly, burnt by the Inquisition.

These latter stories may be dismissed as hearsay; but what are we to make of the tale of Francis Fry? It is evident, I imagine, that he was hysterical and probably epileptic; but here are incidents related in perfect good faith by people of credit, whose word would no doubt have held good in any business transaction in which they were engaged. I, for one, cannot bring myself to say that the things fell out as described, and indeed, some of the most remarkable incidents depend upon the word of Francis Fry, and we know to what trouble people afflicted with certain kinds of delusions will put themselves to persuade others of the truth of their statements. I suppose it is not absolutely impossible that after the incident of Easter Eve Francis may have put his shoes where they were found and afterwards hung his wig in the tree. The most we can say is that to none of the witnesses the thing was *antecedently* impossible, or even improbable. But to me it casts a lurid light on the history of testimony in all ages, when a story like this can be circulated and attested by persons who had absolutely no motive for so doing except the propagation of the marvellous.

The sequel is not related; but I confess to feeling a sympathetic interest in the adventures of the Furze household, and in the ultimate fate of Francis Fry.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

A MID-COUNTRY GRETNA GREEN.

THERE are few races of mankind which do not possess some tradition of a period when there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage, according to the legal sense of the term.

"Did you marry your wife because you loved her?" the writer once asked an old farmer. "Not I!" was his contemptuous reply. "Perhaps she had a fortune," we suggested. "She had nowt. We were like pigs, got fond o' one another wi' livin' together." This aged native very likely voiced in some degree the sentiments of early man. The tender passion as it now exists in the bosom of the normal youth has doubtless been evolved from a very low type animal sensation. The restraints which now regulate the intercommunion of the sexes are also the result of a slow and gradual growth. We start from a comparatively recent period, when primitive man either bought, begged, or stole his woman. Such a method necessarily involved quarrelling and bloodshed, and is probably responsible for the axiom the ladies are at the bottom of most disturbances. Slowly the laws of *meum et tuum*, which had been framed for the protection of property, were extended to the female sex, and the man's woman became his chattel. Some outward and visible form of contract had necessarily to be employed in order to identify her with her lord and master, just as actual "livery and seisin" was formerly necessary for the passing of land; and here we have in a few words the genesis of the very complex law of husband and wife.

Unfortunately, however, for the aspirations of the orderly and law-abiding, their strivings after perfection have ever been subject to considerable opposition and evasion. Apart from the question of the wife's property, which always has been and is yet such a fruitful source of perplexity, what a troublesome piece of business the apparently simple act of effectively carrying out the marriage rite has proved itself to be! What a difficult task the Church and the Law have found in executing their administrative powers with anything like orderliness and uniformity! The reason arises partly from the diversity of circumstances which precede the rite and partly out of the (shall we call it optimistic or simulated?) temporary frame of

mind of the parties themselves. Their condition frequently renders them, for the time being, like Harold Skimpole, unaccountable to the ordinary canons of reason and prudence. Especially is this the case if they are in any way subjected to the cold shade of opposition. They are apt to break out into irresponsible freaks, and sometimes, like other victims of mental aberration, there is a cunning in their madness which takes the shape of the figurative coach-and-four and goes dashing through some Act of Parliament. Then, again, there is the crafty schemer who tackles the statute book in a scientific way, like a gambler with a "system." Such folks are like the student of algebra who manipulates "*y*'s" and "*z*'s," and startles you by producing *x* for an answer. Such a person was the lady of title who, under the old Fleet Prison abominations, married the barber. He, poor fellow, had his eye on the "*y*'s" and "*z*'s" of the marriage laws to the exclusion of quite another enactment, which provided that the husband was liable for his wife's debts. He lost his liberty, and she solved the problem by gaining hers. The class first mentioned, however, whose grievances have always been legion, and whose sensibilities are always the most acute, are responsible for most of the trouble and difficulty. The discovery of Gretna Green must ever rank as a red-letter day in their calendar—its extinguishment should be remembered as a day of lamentation. Alas! for the love-lorn of our own period, the fierce alertness of the modern age has detected and plugged up nearly every loophole large enough for two lovers to bolt through. The Fleet went, then Gretna Green. Both are historical; both have been recorded in registers and calendars and romances innumerable. One of the most interesting of these is Burns' "Fleet Register." It is a book full of interest to the antiquary, and after a lapse of nearly three-quarters of a century since its first appearance, a republication would command a large circle of readers.

In the course of a review of this work which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1833, it is incidentally mentioned that "a similar account of obscure chapels in the country at which clandestine marriages were wont to be celebrated, such, for instance, as the Chapel of St. Charles the Martyr, in the Forest of the Peak in Derbyshire," would doubtless prove equally interesting. Since then we are not aware that any such work has been written, and we question whether the place which the reviewer singles out as an instance is known even by name to many outside North Derbyshire.

The Forest of the Peak was a Royal Chase formed, like the New Forest and the waste land of Northumbria, by William the Conqueror. It lay nearly midway between those two royal hunting-grounds, and,

eaking, about the centre of England. It was a vast tract of
re limestone crag and frowning moorland. Its appellation,
ular sense, was a misnomer, for it was almost devoid of
But it was "foresta"—(without)—outside the jurisdiction
mon law. Within the metes and bounds of the Hundred
ty of High Peak, every interest was made subservient to
vation of the game. The forest courts which were held at
es as Chapel-en-le-Frith and Wormhill devoted themselves
to the maiming of poachers and stray dogs. The villages
ly settlements of rangers and foresters. Anything like a
nsive history of this domain has yet to be written, the
obably being that the material for its construction is so
le. It may be that in some unexplored corner of the Record
re are documents which explain the modus of the forest
t it seems more likely, from the information which we
ssess, that their business was conducted without the inter-
f much ink and paper. They declined with the decay of
and the menials of the chase became in process of time
the great forest, which was well adapted for grazing and
ring, was gradually appropriated by the King's tenants on
ing from absolute ownership downwards. This transition
a long time, and was in fact only completed in the year
n the Long Parliament performed one of its last acts in
g the High Peak.

is a sleepy little agricultural village, six miles from the
place of Buxton, perched upon a plateau of the Derbyshire
, which has somehow monopolised the name of the whole
In this obscure neighbourhood, according to the registers,
dedicated to King Charles the Martyr was built in the year
The village itself has unquestionably an origin far more
nd it seems curious that, unlike such settlements as Chapel-
h, no place of worship had been provided for the use of the
Still more curious is the fact that a fragment of the ancient
w of the Liberty should have here found a headquarters, and
n long after all the other old prerogatives had been swept away.
Chapelry of Peak Forest was not only extra parochial but
episcopal; in fact, subject to no external jurisdiction what-
he incumbent was styled the "Principal Official and Judge
alities in the Peculiar Court of Peak Forest." He exercised
te right to perform the marriage ceremony in just such a
s he thought fit. It will at once be seen that his prerogative
ssentially from that of the "blacksmith" of Gretna Green,

y hour of the day or night was perfectly legal in his little om. The following is a copy of the form of certificate of age:

ese are to certifye whom it may concern that —— of yᵉ parish of —— and f yᵉ parish of —— were canonically married in the Church of St. Charles Peak Forrest upon —— the —— —— by

n the year 1728 Parson Jonathan Rose found his clientèle so nsive that he deemed it expedient to keep a separate record of outsiders, so he provided a book, which is labelled "Foreign rriages." The headline runs thus: "Register book bought for e use of the Peculiar of St. Charles in yᵉ Peak Forrest, 1728. onathan Rose, Minister."

There is no doubt that the more circumspect fathers of the Church, in common with most fathers of families, both cleric and lay, held the Peak Forest parson and his weddings in righteous abhorrence. The youth of the Midlands were not safe as long as his power was so great and his complacency so easy. But it was well known that, despite his obliging kindness towards foolish boys and girls, he was a stiffnecked and stubborn divine, much given to standing on his dignity, and priding himself upon his freedom from episcopal government. The Dean and Chapter of Lichfield were patrons of the livings adjacent to Peak Forest, and received their accustomed dues from time to time. The Forest parson smiled as he thought how, instead of paying dues, he was enabled to levy them. The Dean and Chapter at length came to the conclusion that it was their duty to move in the matter, and they accordingly did so. What line they took we cannot exactly find out, but certain it is that the Rev. A. Oldfield was one too many for them. In his "Answer to yᵉ Dane and Chapters Officialle as to their Pretensions to yᵉ Peak Forest," he formulates a vigorous Bill of Rights. This curious document is not dated, but was probably written about the year 1700. Mr. Oldfield commences his epistle in a firm but respectful manner:

I have a due veneration for yᵉ Dane and Chapter as yᵉ Dignitaries of yᵉ Church. But yᵉ reason why I cannot comply wᵗʰ them as to their Invasion of yᵉ Liberties & Immunities of yᵉ Peak Forest are as Followeth (viz.)—When first I came to yᵉ place it was given me to observe by Mr. Bullock and Mr. Wheeldon Senior, the late Duke's [of Devonshire] chief agents, yᵗ yᵉ place was extra parochiall & had no dependency on Litchfield, for it was a church donative, & founded on yᵉ Crown Land—neither must I pay any appearance at their visitations, and so it was acknowledged by yᵉ Famous and Learned Bishop Hacket at his Primary Visitation in open Court at Chesterfield, immediately after yᵉ King's Restauration.

MARY ELLEN.

"A continual dropping in a very rainy day."

I.

THE Gammons had drawn round the table for their evening meal. It was a low, small kitchen, very hot on this occasion, with its eight occupants, and the fumes of cooking pervading the atmosphere. The gigantic pan of fried *tatties* was taken straight from the fire and placed upon the table. The rashers smoked appetisingly in one corner of the same frying-pan, and the children were all eagerness to begin their savoury meal.

Elizabeth Gammon presided over the lordly dish, while Matthew, her husband, sat stolidly at the opposite end of the table. He was a heavy, thick-set man, barely middle-aged, but clumsy, grizzled, and furrowed, for he had all his life borne the burden of the labourer's long day. His eldest son, Johnny, was in gait and figure a second edition of his father. He was only fourteen, but had been working on a farm for two years.

"Mary Ellen, be yü coming tü yer mayte, or bean't 'ee?" said Elizabeth to her sister, who sat huddled over the fire.

"I think yü might so well bring me a bite o' something awver yer," was the answer, in a thin, querulous voice. "I be so wake I dü sim I can't sit up tü table."

"Nonsense, yer wakeness is nort but a passel of old items. Yü was strong enough vor rin tü door tü catch Doctor Blossom as he went past t' afternoon, and yü know he told 'ee yü wasn't vor give way like this."

"Aw, tez always the same. I don't never get no consideration. I ought be rights tü be in beyd now and waited on; but I'm thought nothing of, I bean't. Well, there! When I'm dead an' gone, there may be some as will reproach themselves."

Elizabeth was doling out the supper, and paid no attention to the constant flow of grumbling that was the dreary accompaniment of her daily life. Mary Ellen with many sighs and groans dragged herself to the table, and it was surprising that an invalid could make such short work of her portion.

ould relish a bit more bacon," she said; "it dü sim tü ny stomick where I've had a dreadful sinking all day."

was none left, but Elizabeth had not tasted her own she quietly transferred it to her sister's plate, and con- rself, as indeed she often did, with a supper of *tatties*.

', missus, I won't have they there little games," growled but his wife took no notice.

e a bit o' mine, mother," said Johnny. "I ain't got no or my mayte tü-night."

', what works there is with 'ee all! Dü 'ee ayte yer pace and quietness," scolded the mother. It was a loud, e, but there was an underlying note in it, sometimes of sometimes of pathos, that made it not unpleasant, and it compared to the feeble, fretful tones of her sister.

it's wrong with 'ee, Johnny, that yü can't relish yer supper?" as she saw the boy push away his plate with the food asted.

on't know, mother. I reckon I've a-tooked a bit of a feel burning one minute, and all shivery the next."

my dear boy, yü'm never surely going to be ill?" and the mother went round and felt his burning forehead, and o his heavy breathing with dismay.

r'v 'ee bin working tü to-day?" asked the father.

ighing Long Close," said the boy. "'Twas turrabul hard . I'm sorry now I left Varmer Hammond's. He had proper rses, but Varmer Westacott's bean't no good at all."

l, that doesn't hurt 'ee," said Matthew. "Yü can't get uch work, that's all."

I set out vor plough the same bit o' land I could a-done l horses. Th' ould bastes wanted such a deal o' drivin' that of a sweat and pitched my coat on to the hedge. Then ey storms come on when I was right up 'pon top of the l I was wet drü avore I could get my coat on. I wasn't

the one that ought by rights tü be in beyd and have a cup o' tay brought tü me. Aw, tez a turrabul thing to suffer! Wakeness all down one side, and a shooting pain in my chest, and a collar-bone what was brok' twenty-five year agone, when I was driving down street with Mrs. Lovering what lived tü Peppercot. And he hasn't never been set, and that's what I called in Doctor Blossom for t' afternoon. I hear he's a winderful hand vor mend folks bones."

"Hold yer noise, woman," said Matthew, gruffly, exasperated beyond endurance; but he might as well have tried to stop the incoming tide.

"I should think yü'd be ashamed of yerself, Matthew Gammon, spaking to a poor wake woman like that. Doctor Blossom he can tell 'ee how ill I be. But there, he's got a heart, and he knows what tez tü suffer. He told me his own self that he went drü such agonies every night he had tü stuff the blanket into his mouth or us should hear his screams all awver the parish. And t'other night he couldn't get the blanket in fast enough, and he screeched so loud that they heard 'un all down tü Quay and had out the fire-engine."

"Well, th' ould doctor always was a bit of a liard, but that bates any tale of his I've heard for some time," said Matthew.

"Bless yer heart," answered his wife, who was clearing away the supper, "he tells up they old stories tü Mary Ellen tü take her thoughts off herself. I axed 'un one day how he could bring himself tü say such things, and he said he'd a-got vor tü make folks laugh somehow or else they'd die. Aw, iss, Doctor Blossom knows a thing or two, besides making up pills and mending bones."

"And considering I've got a brok' collar-bone, Elizabeth, I think yü might so well let me lie a-beyd to-mawra, and bring me up my breksus."

"Now, look yer, Mary Ellen, I'm properly tired of being your tacky-lacky. I always dü take 'ee up a cup o' tay first thing, and yü won't get nothing more till yü come downstairs for it."

"I ought tü be in tü awspital, that's where I ought tü be; and have nurses tü wait on me, and doctors tü give me medicine-stuff. I'm tired o' bein' yer where I get no comforts, and bean't taken no account of. I'd rather be in the Union than bide yer any longer."

"That's all the thanks us gets for denying ourselves tü keep her! I'm sure I wish 'er was in tü Union. There might be a little pace for a man then after his hard day's work," said Matthew; but Elizabeth only sighed. She was tired out, and Mary Ellen's complaints always hurt her more when her husband was there to be vexed. For herself she was almost hardened to them.

II.

The vicar's wife was hurrying along the muddy lane that led to the Gammons' cottage. She was a bright, girlish creature, looking even younger than her twenty summers, and, according to the opinion of neighbouring vicaresses, she was sadly deficient in the attributes of a parson's wife.

"What can that child know about working a parish?" said Mrs. Fussem, who effectually worked her husband's cure of souls in Torcombe. As a matter of fact, she knew very little, but the parish seemed to get on fairly well in spite of this drawback. She had one point in her favour. She was a native of Berraton, and her parishioners had known her from her childhood. In their eyes, therefore, she could do no wrong, for the inhabitants of this primitive village were intensely clannish. A "residenter" had always a claim to respect, but a passing visitor who had no connection with the neighbourhood was thought small things of, and was too often alluded to as a young "jump-the-country," or an old "fly-by-night." But Eva Carew had won the hearts of the villagers long before she married the young Vicar of Berraton, and her influence was perhaps quite as good as that of the older and wiser women who were shocked at her unsystematic visiting, and general lack of method.

Just now Eva Carew was looking rather sad, because she was full of sorrow for the little family she was on her way to visit. Death had come into their midst suddenly and swiftly, taking away the lad who was already a help and comfort to his parents. The poor souls were stunned, and could hardly realise that the close ties of earthly love were broken. The bond of family affection in cottage homes is a very strong and real thing. And the grief of the bereaved is the more pathetic, because it is often inarticulate, or almost bordering upon comedy in its expression.

Eva carried a bunch of white flowers, for it was Christmas-time, and the children would otherwise have had none for their wreath. She never forgot these little thoughtful acts, although she may have been negligent in the weightier matters of good advice or reproof. Elizabeth was an old friend, as she had been Eva's nurse. She was busy dusting and cleaning, for the poor have no time for the luxury of quiet grief. Eva entered with her flowers, which gladdened the eyes of the younger children—a disconsolate little group who sadly missed their games in the street with their companions. She kissed her old nurse and grasped Matthew's hard hand.

"I'm so sorry!" was all she could say, and then she cried for pity of Elizabeth's sobs and her husband's grief-stricken face.

"He wor such a dear, good lad!" said the poor mother.

Eva made an effort to command her voice.

"I wanted to come and cheer you a little, and I'm so stupid I only make you feel worse."

"My dear, the sight of 'ee does us good," said Elizabeth, gratefully, and perhaps those unbidden tears on a face that was generally sunshine comforted the parents more than the trite words of condolence which some find so easy of utterance. The poor do not want you to talk to them. They like better to be allowed to talk to you, and their woes are lightened if you will listen patiently.

"Never a minute's trouble did he give me in his life, dear lad. Even when I was a bit sharp with my tongue he'd never answer me back, and I couldn't say the same by one of the others, though they'm not so bad as childern go. And he'd always take off his boots and go up awver the stairs in his stockin' feet, so careful as he'd be not tü carr' the mux about th'ouze. Dear Johnny, I can't bear vor think as I've a-lost 'un!"

"Stiddy, too, he was with his work," said Matthew. "'Twas all along of trying vor get drü more'n was pawsible that he caught his death."

"'Twas partly my fault too," sobbed Elizabeth. "Aw, I dü refleck on myself turrabul!"

"Don't 'ee tell up such nonsense, missus." Then, turning to Eva, Matthew said: "Dü 'ee think, mum, the Lord does these yer things because He's angered with us?"

"I'm sure He does not," answered Eva, softly.

"There, Elizabeth, I told 'ee yü shouldn't listen tü her old stories." Then he continued, to Eva: "Yü know, mum, us was a bit sharp with Mary Ellen the night Johnny was a-tooked ill, and now 'er says tez the Lord's judgment on us for being so hard tü 'er."

"I'm sure I try vor keep my temper with 'er," said Elizabeth, "but you can't think what tez, mum, tü hear nort but grumbling and complaining from morning tü night. One time and another I up and spake my mind, for I dü feel I can't bear it no longer."

"And 'tezn't as if the missus was really unkind," broke in Matthew. "I've been pretty wild often tü see how Mary Ellen was the first vor be considered. Always the best bits of mayte was cut out for her, and Elizabeth's gone without herself time and again that her sister might have her bellyful."

"She's a wicked woman," said Eva, impulsively. "You must

not listen to her, or allow her to give you these hard thoughts of God's dealings. You are His dear children, you know——" she broke off shyly, for it was always a little difficult for her to speak of these things to those who had been in the school of life so much longer than she had. It seemed almost an impertinence.

"Aw, my dear, I be thankful yü don't think as poor Johnny was a-tooked for a judgment," sobbed Elizabeth. "Parson, he talked bütiful about the Lord's love, but then he didn't know us had angered Him about Mary Ellen, and us couldn't bring ourselves tü tell 'un. Matthew said, 'Us'll tell the dear young lady; 'er always dü understand.'"

At this moment Mary Ellen entered from the garden, dragging herself along with apparent difficulty, and groaning as if in great bodily pain.

"Good afternoon, mum; I was thinking you'd be in vor see how I was bearing up. I'm in a turrabul wake state, mum, and ought by rights vor be in beyd, only I haven't got nobody to attend tü me. And tez very hard on me, Matthew and Elizabeth being so weist. There they sit and take on, and they don't consider how bad tez vor anybody with wake nerves not vor be cheered up a bit."

"And you don't seem to consider anybody but yourself, Mary Ellen," said the vicar's wife, severely. "Why don't you try and comfort your sister in her trouble, instead of being such a burden to her?"

"There! I always was put upon," whimpered the hysterical creature; "and of course a gert strong woman like yü be don't know what a turrabul thing tez tü suffer."

"'Tisn't no manner of use tü arguefy with 'er, mum. 'Er's that took up with 'er own feelings, that 'er doesn't believe nobody else has got any," said Matthew, and Eva felt that he was right.

She tried to confine her conversation to the bereaved parents, but it was not an easy matter to ignore Mary Ellen, who fidgeted, coughed, groaned, and talked to herself, and plainly showed what she thought of such treatment.

"I'm sure I thank'ee kindly for calling," said Elizabeth, as Eva rose to go, "and yü've a-cheered us up wonderful, miss—I ax' your pardon, mum, but 'miss' do slip out natural when a body isn't thinking, and I dü feel most maze-headed with all I've a-gone drü the last two or dree days. Well there, tezn't so long ago neither that yü was 'little missy.' Dü 'ee mind, mum, how yü wanted vor learn me to readee, and what a delight yü'd a-take in reading out hymns to me, and making me say 'em after 'ee? I can see 'ee now, sitting up

oss in the wood behind the vicarage, and there are still green in the hedges."

, mum, may the Lord bless 'ee," said Matthew and ile in the distance was heard an angry muttering, in e distinguished: "Ain't never considered" . . . one" . . . "tez a turrabul thing tü suffer!"

MARY HARTIER.

SOME HOLIDAY FREAKS.

IT is not till you are back again at desk, in laboratory, by the fireside, or striding over the fields after partridge, that you realise that summer has gone. The fog creeps stealthily through the city; the lighter mist lingers by the riverside in midland valley. The sky is dull grey; and from out the lowering firmament the rain falls persistently on smoky housetop or woodland path choked with decaying leaves. Charles Lamb wrote a whimsical essay on the thoughts of a man after being hanged. Putting aside the temporary inconvenience of an appearance on, or rather disappearance from, the scaffold, these thoughts could scarcely be more depressing than those of the man who has had his holiday. A modern novelist has drawn a charming picture of his return to work after the long vacation, and of the quiet pleasure he experienced when he felt his pen running over the manuscript again; but he is a humorist, and his description must be read between the lines. However philosophical one may be, the prospect of dreary weather and of incessant toil through the English winter is not a joyous one.

Still there is a gleam of brightness in every condition of life; and the sensible man who has had his holiday finds it in retrospect. The golden glow that brightens the jagged edge of the indigo-tinted cloud above the hills of the peak at night is a beauteous relic of the dazzling sunlight that lit up stream, pasture, and homestead at noon. In like manner, to the man who has enjoyed his holiday there is a golden gleam through the mind, telling of pleasant days in sunlit lands, of novel associations and quaint touches of humour.

John de Laval de Bois-Dauphin was so fat that when he travelled through France he was obliged to "set up a coach of his own on account of his great bulk"; but you are of reasonable physical dimensions, and started from Dover a month ago, with agile limbs and a light heart, for your annual trip on the Continent. You soon discovered the truth of the Italian adage: "Good company in a journey makes the way to seem shorter." Possibly your destination was the charming town of Pumpernickel, of which Thackeray wrote so kindly. Well occupied on the short sea voyage with dodging the

soot on the saloon deck, or studying the fantastic moustaches of the male passengers, or striving to understand the remarkable pronunciation of your German friend, you were on the gangway at Ostend before you had time to thoroughly revel in the changing lights and shadows of the sea. Then your fingers dived into every pocket, except the right one, for the yellow landing ticket; and in the surge of the laughing crowd, and amid a babel of patois, you were borne to the Customs counter on the quay.

The Speaker, with his contraband pack of cards, had a diverting interview with the gesticulating official on the German frontier; but if he had been of your party he would have obtained even more entertainment, and found the performance less expensive. Your bags and boxes were quickly unstrapped and unlocked for inspection. You had nothing to declare; and the mystic chalk mark was made on one, two, three pieces of luggage. You were free to continue your journey. No. "Vat is dat?" came the sharp inquiry. The lynx-eyed official glared at your wife, and at the brown cardboard box she carried. "A chapeau," the good lady replied, with some hauteur. "Olt chapeau?" asked the officer, suspiciously. "Old chapeau!" exclaimed the fair dame, indignantly. "No; new chapeau!" for she would rather die than wear an old bonnet, and the box contained the loveliest toque. "Zix francs duty," hoarsely cried the officer, scowling. "Nonsense!" replied the British matron, hugging the box and bidding defiance to Belgium. Another officer came to the rescue, a polite one, a diplomatist. "S'il vous plait, madame," he said, gracefully raising his gold-braided cap. Then he deftly untied the box, took out the bonnet, swung it airily on forefinger and thumb, in the faces of the crowd, and remarked with a smile: "Ah! it is an olt chapeau. It has been vorn." By this time your wife was indifferent to the opinion of any Customs officer. She had a notion that she would like to box the ears of the Government staff; but, thankful that the toque was not contraband, she made a very fair attempt to join in the general titter, and glided away, with the box in one hand and the lid in the other.

Through the plains of Belgium and the flat land of north Germany your railway ride was comparatively uneventful. Approaching Cologne, however, the companion of your joys and sorrows had another shock. The train did not reach the speed of "The Flying Scotsman," but tried hard to run fifty miles an hour. Midway between two stations, while the express was putting on its best pace, the carriage door was opened, and into the compartment stalked a red-haired Uhlan. He was a voluble giant, with a fierce look, and a

sabre-cut across his right cheek. He would have made a fine illustration for the chief character in a brigand story, or for a pirate hero; and he seemed terribly angry, cursing apparently in a foreign tongue. Your Teuton friend replied in similar jargon; your wife, again clutching the bonnet-box, asking meanwhile if the intruder were a German highwayman. Fortunately, at the moment when you had made up your mind to guard your property to the death, and to sell your life dearly, you ascertained that the bandit in uniform was simply a railway servant, a composite railway servant, doing duty as guard and collector, and that he had been merely asking to see your tickets. He had not killed anybody since the Franco-German war a quarter of a century ago. Without any desire to disparage English railway working, one cannot do otherwise than acknowledge that these German railway guards are very smart men. They are alert, expert, and in the main polite; and their mode of ticket examination while the train is in fastest motion economises much time. In a country that is innocent of cricket and football, where the children play at soldiers, and boys carry their books in knapsacks to school, you are not surprised that the military spirit dominates everything. The precision of the soldier is noticed in the railway working. The traffic moves as by clockwork, and the trains are punctual. The porters, unlike some of their kind at English railway stations, do not imagine themselves to be general managers, and would probably be sentenced to death if they dared to give themselves the airs of the old-time porter at Darlington Station. He derived satisfaction from the sufferings of travellers, and leisurely walking beside a third-class train that had been shunted to let the express go by, said: "Yours is only the nigger train. Yo mun wait till yur betters have gone."

In one part of Germany quick travel does not always obtain. There are express boats on the Rhine; but you chose one of medium speed, so that you could take lazy stock of the vineyards, and the seven mountains, and the ruined castles. Legend and tradition twine about these grey strongholds almost as thickly as the vines trellis the hillsides; but the English are a practical people, and only accept these stories with a grain of salt. You, personally, are disappointed with the scenery, too. The river, you admit, is wide and long, a magnificent trade-way; but Devonshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, North Lancashire, the Lake Country, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland have infinitely prettier, and in some localities much grander scenery. After all, the chief attraction of the Rhine is the opportunity it gives for the study of the manners and customs of the German people. If you buy anything in a Teutonic shop on Sunday morning you are

liable to a fine of one hundred marks ; but for the remainder of the day you can devote yourself to revel. The Germans revelled on the Rhine. The wine-gardens were thronged. There were groups of holiday-folk at every hotel window. The Kaiser flag adorned cottage and mansion. The Prussian Eagle perched, as it were, all along the river bank, and soared to the turret of the loftiest fortress. The boats were crowded, and there was much bustle of egress and ingress at every landing-stage. But there was little music—only the stray blowing of trumpets; all the German bands, luckily, were in England.

Eating and drinking were the two recreations, varied by the waving of handkerchiefs—possibly as an aid to digestion. The Germans, since they acquired Metz, have been rather apt at braggadocio ; but it must be admitted that they can outlast any other nation in stomachic capacity and digestive power. For three marks you were able to get on the Rhine boat, at *table d'hôte*, a dainty banquet almost equal in quality to any supplied in first-class London restaurants, and with a modest half-bottle of claret or Burgundy, were satisfied ; but not so your German voyager. He may stick to his occupation and deny himself luxury during the week, but on Sunday he has the appetite of an ostrich, and the thirst of the unfortunate creature who sought a drink in vain from Lazarus. He appears to have only one meal ; but it invariably lasts all day, and his consumption of wine and beer is prodigious. The English excursionist, out for a day at Blackpool or Margate, has a comprehensive appetite ; but he must give *pas* to his German brother as a gourmand. There is, however, one satisfactory phase of the Teutonic gastronomic effort. It does him no harm. He laughs, talks, smokes, and frolics while he is making it ; and the liquid he takes is innocuous—it is not strong enough to overbalance him.

When you had sighted the twinkling lights of Mayence, worked your way through the busy station at Frankfort, and passed a few days at your favourite Pumpernickel, the impression forced itself upon you that after all English life is the best. It was a novelty to take the peculiar waters, a delight to join in the fashionable festivity, a pleasure to saunter in the pine woods, and an adroit experience to endeavour to sustain life on the Continental breakfast served on terrace and beneath gaily draped verandah ; but existence without earnest purpose soon becomes monotonous, and one member of London society, toying with his spoon at afternoon tea in the Kurgarden, caused quite a flutter when he told his friends

that he had, like Confucius, discovered a new enjoyment. "It is a fascinating pastime," he said, with quiet humour. "When I am weary of tennis, and music, and fireworks, I go to the shop of Herr Loewnherz and ask him to change me a £5 note into German money. I get a pocketful of marks and pfennigs, take them to the hotel, spend an hour or two in counting them; then stroll into Rothschild's, where they are only too ready to convert the mass of coins into English gold again. I call it the currency game. It costs you a mark; but it is a splendid exercise in arithmetic, and as exciting as betting."

You had not been in Pumpernickel very long before you realised that the secret charm of the place was its inexhaustible stream of gossip. You were told that the prince went to the springs in a light blue suit and a red tie, and that he walked out with a Pomeranian dog; that Jones of the Guards had a melancholy prospect—that he had run through his money, was obliged to marry old Lady Blanche, and must be content with fishing and shooting all his life. Smart people daily arrived with new scandal, and graphic accounts of the floods in the Black Forest; and vivacious old travellers, who had done India, Egypt, and Southern Europe, wagged their tongues with reminiscence and story. One had been pitched out of diligence, another had had the contents of his portmanteau overturned upon dusty road by irate Customs officer, and another had narrowly escaped capture by bandits. There is a wondrous variety of incident in travel; and it also gives the rein to romance.

You soon ascertained that if you would know anything of the social and industrial life of the natives of Pumpernickel you must rise at dawn. It was at daybreak that the dogs drew in the little milk-carts from the adjacent farms, that the bullocks swayed town-ward with their waggon loads of produce, that the women, deftly balancing huge baskets of clothes upon their heads, strode, with arms akimbo, from the rural laundries to the great hotels. The working-people, handicraftsmen, husbandmen, and female toilers were, you noticed, a patient, enduring race. But they lacked the robust independence of the artisan and labouring population of England. Notwithstanding their tendency to smoke cheap cigars before breakfast, they gave you the idea that they were not altogether strangers to poverty. In fact, to tell the blunt truth, every resident class in this gay Pumpernickel would fare ill were it not for the generous inflow of English gold. The hotel proprietors, shrewd as the Dutch merchant who loved the English because "their terms were net cash," were ready enough to acknowledge this. When you had paid

bill and tipped the waiters, the host at the house at which you een "a paying guest" was all suavity and politeness, and, ting you with a lovely bouquet of roses, wished you a pleasant home and speedy return to the German spa in which his lot t.

act was graceful—it reconciled you to some holiday freaks; as not so gratifying as the glimpse, three days later, of the iffs of Dover, or the consciousness that you were once more with your native land. No man, unless his heart be ossified, om regret at the end of his holiday; but you have the con- in returning to an eccentric climate and to duty, that you envy the German in his empire. His existence is a travesty arison to the free, vigorous, earnest life of the Englishman; no longer wonder how it is that the thoughtful, cultured, erprising Teuton is so eager to desert his beloved Fatherland possibilities of comfort and wealth that lie beneath the smoke of the greatest city in the world.

JOHN PENDLETON.

TABLE TALK.

The Society for the Protection of Birds.

I AM always glad to give what publicity I may to the proceedings of the Society for the Protection of Birds, with whose efforts, as I need scarcely tell readers of the *Gentleman's*, I am in full, hearty, and sympathetic accord. My own recent observations in Table Talk have elicited from Mrs. E. Phillips, a vice-president of the Society, a letter of recognition for recent contributions to the cause of humanity accompanied by a batch of the society's latest leaflets. These last may be obtained from Mrs. Phillips at Vaughan House, [illegible] Morland Road, Croydon. If I mention again this address, and refer afresh to the publications of the society, it is because I know it is only by constant iteration, if even then, that an impression is made upon human thoughtlessness, ignorance, and vanity. "In time the savage bull will bear the yoke," says or quotes Shakespeare, and in time the labours of those who preach the lesson of mercy may bear fruit. I say may, not being sanguine enough to write will. At any rate I further so far as I may the interests of the society, and in the phrase of Abraham Lincoln—I think it is his—"keep pegging on." Of one thing I am sure, that the effect of a single paragraph in any magazine or journal is slight. Beauty, to whom I most directly appeal, if it notes it at all, reads it "with a careless dropping lip, and an erected brow, humming it hastily over." Bring it again and again before her, she becomes annoyed, and when annoyance has had its day and you still persist, she may begin to think.

The Bird of Paradise.

IN the hope that this process, slow as it is, may be brought about, and since better may not be, I return to the charge, fortified and armed by Mrs. Phillips. From her I learn that the deplorable fashion of wearing the plumage of beautiful birds, necessarily aughtered for the purpose, reached its climax in the month of May,

engaged in the supply of these decorations, one house alone
l during the season of 720,000 of these mixed sprays,
g thus, I suppose—for I am not up in the mysteries of this
rsty trade—the destruction of about a million and a half of
liest creatures God has ever made. The bird of paradise it
supplies these plumes, so much in request. Young birds,
er, are pursued and destroyed before the plumage has
attain its full brilliancy, several years being requisite in
of the male bird to deck in due time into his robes of state.
ne Germany, it is humiliating to hear, is taking the lead of us
ampaign against the destruction of beauty. Since January 1,
rict regulations for the preservation of the bird of paradise
en in force in German New Guinea, and an appeal has been
the English and Dutch Governments to follow this example.
in England slow to move in matters in which our personal
s are not directly and obviously concerned, and I am not
peful of any good for yet awhile attending the efforts to bring
egislation as regards English possessions. Meantime the fact
area in which the bird of paradise can be captured or slain
wed, renders speedier and more certain its extinction in the
es under our rule.

EFFORTS FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR HOME BIRDS.

METHING, it is known, has been done with a view to the
protection of our native birds, and the Wild Birds' Protection
ere its provisions carried out, would do much to mitigate a

a cause for my interference, or if the place is quiet enough, th[e] menace of violence, or even violence itself. The amateur defender o[f] birds is [illegible] powerless, and the local police, even supposing them to be willing to charge themselves with an occupation tha[t] involves a great deal of trouble and no prospect of advantage, are little better off. [illegible] aided by the efforts of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the police in nearly all cases "wink the other eye." When an offender is caught—and such cases are few enough—the punishment meted out is rarely or never deterrent. I have now brought before me the case of a dealer who by a happy chance was run down and was without excuse. Instead of a penalty of £[illegible], to which he had subjected himself, he was let off with a [illegible] of [illegible].

Legislation the Only Remedy.

I AM not in these things speaking in condemnation of the authorities. Anxious as I am to stop an abuse which may end in depriving life of one of its greatest delights, I should hesitate before punishing with exemplary rigour those who seek, in a hard world, to gain an income by means not patently dishonest. Still, I am in favour of more vigorous legislation the world over. For a time I hoped that gentler methods would prevail. Again and again I have appealed to woman to show some of that mercy and humanity with which man, persistent optimist, continues to credit her. That hope I have at length abandoned. Man sometimes has qualms concerning the amount of destruction involved in keeping him alive and guarding him against the cold. Woman as a rule seems incapable of such a thought. When the question of adornment comes in she is absolutely immovable. What matters it that the seal, a bright, happy, and intelligent mammal, will shortly have ceased to be, or that the islands of the Indian Archipelago may no more be lighted by the glories of the bird of paradise? Not a jot is she moved when we preach! Just as much, to use the words of Sir Giles Overreach,

> As rocks are,
> When foaming billows split themselves against
> Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
> When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.

Appeal is vain, and little as one likes the process, legislation furnishes the only remedy.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1897.

AN UNJUDICIAL SEPARATION.

BY KATHARINE SILVESTER.

PART I.

THE interview had ended as such interviews are generally doomed to end. Eugene's step-mother had gone to his rooms in the Temple to throw herself mentally between him and his intention. He had bidden her be seated with an elaboration of manner which she knew to be ominous. His face was white and set, and as he stood opposite her where she sat, pouring forth entreaty and remonstrance in low hurried tones, she saw with dismay the deepening of the obstinate lines in his face. At length he interposed:

"You might have spared yourself the pain of this visit. My ways are not your ways, nor will they ever be. When I am among you all I laugh and jest with you and join in your pleasures. And all the while I am conscious of being false to my better self. My truest sympathies and interests lie among those whose life's programme is work and suffering. Why do you wish to keep me from what, with all your worldliness, you must know in your heart to be the better part?"

"Eugene, you are not straightforward. I have not come here to talk abstractions. You know that your father and I have never thought to interfere with your changing ideals and pursuits. Nay, have even gone against our own judgment in helping you to further the particular scheme of the moment. But this last scheme—this marriage! Eugene, I know you better than you know yourself. Scorn it as you may in your present mood, you belong more to us and to our world than you believe. You have been bred all your

life in luxury, and the deprivations of poverty will affect your daily happiness in a way you will despise yourself for. You do not conceive what it means to live *à deux* on your own £200 a year; and you cannot look for help from your father in doing what is not only absolutely opposed to his wishes, but to all common sense!"

"By common sense you mean the gross worldliness which is at home the breath of our nostrils. I agree with you that my intention of marrying Miss Elizabeth Warner is not in keeping with its tenets. She lives in Islington, and has never been presented, or worn a low dress, I think. That she is good and pure, a clever teacher, a devoted child, does not, I know, mitigate the opinion you have formed as to her unworthiness to be your daughter-in-law. I believe in your heart you had rather that I had chosen a music-hall artiste or a smart *divorcée*—it would have been more *chic*. Fortunately for my happiness, my tastes do not run in that direction. Fortunately also, my future wife's thrifty upbringing will enable us to carry out our scheme of life without need of help from any one. I have often kicked in spirit against the artificial surroundings of our home life, and do not question my own power to live contentedly a far simpler one."

"In your present mood there is nothing more to be said. I leave you in your obstinacy, knowing that you will bitterly regret the step you persist in taking. Of course, all intercourse between you and your family must now be at an end. You could scarcely expect us to receive you, acting as you do in direct opposition to our wishes. I am sorry for your little Islington teacher though. If she loves you she will be the first to discover her mistake. Please open the door —I am going."

His face flushed, but he turned to obey without any reply, and would have followed her down the staircase, but she waved him back; and in another moment he heard the sound of her carriage wheels as she drove away.

Then a great sense of loneliness and disgrace came over him, and he threw himself into the chair from which she had just risen and covered his face with his hands. Unconsciously he flung out his arms towards the door, in the way he had used to do when a naughty little boy, anxious for reconciliation after a scene of passion and defiance. These scenes in the old days had never had but one ding—his step-mother had always come back at the sound of his tent "I will be good," tears and kisses would follow, and ntly he would be trotting off with her hand in hand, his love and tion for her welling up higher than ever in his childish heart.

And now it was with an effort that he shook off the old spell. The faint scent she used lingered about the air of his chambers, which seemed full of her beautiful presence. He had a momentary inclination to run after her and throw down at her feet all his new ideals and desires, only that she might be friends with him and speak to him again in the old caressing voice. It was with a pang that he realised the difference between this new grown-up quarrel and the old childish ones. Here not only principles but persons were involved, and a pale girl's figure stood between him and possible atonement.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck half-past five, and Eugene rose with a start. He was to go to Islington to fetch his betrothed, and they were to proceed together to some great schools in the neighbourhood to give their services at a children's "happy evening." Somehow the prospect had little attraction for him. Was it not absurd to imagine you could help forward human progress by showing magic-lantern slides to a crowd of small children who were far better asleep in their beds? But to-day there might be no turning back for him, and he was soon being borne on the top of a tramcar along the Gray's Inn Road towards his destination. It was then July, and one of a series of those golden days when the mind refuses to grasp the inevitableness of winter and human death. The brightness and intense blue of the sky lent even a sort of festal air to the ugly streets through which he passed; but it was the festivity of the gutter. A sickly smell uprose from the over-ripe fruit on the barrows which lined the roadside. Outside a public-house two feather-hatted gold-earringed flower girls had left their baskets of fading roses, and were waltzing to the music of a man playing the cornet. The tune was one he had heard in ball-rooms in the old days, before he had felt the pressure of ideals, and it awoke in him a forgotten thrill. He remembered that to-night his step-mother was "at home" to her friends, and he had a vision of wide staircases and palms surrounding great blocks of ice, of Hungarian music, of the smell of roses, of his fair half-sisters in their soft white gowns, bubbling over with smiles and the joy of life.

He was shocked to find himself dwelling on the picture with a sort of yearning, and resolutely set himself to think of Elizabeth, and the details of the new life before him.

He alighted from the tramcar at a street turning out of the high road, and knocked at the door of one of the little rows of houses which composed it. On the door was a brass plate bearing the inscription "Academy for Young Ladies," and the sound of scales

Square. The Courts were not yet sitting, and there was nothing doing at chambers. For economical reasons he had given up his subscription to the club in Piccadilly, and he now stood drearily drumming his fingers against the window which looked out upon a wet, deserted street. The gas was alight, and Elizabeth sat at the table sewing at some undergarment. In spite of the hour, there were no signs of tea about. They were in the habit of having a tea-supper about half-past six, which, according to Elizabeth's frugal notion, should do away with the necessity for intermediate light refreshment. It was not a picturesque interior—the room was furnished strictly in accordance with the taste of a particular class of lodging-house keeper, and the half-open folding doors at the back revealed the undesirable proximity of the bedroom. Elizabeth had not the art of giving homelike touches to her surroundings—it is questionable whether these, so far as they were material objects, entered into her consciousness. She looked little altered by her year of marriage; whereas Eugene's face, as he turned from the window to answer some remark of his wife's, showed increased pallor and a look of weariness.

"No, I don't think I shall go to the meeting with you to-night," he said impatiently. "I am getting tired of hearing the same arguments brought up again and again—and they are all so cock-sure, these good people. It makes one yearn to leap up and hotly defend the other side in the face of one's real convictions."

Elizabeth looked pained, but made no reply, and Eugene turned to his window-drumming. Visions appropriate to the hour rose up before him of afternoon tea-tables and fire-light glancing on bright silver; of the sound of low talk and soft laughter and the tinkle of china. Now he was watching the movements of the postman coming down the street.

"Sure not to be for us!" he exclaimed, as a double knock sounded at their front door. "We never get such a godsend as a letter!"

"Oh, Eugene! didn't I hear from mother only this morning?" said Elizabeth, with reproach in her voice. (The school at Islington had been given up soon after her marriage, and Mrs. Warner had gone to live with a sister in a suburb of Birmingham.)

She went out of the room as she spoke, and came back slowly, twisting and turning with a puzzled expression a letter which she held in her hand.

"Eugene, it is a letter for me, with a great gilt monogram, and ugh! it's perfumed!" and she held it out at arm's-length.

Eugene darted forward and almost snatched the letter from her. He tore it open with shaking hands.

"It's come at last!" he shouted, as he threw down on the table a card of invitation. The card announced that Mrs. Du Cane was "At home" on a particular evening in February, and on the top of the card was written: "Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Du Cane." "I knew she couldn't hold out for ever—she's too generous—too magnanimous! But I'm glad it's all over. I *long* to see them again." And he flung himself on the horse-hair sofa, still trembling with excitement, and covered his face with his hands.

Elizabeth stood looking first at him and then at the card, with unmistakable dismay. She felt somehow that the card was the death-warrant of her domestic peace, and when Eugene looked up to her with beaming face for sympathy in his rejoicing, she could not force a smile in reply. Then he rose from the sofa and, placing his hands on her shoulders, looked down into her pale upturned face; but the joy that sparkled in his eyes only brought a look of terror into hers.

"Must we really go, Eugene?" she whispered imploringly.

"Of course we must, dear," he answered almost impatiently, taking his hands away from her and beginning to walk up and down the room. "It's nearly eighteen months now that we've been mewed up here in these terrible lodgings, seeing no one, hearing from no one, going nowhere! Somehow I don't think I could have stood it much longer. It was beginning to affect my brain, my power of work. Thank Heaven! it's ended as it was bound to end. The whole story of the separation has been silly and unnatural. They see this now and are holding out their arms to us; it would be wrong and unforgiving to turn away."

The pain of these words seemed to clutch at Elizabeth's heart as she listened. She realised with ashock that what had been to her the happiest year of her life had been to her husband a year of deprivation and exile. He was too absorbed to notice her silence, and continued to walk up and down, talking excitedly.

"You must have a smart gown for this party, Lizzie, though I go bankrupt the next day. I remember a dressmaker in Bond Street where my sisters used to go. She'll turn you out like a regular fashion plate, and my step-mother will have no fault to find. She thinks no end about dress, dear lady! I can't somehow picture you together—you are so different; but you're the two women I love best in the world, and it must be all right!" And he kissed her lightly on the forehead. She tried to smile up at him through her tears.

The three weeks which intervened between the arrival of the invitation and the date of the party was a period of misery to Elizabeth. She could think of little else, and her distress increased to positive terror as the day approached. The change in her husband was not the least element in her trouble. The Eugene she had married was a solemn young barrister with socialistic ideals, who expressed a fine scorn for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and went about London in a soft felt hat. The Eugene of to-day sang bars of opera music as he performed a scrupulously conventional toilet, and talked learnedly to his puzzled wife about sales at Christie's and bargains at Tattersall's. Mistrustful of her poor little Islington taste, he had himself taken her to the dressmaker's and arranged with Madame Le Blond the colour and fashion of her gown. While they had talked, with much gesticulation on the part of the Frenchwoman, Elizabeth had stood by in silence, looking somewhat bored, as though the matter did not concern her; and Eugene had scolded her when they came out for her want of proper pride in her personal appearance.

When she went to try on the dress, she had blushed painfully at the sight in the mirror of her bare neck and arms, and had ventured on a feeble remonstrance. She was reduced to silence by a torrent of French eloquence. But when the dress was brought home on the day of the party, she went out to the nearest draper and bought yards of white frilling, rows of which she sewed into the sleeves and bodice, producing an effect that would have brought tears to the eyes of Madame Le Blond.

At nine o'clock that evening Eugene stood waiting for her in their little sitting-room. The cab which was to take them to Connaught Place was already at the door. When she came into the room he took her by the hand to the light and surveyed her critically, her pale face looking anxiously into his for a verdict. "H'm! your dress is a pretty colour, but I don't think Le Blond has done her best—and you've fixed your flowers in the wrong place." And he took out the pins and tried to rearrange them with clumsy male fingers. "Poor little girl, how pale you are! I shall have to pinch your cheeks, as my nurse used to do before she took me into the drawing-room. But it's time to be off." And he looked at his watch.

"Oh, Eugene! Isn't it rather too early?" she said faintly.

He laughed in reply, and put her cloak about her—the little red cloak trimmed with swansdown, which belonged to the days before [illegible] marriage. "Lizzie, I believe you are as frightened as though [illegible] going to a dentist's instead of to a party!"

[illegible] at had been their seclusion that she had never before seen

him in evening dress, and as he stood in crush hat and white shirt-front, holding the door open for her to pass out, he seemed to her already a part of the new terrible strangeness into which she was about to be conducted.

The carriages were driving in slow file before the awning of the Du Cane's house in Connaught Terrace. Eugene sprang out of the cab and helped his wife to alight, and they passed together into the wide hall, on either side of which were massed shrubs and palms. From the staircase and the room above came a joyous hubbub of talk and laughter, to which the music of the band was playing an accompaniment. The air was heavy with the scent of hot-house flowers.

When Elizabeth came back from laying aside her cloak, she found Eugene the centre of a group of black-coated acquaintance, who were offering him a jesting welcome. Laughing, he broke through these at sight of her, and, putting her arm in his, led her up the crowded staircase to the entrance of the great drawing-room. It was there Mrs. Du Cane was standing to receive her guests, queen-like, crowned with diamonds and her beauty.

It was a breathless moment for all three. She had caught sight of the pair from afar and had quickly turned aside her head. Eugene had seized her hand in both his before she turned again to greet them. Her proud glance softened at sight of the mingled love and pleading in his eyes as they met hers; and he drew the trembling girl forward. "Mother, this is my wife!"

Elizabeth returned the high handshake rather awkwardly, and shrank before the beautiful woman who looked at her out of half-closed eyes.

"Isn't she magnificent?" whispered Eugene in a shaking voice as they passed through the thronged drawing-rooms in search of his father. They came upon him in a doorway talking Stocks with a friend as though he was in his office in Throgmorton Street. He was a quiet, grey-haired man, whose paternal instincts were somewhat undeveloped. He welcomed them both kindly, but without enthusiasm, and returned with eagerness to his friend and his talk. Then his two half-sisters ran up to them and caught each a hand of Eugene, scarcely able to restrain their delight at having him again among them. They were charmingly pretty girls, dressed to perfection, and the proud look of affection with which her husband's eyes rested on them caused Elizabeth a jealous pang. The rest of their passage through the rooms was of the nature of a royal progress. Eugene's eyes brightened and his face flushed as friends came crowding up to

gloomy silence. All the brightness had gone out of his face. Poor Elizabeth covered hers with her hands. Never in all her life had she felt so ashamed. To have drawn general attention to herself, who desired nothing but to escape it! Poor Eugene! She had spoilt for him his home-coming, and perhaps made him ridiculous in his friends' eyes.

On the long drive home together they said very little. Eugene was afraid of revealing the exasperation which he was ashamed to realise as his dominant emotion, and Elizabeth could scarcely speak for her tears.

The months that followed the reconciliation with the husband's family were a time of misery for his wife.

Eugene took a smart little flat off the Edgware Road, so as to be near his people, and Elizabeth bade a tearful "good-bye" to the shabby lodgings where she, at least, had lived in such content. One thorn in her flesh was her mother's delighted letters of congratulation.

Eugene seemed to live rather at Connaught Place than at home. He threw himself into the pursuits of his own old world with an appetite born of more than a year's abstinence. His step-mother had read him aright. His altruistic yearnings, his desire to help forward human progress seemed to have died within him. He had tried philanthropy and found it wanting as far as he himself was concerned, and so had silently thrown up the sponge.

His marriage with poor little Lizzie was the price he had paid for his want of self-knowledge, and the worst of it was that she soon got to know it. They seemed every day to have less to do with one another. His father bought him a horse, and in the early mornings his sisters would call for him to ride with them in the Row. Sometimes there were whole holidays taken and days spent at places before unheard of by Elizabeth, as Kempton Park and Sandown. For the evenings there were always numberless engagements, in some of which she had to share. But she generally managed to find excuses for letting her husband go without her, and she perceived with pain that these were readily admitted.

In the early days she tried hard to live up to the new standard of dress, manners, and conversation; but it was hopeless from the very first. What had she, her father's daughter, in common with these people, whose chief talk was of races and stage plays and Stock Exchange fluctuations?—things she had been taught to regard as sinful in themselves. Much of their speech was unfamiliar jargon; and the jesting way in which they tossed about their words bewildered

together through the suburb of Edgbaston out into the country and Eugene exerted all his eloquence; but he failed to change her decision. The most that she would agree to was that he should pay her an occasional visit here, and that they should write to one another at intervals. In the evening she walked back with him to the station, and after seeing him off, made her way home with a firm step, but with a heart that felt like breaking.

Eugene's step-mother and sisters rejoiced in secret when they found that Elizabeth's visit to her mother was likely to be of unlimited duration; but openly they declared her behaviour shocking, and pitied poor Eugene to their friends for his desertion by his wife. His own visits to Birmingham, at first tolerably frequent, occurred at longer and longer intervals. His practice at the Bar increased rapidly, and he looked to the pastimes of his world for relief from his labours. Elizabeth's own life became absorbing too. Her wish to help her fellow creatures had been more than a passing whim, and it was in doing what she could "to make the lives of others less difficult" that she was able sometimes to forget the trouble in her own. And on the rare occasions when a meeting took place between her and her husband, she, looking into the coarsened lines of his face, saw something there which touched her pity, and made her question whether it had not been happier for him also had he adhered with her to the choice of the better part.

THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM AND HIS CAPITAL.

ONE fine autumn day, when I was travelling from Hong Kong to Hoihow, I got into conversation with a French gentleman named Deloncle, who was on his way from France to Tonquin. I do not think he was the well-known authority upon colonial questions who bears that name, but he held an official post which the famous *interpellateur* had, I believe, once also held, that of *chef de cabinet* at Hué. At any rate, he was a very amiable man, and he invited me to visit him at Hué; he said the best time to see that place was at the *tet*, or New Year's rejoicings, when I could assist at the Court functions. *Tet* is a Chinese word, adopted into Annamese; it is the *chieh* of Peking, the *setsu* of Japan, and the *chêl* of Corea, and a very good etymological specimen of how words are borrowed from China, just as the different European nations borrow and mutilate, to suit their own idiom, Latin or Greek words. There are twenty-four fortnightly *tet* in the year, but the *tet* par excellence is that of the New Year.

I did not think more about M. Deloncle's invitation until the Chinese New Year was approaching, when it so happened that two British skippers got into a mess at Tourane and Haiphong, and I thought it a desirable thing to personally inquire into their respective difficulties. I therefore wrote to M. Deloncle, who meanwhile, with that rapidity which characterises French official movements, had once more been ordered home; but a colleague of his, the Vice-Resident at Kwang-nam, an old acquaintance of mine, was good enough to assure me of universal hospitality. As our vessel was starting from the bay a telegram was thrown on board by a steamer arriving from Hong Kong announcing the death of the Duke of Clarence, and I had just time to give orders for the flag to be half-masted at the consulate.

I found Haiphong very much altered since my first visit in 1888. A malarious mud flat with a few dreary rain-sodden bungalows had become transformed into a neatly-laid out town with boulevards, a

good hotel (for those parts), club, "docks" (the French for bonded warehouses), and of course innumerable barbers and cafés. Mr. Jack, a Scotch engineer, was even building a good-sized steamer. But for the present I will allow the description of Tonquin to stand over, and will at once transfer myself by the fortnightly French mail steamer to Tourane. Tourane had also improved since my first visit; but it was still far from *fin-de-siècle* in appearance. One of my fellow-passengers was a Saïgon editor named Ternisien, and as I met him strolling pensively along the "bund," he said: "Honteux! honteux!" (pointing to a number of groggy wooden lamp-posts about six feet high, "glazed" with paper). "Méthode d'éclairage dans la capitale d'Annam!" The sandy unpaved "bund," wretched hotel, and general shiftless aspect of everything certainly justified M. Ternisien's remarks if he had any just reason to expect a second Saïgon; but he was essentially a man of civilisation, and had neither seen Tourane as it originally was, nor done any roughing it in the East.

The French have, as a matter of fact, already done a great deal for Tourane. A handsome new residency had been built, there was the nucleus of a public garden in which M. Lemire, the Resident, had placed a number of Brahministic antiquities; the Frenchmen were all very hospitable, and ate well: the European troops had excellent new roomy barracks; and altogether things were not half so bad as the editorial "spleen" seemed to think.

My application for permission to visit the imperial capital of Hué was apparently rather a shock to the residential powers. The local Resident had first to consult the Resident-Superior at Hué, and the Resident-Superior had to obtain the permission of the Governor-General at Hanoi; it seemed to me strange that so much trouble should be taken concerning the movements of so insignificant a personage as myself; however, no Englishman had, at least within the memory of local men, ever been to Hué before, certainly no British official, least of all one of those much-suspected and dangerous individuals, a British Consul, openly bent on seeing the Emperor himself. But the French colonial authorities are everywhere as reasonable as they are hospitable, as I had already found in New Caledonia and elsewhere, so long as it is frankly explained to them what business a stranger is about; and after a couple of days' telegraphing (for all I know with the consent of the President himself, whose son, M. Carnot, happened to be in the Resident's drawing-room when I was there) I received permission to start in the following words: "Monsieur Parker est libre de visiter Hué quand cela lui

there are stations every ten miles, much better served than the corresponding stations in China. Our first station was Nam-ou, or "South Docks," and the seven-mile journey thither from Tourane along the sea-shore was both fatiguing and uninteresting. At Nam-ou, which looked like an oasis in the desert, things assumed a more cheerful aspect. The *tram* house was cool and clean, in appearance not unlike a Japanese country inn. Being able through long practice to write Chinese with some facility, I had no difficulty in making my wants understood, although I could not speak a single word of Annamese. Like the Coreans and Japanese, the Annamese use the Chinese character collaterally with their own vulgar script, which, in all three cases, is based upon corrupted Chinese; just as the Egyptian demotic and the cuneiform are based upon the corrupt hieroglyphs of Egypt and Accad. So also with the three vernaculars, which, just as Russian and English have enriched themselves with borrowed Greek and Latin words, have eked out their own slender resources with abstract Chinese ideas. During the ten minutes we spent in smoking a cigarette and drinking a bottle of beer, the *tram* superintendent had had an altercation on our behalf with the out-going and in-coming bearers; had got the latter "harnessed," ready to start; and had prepared for me a written statement of expenditure. Prices are so absurdly low in Annam that unlimited extortion only means an extra sixpence or shilling, so that I always discouraged the banking instincts of my Swiss friend when he attempted to waste time in arguing and bargaining. We had to get out of our chairs again in a few minutes, and embark in a couple of very leaky wicker-boats; this operation was repeated before we reached the village of Ku-de, or "All Low." The eight miles from Tourane northwards to Ku-de skirted the circumference of a semi-circular bay. A bold headland juts out eastwards from this point, and the gradual ascent begins at the village of Lyn-tiu, of "Lily Pond." The walk in the evening shade to the pass of Nam-hwa, or "Southern Harmony," was very refreshing after sweltering for hours in the sun in a cramped position. As we went up we obtained splendid views of the bay and harbour of Tourane, Monkey Island on the south side, the river, the Marble Caves to the west on the way to Kwang-nam, and the ocean to the east. We only passed one wretched hamlet between Lyn-tiu and Nam-hwa; it was called Hwa-viang, or "Harmonious Clouds," and consisted chiefly of a little tea shop. The Annamese tea is more like the Burmese than the Chinese, but unlike the former it is not damped and sold in a mass similar to date-cake; it is pounded dry with a pestle as required, and

drunk in huge bowls like a "black draught." I found it refreshing, but it is not exactly a drink that is likely to displace Bass's beer in the hearts of Britons.

The accommodation in the Annamese inn was of the most wretched description. We had to sleep on a sort of wattle frame, covered with a ragged old mat in lieu of mattress, and we had no coverlets beyond our own clothes. The room was filled with a dense smoke, caused by the fresh branches of trees used as fuel. This disagreeable arrangement had at least the advantage of driving some of the mosquitoes away, while the draughtiness of the ill-built house saved us from actual suffocation. As a rule, rice, pork, fish, and *nuoc-nam* (a sort of soy, like the Burmese *nga-pi*, made out of decayed fish) can be obtained in Annamese inns, but here nothing whatever was obtainable beyond coarse unleavened cakes of inferior flour. After a restless and miserable night, we were partly rewarded for our sufferings by getting an exceptionally fine morning view of the surrounding country. We descended the *cañon* by a very wet and rough mountain-path to Thua-phuc, or "Enjoyment of Bliss," whence the road winds over a number of minor passes along the sea-coast to the mouth of an enormous lagoon. Here we took a very shaky and overcrowded ferryboat to K'e-ngang, or "Brook Heights," and after crossing one more picturesque mountain pass struck the royal highway to Hué. This road is lined with tall trees on both sides, and runs for many miles in a perfectly straight line across a dead level, past Thua-liu and Nuoc-ngok to Kau-hai. It was laid out nearly a century ago by the Emperor Gia-long, when he had completed the conquest of the modern empire of Annam, or Vietnam, which embraces the ancient Ciampa, Cochin-China, part of Cambodia, and Tonquin. The Thuân-an gap and bar are at the northern end of the great lagoon. We had the choice of continuing along the highway from Kau-hai to Hué, by way of Thua-noung, or of taking a passenger boat along the lagoon to the mouth of an *arroyo*, or half river, half canal, which connects it with the capital. As the shades of evening were falling, and the boats looked very comfortable, we elected for the water route, and emerged early the next morning at the old Christian village of Phu-cam, a couple of miles from Hué.

The word Hué is the corrupted Annamese form of the Chinese word *Hoa*, "Civilisation," the official name of the metropolis being Shun-hwa Fu, or, in local idiom, Phu Thuân-hoa. It lies on the left bank of the Thua-t'ien River, and, viewed from the French Residency on the right bank, presents an appearance not unlike Mandalay, the

modern capital of Burma. The Mong-ca, or red-brick citadel, now occupied by the French garrison, also resembles the inner portion of the Mandalay palace, occupied by the British troops; at least, as it appeared in 1888, before recent sweeping changes had been made. The imperial palace of Hué is, however, built on a much more grandiose and solid scale than the pinchbeck wooden structure at Mandalay. It forms a second enclosure within the citadel, and is arranged strictly according to Chinese ideas of propriety. The Audience Pavilion, in which foreign ambassadors were received until the French insisted on equality of treatment, is situated outside, and east of, the Palace gate, and still stands uninjured. With the exception of the Emperor's palace, there is now nothing left of great interest within the citadel precincts, a general clearance having been effected of superfluous rubbish, as at Mandalay. The French military headquarters, barracks, a few native official residences, magazines for ordnance, arms, and ammunition, and the cottages of a few favoured agriculturists, are all that now remain. The mercantile town occupies a space enclosed between the south and east walls of the citadel, the river, and a small water-course which runs into the river to the east of the city. Most of the considerable traders are Chinese from Canton or Hoihow. The French, who, in spite of a few defects from our English point of view, are extremely liberal in their treatment of subject races, do not tolerate the offensive assumption of superiority which the Chinese abroad are inclined to put on, and will not allow them to handle the gay, careless, and good-natured Annamese in any way as inferiors. During the numerous visits I at various times paid to Indo-China, I learnt to like the natives very much. Their morals are certainly extremely lax; they are lazy, cunning, given to gaming, opium-smoking, and other sensuous vices; but they are extremely sympathetic, gentle, gentleman-like, hospitable, and, it seemed to me, constant and faithful when treated reasonably and justly. On one occasion I entrusted myself for a week, totally unarmed and unable to speak a single word of the language, accompanied by a single Annamese "boy," to the mercies of Annamese boatmen, travelling inland almost as far as the Siamese frontier (as it then was), eating their rough food, sleeping in the boat without any precaution or guard at night, and leaving them to hire sedan-chairs and coolies for me when I visited the towns. The only thing I lost was a neck-tie, and that was owing to my own carelessness in leaving it hanging on a chair. One day, as I was wandering about the less frequented parts of Hué (right bank), I saw two charming

[illegible] of shadowy conquests [illegible] a kind of Hinterland, [illegible] Burmese conquests over [illegible] The last effective Emperor [illegible] Tu-duc (Chinese Sz-tëh), who [illegible] disclosed to me by my [illegible] Tu-duc was the fourth [illegible] Since his decease, [illegible] Franco-Chinese troubles, about ten [illegible] Emperors have been set up by palace [illegible] sometimes these were brothers, at [illegible] Tu-duc. The present Emperor [illegible] When I saw him he was a [illegible] indistinguishable from a Chinese in [illegible] Campa, *i.e.* the [illegible] French Governor-General, or [illegible] moving periodically [illegible] and the first [illegible] conquest in the [illegible] Tonquin is officially known [illegible] "Northern Region," [illegible] or "Lord- [illegible] of the French, who reserve to [illegible] and manage directly [illegible] means this: all [illegible] the French cannot [illegible] all the matters which [illegible] personal interests, are dealt [illegible] Tonquin (Chinese Tung-King) [illegible] is exactly the same [illegible] Yedo. Cochin- [illegible] is under the immediate rule [illegible] Cambodia [illegible] Khmer, Chinese Kao-man) is [illegible] King Norodom, [illegible] native work in [illegible] buttering the [illegible] Resident-General. Notwithstanding all this the French are doing good work everywhere; perhaps [illegible] and undoubtedly [illegible] as they call them, *ronds-de-* [illegible] security for life and property than [illegible] do good work.

On the first day of every year the Emperor of Annam, following the Chinese custom both as to the calendar and the character of the ceremony, receives the "adoration" of the civil and military dignitaries of his Court. It is impossible not to be struck by the close resemblance between this function and that of the Byzantine Court, as described in history, under the Greek emperors at Constantinople. Even the so-called "Vermilion" colouring which is so prevalent, and which gives its metaphorical name to imperial Chinese functions, seems to be nothing more nor less than the "purple" of Roman tradition: the very words of the adoration ceremony are much the same as those used in Justinian's case; which fact suggests the idea that not only did that emperor obtain the first silkworm cocoons from China, but he also probably derived thence, directly or indirectly through Persia, some of his courtly notions. The great hall in which I witnessed this interesting ceremony stood a couple of hundred yards or so in front of the palace gate, and was thus well within the "forbidden precincts." It was only in 1885, however, that the French Resident-General (who had had a previous training at the Peking Legation), succeeded in obtaining admittance by this central gate; and it was not until the disastrous results of the Japanese war humbled the pride of China that she consented, a couple of years ago, to follow suit. The hall was styled the T'ai-ho Tien, or "Hall of Vast Harmony," a purely Chinese name. When I say that the ceremonies were Chinese, it must be understood that I refer to China previous to the accession of the present Manchu Tartar dynasty in 1643. Corea and Annam have always abided by the pure Chinese forms of the native Ming dynasty, holding in abomination the Tartar "pig-tail" and "buttoned" hats. The gate by which we entered the palace was the central one of three, facing south in orthodox Chinese style. The four regents appointed to manage the empire, during the boy monarch's minority, received us as we entered the gate, and shook hands with us in European fashion all round. We were rather a curious "crowd." Although it was only nine o'clock in the morning, everyone who had not a uniform wore evening dress, most of the Frenchmen relieving the monotony of that sombre attire with lions of Cambodia, dragons of Annam, or other locally bestowed orders. The Resident-Superior and Vice-Resident wore their diplomatic or consular full-dress, and, of course, the military commandant was in uniform. In order to adequately assert the dignity of France, these three officers drove up in a two-horsed phæton, and dismounted at the gate. The rest of us

crossed the river in humble sampans, and ignominiously walked to the spot. As the day was sweltering, and the sun very powerful, we all of us wore white pith hats, or "solar topees," as they are called in the East. We looked, I thought, like a funeral procession as we marched silently up the spacious yard between rows of gaily caparisoned elephants and cavaliers. In front of these stood the civil and military officials, drawn up in two lines, the civil on the east side and the military on the west. All the higher officers, civil and military, wore the thick white-soled top-boots used at the Chinese Court, except that the uppers, instead of being of black velvet or silk, were made of some glazed material, having a greenish tint. The prevailing hues of the silk robes, which were exceedingly handsome, and richly ornamented with breast-plates and back-plates, were green, blue, and purple; only the princes of the blood wore crimson. The head-covering of all was the *sha-mau*, or black "gauze cap" of the Chinese Ming dynasty, as still worn at the Corean Court, with the characteristic wings, or flaps, at each side. All the native officials, except the regents and the princes of the blood, remained in the yard, where a barrier divided off the higher ranks from the lower; the dress of these latter was much plainer, and instead of a winged cap they wore a turban somewhat in Burmese fashion. Perhaps there would have been 500 or 600 officials in all, and the distance separating the civil from the military was exactly the breadth of the great hall in which the Emperor sat awaiting us, say about thirty-five yards. We Europeans, in our mighty independence, marched right up the noble flight of marble steps at the farther end of the yard, and there found ourselves under the broad eaves of a very handsome pavilion; here we took off our hats, and as soon as our eyes had recovered from the effects of the glare outside, perceived, in the centre of the rear portion of the hall, a golden throne standing upon a daïs. On this throne sat the Emperor, a pleasant, bright, healthy-looking lad, who did not appear more than ten years of age. He was not squatting in Manchu fashion, but sat with his legs wide apart, and bent at the knees in correct old Chinese style. Of course he wore the imperial yellow, embroidered with the orthodox blue dragons; his blue satin boots were ornamented with gold griffins, and his head-dress differed in no way, so far as I could see, from that of his ministers. He deferentially held in his two hands the ivory court "tablet" of ancient China, and I noticed that when he made his speech he evidently read it off from a small document he had slily concealed behind the tablet. Naturally the expression of his face was boyish and timid in the presence of so many ferocious foreigners, and with

on this enormous scale, at the Manchu court. Behind the
ood the rest of the eunuchs and personal attendants; no
Annamese were allowed inside, with the exception of the
and regents, and even they only stood under the eaves. We
ers arranged ourselves as we chose in two rows on each side
throne, and at a distance of ten yards from it. The Resident-
or advanced to a small table standing in front of the Emperor,
livered a short address in French containing the usual diplo-
compliments; this was rendered into Chinese (pronounced in
ashion) by an interpreter on the Emperor's left, and his
y replied in Chinese, with a firm, clear voice. A copy of his
was afterwards given to me; it contained nothing of import-
nd simply paid the new year's compliments to the "Emperor"
Plenipotentiary" of France. This part of the ceremony being
e all backed ourselves towards the side walls of the apartment,
o give the Emperor a fair view of what was going on in the
I may mention here that the hall consisted merely of a heavy
oof in the usual Chinese palace style, supported by fifty teak
six feet in circumference, painted a dull red, and placed at
ls of twenty feet from each other. All the other wood-work
inted the same chaste colour, except that it was here and there
ornamented with blue and gold dragons or griffins. The
ent was quite simple—ordinary lozenge-shaped flags, covered
centre with a few decent rush mats. The Chinese taste is
against luxury and display in such matters. Our modern
g-rooms are considered vulgar, and Chinese mandarins
their want of appreciation by spitting on the carpets.

lasted quite ten minutes, and emotionally absorbed the full attention of our eyes and ears at once. There was, moreover, a touch of sadness in the spectacle of a venerable empire falling to decay, and yet conscientiously performing its last duties to a puppet monarch in the presence of the dreaded conqueror. The Emperor did not move a single muscle during the whole proceeding.

When the hymn of adoration was over, the President of the Ritual Office advanced from his place in the yard, mounted the steps on the east side, and advanced to a small table covered with yellow cloth near the eaves, but in front of the throne. Taking a packet covered with red cloth from another table covered with orange cloth to the east of the yellow table, he knelt down before the yellow table, and with great show of awe deposited the red packet upon it. I did not know what this meant at the time, but my hospitable friend with the pretty children subsequently explained to me that the packet contained the formal New Year's congratulations in writing. In China high officials are punishable, unless they send up their complimentary addresses punctually at certain seasons. The President retired backwards to his former position, and then another officer in the yard advanced to the foot of the marble steps outside, knelt down, and sang a sort of congratulatory ode in a twangy, but not by any means unpleasant or ridiculous tone of voice. This closed the ceremony. The Emperor rose, bowed slightly to the Resident-Superior, descended to the left, and was escorted by his eunuchs to the private apartments behind.

I was exceedingly surprised to find so much decorum and dignity at the Annamese Court. Being a slavish imitation of the Chinese, it would naturally have been thought proportionately inferior, and as there is always a "rag-tag and bobtail" touch in Chinese ceremonies, imperial or otherwise—at least, such as Europeans have been able to see in the streets of Peking, or the provincial capitals—a minor state with less money at its command might have been supposed to exaggerate these defects. But it was not so. The boastful, bullying, noisy, blatant, and conceited Chinese airs were as entirely absent as the dirty linen, dirty nails, and expectorations which often characterise the highest celestial officials; there was a touching modesty, gentleness, and refinement about the whole function which left upon me a very favourable, though rather sad, impression.

I saw many other things of interest in Hué, and also in other parts of Annam, Tonquin, Siam, and Cambodia; but I will treat of these on a future occasion.

EDWARD H. PARKER.

ON
JOURNALISTIC RESPONSIBILITY.

THE occupation of a high position in this world must inevitably carry with it the onus of serious responsibility. The personality of a corporate body is not exempt from this law of consequence any more than the individual; and that which rules the one and the other, also holds dominion over those loosely knit aggregations of men that gather around the loadstone of a common object in life. It is thus that there comes to the producers of the "written word," whom the world knows as the English press, together with position and position's emoluments, a responsibility which extends from the present backwards into the past, and also forwards into the future. The press may be called upon for an accurate reproduction in words of the past; for a highly finished photograph of the circumstances of the present; or may be, for a discreet and intelligent sketch of the probable future. In the first and second instances the essence of its responsibility will flow towards, and rest, upon its accuracy; but in the third instance its responsibility will be limited in a great measure to righteousness of intention.

Responsibility, however, has limits. And as the individual is answerable to his fellow men, as well as to his own conscience, for that which he may do and write, so it comes about that an aggregation of men pursuing a common object, like the English press, is subject to that narrower though ofttimes more highly coloured responsibility which assumes that there is a self as well as a public. The editor looks to the proprietor, the proprietor looks to the balance sheet; and it is the balance sheet of a journal that eventually limits, and that should limit within the bounds of a high commercial morality, the journalistic responsibility for the soundness of wares supplied to the public. "For money received, value given," is no bad principle to work under in these days of fierce competition. Nor does it argue a pause in evolutionary improvement; there are too many presses at work for old-fashioned produce to pay its producers. That which is bright and smart, will only be bright and smart till the coming of

something brighter and smarter. And then, in editorial opinio
the time to turn the page to popular demand.

If the public were to consider the personality of their ed
they would doubtless be astonished to find that in nine cases o
ten the editor is to them a shadow without a name. Of the t
they are perhaps acquainted with his name, and even beyond-
he is a politician holding such and such views. Yet the edi
the executive force that gives character to a journal. He it is
day by day, forms and leads their opinions for good or ill. H
who gives them fact, and assumes the greater responsibility of
menting upon it. Such a broad rather then narrow edi
anonymity is to be deplored, for, concealed midst the shado
public heedlessness, editorial responsibility loses lustre. Tha
editor is known to the few, that he may be known to the ma
inquiry, has not as yet embodied him to the public gaze. Po
it remains for the "New Journalism" in the fulness of time to in
with its "signed" articles a rare but weighty editorial address.
by such profession of journalistic creed would the public be en
to judge more accurately on its merits the mental pabulum offe
them day by day, and week by week. The smartness that incli
run towards vulgarity of phrase and thought would exhibit its
and give alarm to the supporters of pure English and whole
reflection. The license that with time must degenerate into lul
of print and tale, would give its unconscious warning to those
would otherwise step down the ladder of purity upon rungs so c
set as to cause no fear. Whilst, finally, the independent editor,
ing to his conscientious view of the public weal, would gather h
to his name—honour that would bring power and the rewar
power. Of a truth, there are but few editors who exhibit the co
of their convictions behind the veil of the partial anonymity
now prevails. A while back, and a remarkable proof occurr
support of this assertion, when a solitary evening paper—an exe
to the whole English press—refused to report the unsavoury c
of a notorious trial. It was garbage in which the editor woul
traffic. And to his name should be the credit of acting where c
only shrugged their shoulders in deprecation, as they drew i
pence of a public which, like a child, at times requires prot
from itself.

In character, whether pertaining to man or journal, it
...lient points that primarily arrest the attention and determin
...gment towards approval or disapproval. Hence, a public
...per for its speciality of politics, literature, science, the ar

nsive measure of truth in this view, when columns of the
re devoted to the chronicling, *à la Grecque moderne*, of poli-
rsonalities and parliamentary buffooneries—and this to the
n of healthier matter. Nevertheless, the politics of a journal
rmine a large public to purchase in the first instance, and so
politics of a journal are perhaps paramount. But with the
held in hand, its minor characteristics develop a power out
proportion to their projection. And the germ of this
resides in the virtue of the *printed* word—a virtue illustrated
coarsest of colouring by the following anecdote from real

was a gardener, and had just read Gulliver's Travels. "Is
" said he. "I say it is, 'cos it's printed ; but my wife says it
It was explained that it was Dean Swift who had written the
question ; but that the Yahoos had had no corporate exist-
side satire. "Then, what a liar that Dean must have been,"
gardener, with conviction.

wance having been made for the vivid realism of Swift and
lliteracy of the gardener, this anecdote still has point with
e to the public. For the authority inherent in the printed
peals to each and every public through their own particular
And the literate who would be sceptical as to the veracity
which he would designate as a "rag," yet preserves faith in
ly paper or weekly review. Hence it comes about that
ition which is paid to press utterance invests with importance
commonest subject so soon as it is handled by the journalist.

responsibility which is thus brought home to the intelli-
nd conscience of the English editor. He opens a letter
aves insertion from an unknown correspondent; it is of
of his responsibility, the letter being in good faith, that he
idge it upon its merits, as it affects the public weal and his
requirements. And the greater the inherent force of the
e greater his responsibility towards an insertion or an exclu-
hould his judgment err, or his prejudice bias, he commits
ic crime towards the English public which hands him its
representing a free press, that is, free in the sense of an
of fair play. That he should permit himself to weigh the
attached to the letter can only be justifiable on those very
occasions when it is a naturally powerful corollary to the
cation under which it appears. Whilst amidst a super-
he public's copy embodying perhaps some "question of the
must select that which is the best, as judged by the light of
, good taste, and all those qualities included above in the
erit." He must also be prepared to apply the closure to
n, when the impartial balance of his judgment discriminates
cision has been arrived at.

e are occasions when the requirements of a journal may in-
editor to appear anonymously in the columns devoted to
n of public opinion. He may even initiate a correspon-
uring the dull season, more markedly) to some beat of the
lse, which warns his delicate journalistic perception of a
interest that may be exploited to advantage. It may be a
fashion or any other bagatelle; and he may gather in

[illegible] especially when it becomes [illegible] form of corruption which [illegible] progressively [illegible] to the [illegible] to the fierce com- [illegible] difficult to trace the [illegible] is a fine line, a very fine [illegible] brought to say to [illegible] which [illegible] themselves [illegible] that which is equivalent [illegible] the word competi- [illegible] significance in the fact that at no period, [illegible] of the English press sought [illegible] than those which pertain to [illegible] of literary and artistic [illegible] insure, their [illegible] the Reviews tout for [illegible] But is this omission [illegible] principle, why should [illegible] from its presence [illegible] to all men which is typified ex- [illegible] by the "stores" and emporiums, or— [illegible] by the presence of the red herring upon [illegible] the greater press has a keener— because [illegible] towards commercial legality?

[illegible] be [illegible] whether a certain class of journals [illegible] honestly when supported entirely by scissors and paste. They are parasites, extract-suckers from the press; and though they acknowledge in italics their parasitic nature, the author does not see the colour of the money they take from the public hand. They utilise him, and of his best; but they do not pay him, they do not even publish his signature to the advantage of his reputation. And the public support them for the sound merit of their wares. But should it do so?

An influence of competition within the journalistic body towards corruption is sufficiently serious of itself to make it a cause for deep anxiety that it should be accentuated from without by the keen struggle for life which is waged on all sides. When the public advertisement sheet, that which should merely be the appendix of journalism, becomes, as it is in many cases, the chief factor of the journalistic balance sheet, it should be examined as to the importance which it certainly assumes in the eyes of the journalist. It exists by the inherent vigour of its own supply, and the fact of such existence

t to be carped at, but it should be regulated to that form of
mercial honesty which offers in good faith a sound article to the
ic. In brief, it is the respectable advertisement that should be
rted by the respectable editor—and inserted *as an advertisement.*
t he should accept payment for its insertion is business—good
ness; but that he should "puff" it by an inspired article for
h he has received interested payment is a form of journalistic
e such as was rife amongst the French press before the outbreak
e Panama scandal, and is to degrade the press with its influence
e position of an unscrupulous tout. Withal, the temptation is
t: on the one hand, perhaps the struggling journalist hungering
circulation that will pay or an advertisement that will help to
on the other, perhaps the unscrupulous companymonger with
of sovereigns dishonestly filched from an innocent or ignorant
. It is a position that leads to what has been termed a "dry-
f the press. And here is a quotation from the *Pall Mall*
te of August 23, 1895 (a journal with the courage of its con-
s), which in this connection is well worthy of perusal :

MINING PUFFS.

s not so very long since that we raised a warning voice against the in-
aragraphs setting forth the advantages of certain mining companies which
in the columns of some weaker brethren, financial and otherwise. Some
Sunday papers appear to have become the most heinous offenders of all,
print the following letter as a sample of those we are constantly
g :

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

R,—As showing the value of financial information appearing in the
s of certain Sunday papers, I think the enclosed paragraphs may be worth
ention. The insertion of such inspired puffs is, to my way of thinking,
ort of criminal. It is small wonder the thinking public smile when they
much said about the English press being free from corruption.

"Faithfully yours,

1 Gloucester Road, Finsbury Park, N. "J. E. HALL.

"*August* 18."

must be again pointed out that there has sprung up an organised system
us under which editorial comment as to these companies is sold for pounds,
s, and pence. The recommendation to purchase shares is not written in
orial room of the paper in which it appears, but is written by the officials
companies, who pay for its insertion not as an advertisement but as
l comment. It is not very difficult for the intelligent reader to discriminate
the genuine comment and the paid puff. Let him take two or three of
nday papers, and he will see exactly the same sentiments expressed in
bout exactly the same mines. He will be struck with the coincidence,
convinced that the advice must have emanated from the same interested
the company itself, although appearing in rival papers, and will hold
n future both from the mining company to which such methods are

ıancial æroplane, which, moving by fits and starts, was yet ay well within ken of the English press. It was under :umstances that the press did—what? Tested Argentina's present resources by the intelligence and acumen of ; special correspondents? Limned in upon the best paper 'es of the rogues and rascals who, scum-like, were floating ach of an ordinarily observant eye? Provided character- with strong and true local colouring? Ticketed this with ; notice—and damned that with a black mark?

ı means! The press was suffering from a suppression of sense, with complications of unnatural laziness and con- ɔf the purse strings. A very sad state of things, which n its train a doctor's bill that the English public is now ıg with the aid of the most rigid economy.

ɔf the future the press did—what? Was its righteousness on limited to the development of the second-hand sketches supplied by interested parties? Did it pass by the future illions in Argentina in favour of the thousands in some :e in Europe? Did it seek to cut down travelling expenses g at home?

: are questions of the present, the past, and the future. press and its public may well consider them to their respec- itions of journalistic responsibility; it being borne in mind the province of light to illumine, but pass it through a and that the medium becomes responsible for the resultant

NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

LUGH.

IT was in July, 1890, that Captain Bòttego was sitting at the Military Club in Massowah with the Governor and several officers, among whom was Colonel Arighi, who has since lost his life at the disastrous battle of Adowah.

The Governor of Massowah, then General Gaudolfi, was speaking of the advantage of an exploration of that part of East Africa, placed under the political influence of Italy, before any point was determined on as being likely to repay the trouble and money spent upon it. Captain Bòttego soon after went to join his battery at Asmàra, and, while residing there for three months, formed a project of exploration to the valley of the Juba and its affluents, which he afterwards presented to the Governor, who approved of it. Bòttego also received the support of General Baratieri, then at Keren, who, on going to Italy, introduced Bòttego to the Italian Geographical Society, under whose auspices the expedition was afterwards carried out successfully.

In a large volume[1] compiled from the captain's own diaries, and from the notes of his companion, Captain Grixoni, the particulars of the exploration are related. The style of the work is simple, scarcely altered from the hurried entries in the diaries, and the repetitions from day to day of pretty much the same incidents of African travel, fights with natives, &c., result in something like monotony for the general reader; but the scientific observations, and the plans, maps, and illustrations render the book a valuable addition to the knowledge of Africa.

The fact that Captain Bòttego has again reached Lugh, and that he is just now lost sight of in the midst of the Dark Continent, give a special interest to the sketch of that hitherto unknown African town which is situated on the Ganana-Doria river, in Somalia, or Somali-land. Until the expedition mentioned above, Lugh was unknown to the civilised world. It is a market-town, into which flow the products of Bora, Eastern Somalia, Jamjam, and the Arussi country.

It is a place of great importance to the Italian protectorate in

[1] *Il Giuba esplorato*, di Vittorio Bòttego. Rome: Loescher & Co., 1895.

can make war, or institute new laws, must consult the
ıe subordinate tribes.

habitants of Lugh itself are divided into six tribes, and the
y belongs to the one called Amin. The name of "Lugh"
ace which can only be entered from one point, and, in
ıwn is situated on a long tongue of land stretching into a
he river. The little peninsula, the soil of which has a
ːy colour, is closed in on the land side by a wall some
gh in which is a single gate; this is shut at sunset and
a wooden bar and two beams. At dawn it is reopened,
open a loaded camel can just pass through. The aspect
ːe is bare, though some miles to the east is a chain of
ːd with mimosas and acacias.

ıas been burnt down more than once, for the inhabitants
food in their inflammable huts or in the adjacent yard,
of wind is sufficient to kindle a conflagration. The huts
ɔther African dwellings, and are divided into rooms by
in the centre. The walls are decorated with wooden tablets
ɪith verses from the Koran. Each hut has a yard surrounded
ade marking out the extent of space belonging to the
l in this space are kept some cows and asses, which are
every fortnight for others from the pastures many miles
many caravans arrive at Lugh that the ground near the
mpled bare of grass. The principal street is formed of
of the merchants, and is a bazaar. There are, besides,
nbles, a cattle market surrounded by palm-trees, several
ı school, and a cemetery.

her ears, and innumerable necklaces round her throat, but the venerable empress complained that their weight prevented her from wearing a still larger number. In spite of her Fatma is an admirable housekeeper. She rises before dawn, es the food for the slaves, prepares coffee for her own family, the royal hut, orders dinner, and superintends its preparation. als she serves out the portions to her husband and the rest of amily. At about three o'clock she receives her friends at a of African "afternoon tea"—that is, her hut is filled with lady ors, among whom are passed round vases of perfumes and ning incense, which are inhaled with rapture. When the press does not "receive" herself, she goes at the same hour to y visits. She is a strict Mussulman, and did not admire what ptain Bòttego told her of the Christian religion.

The life of the people of Lugh is highly conservative and rather onotonous. Women about to become mothers are not expected do hard work, though they continue cheerfully to superintend mestic affairs. No particular ceremonies celebrate a birth; the other is attended by a midwife. The new-born child is named his father, but no festivity or religious rites accompany its trance into the world. The mother remains in retirement for ty days, only receiving women friends, and her male visitors stand the threshold of the hut while inquiring after her health.

Young unmarried people of both sexes mix freely together. Boys ually go naked till seven years of age. The men wear a kind of ite fringed toga, which they fold gracefully around them. They bareheaded, and, if the sun scorches, draw a corner of the toga r their heads. The priests wear turbans, which other men only ume on their wedding-day. Most of the people wear light leather dals, exchanging them for wooden shoes in rainy weather. Under toga they wear a belt into which knives are stuck; when they it they cast off the toga altogether. The women wear a single g piece of cloth, which they arrange with such art that they m to be clad in a bodice and petticoat. They show their es freely, never wearing veils. Unmarried women wear their r in long tresses, but when married cover their locks closely with erchief or blue net folded many times so as to hide the hair completely. Their sandals are slighter and more graceful in shape than se of the men. At the great religious festivals, each husband es new robes to his wives. The men wear but few ornaments: amulet or a few armlets and bracelets. Some wear their hair g, and then bind it up with wooden skewers. Almost all wear

the Mohammedan rosary round their necks, to which they hang a pair of pincers for extracting hairs, and a small comb. They are fully armed with spear, sword, and shield. The Gabahins, who are said to be the primitive inhabitants of Lugh, go armed with bows and poisoned arrows, and some Somalis also use those weapons.

The women are very fond of ornaments, and wear silver and othe necklaces in great quantities.

The Lugh babies scarcely ever cry. They play about, and eve when older are entirely idle, and arrive at puberty without the slightes intellectual or moral education. Very rich parents, however, caus their children to be taught to write and read the Koran. It ma be mentioned here that ink in Lugh is made with charcoal dus and milk.

Ambitious young men study the Koran with a view to becom ing priests, their fathers giving them full liberty of choice. Bu it is usually considered an honour to have a priest in the famil On holidays the Koran is read aloud to the assembled famil by a priest, and in this way the most intelligent members acqui a superficial education. The women, rich and poor, live in com plete intellectual ignorance. They think it ridiculous and unfittin to their sex to know how to read and write, and have a proverb "Women have no brains, and are created for love."

The men marry at ten years of age and upward, and are co sidered quite old at thirty. They live with their father till dies, and generally follow the same occupation. By degrees th become their father's partners, but give him all their earning for he undertakes the maintenance of the whole complex fami The married sons can only carry on a separate business with t fortune of their wives, who remain absolute mistresses of it. case of separation of husband and wife, the latter's fortune m be restored to her, only the profits made by it being divid But the Lughs know nothing of married felicity in the Europe sense of the word. Their rule is, Live and let live. When t honeymoon is over the husband cares very little for his wife, a the wife cares nothing at all about her husband. They live the peace of mutual indifference. When they wish to separate th arrange their financial affairs and part good friends. But son times, after a while, they reunite.

The love of children is very little pronounced. The mot loves her babe as an animal its little one. She nurses, feeds protects it as long as necessary, and then leaves it to its o devices.

The Somalis, and in general all the populations of these regions, are not subject to illness, and can endure great fatigue. Those who succumb to sickness are usually the victims of their own doctors, who are very superstitious, and make use of charms. For headache they resort to blood-letting, which indeed is regularly undergone once a month. When a person dies his nurses run into the town screaming, casting dust on their heads, and falling to the ground as if overcome with grief. Their cries attract the neighbours, who rush to the hut of the dead man, while the bearers of the evil tidings proceed to another quarter to repeat their lamentations. Meanwhile, two of the nearest relatives attend to the corpse, which is washed three times and dried with cloths, which are then thrown away. It is finally folded in three togas, the quality of which differs according to the wealth of the deceased. The corpse is then placed on a bier, and covered with a red cloth, to wait for the grave to be dug. Then a funeral procession of male relatives and friends is formed, and they carry away the bier at the top of their speed, muttering prayers. The grave is more or less deep, according to the rank of the deceased. On one side is a niche, before which the corpse is deposited while a priest intones a chant. Then the red covering is removed, and the corpse is deposited in the niche, lying on one side with the knees bent. The priest then gets into the grave, and makes four balls of damp earth, and places them close around the body, which operation is supposed to prevent it from slipping. The niche is then closed with small sticks and stones, and the whole grave rapidly filled up to the chanting of prayers. The ceremony ends with a funeral feast at the hut of the dead man, dancing and singing being kept up for several days.

When a woman dies the corpse is prepared for interment and accompanied to the grave by women alone. The Lughs have a great many *improvisatori*, who sing on such occasions, or at public and private festivals. At funerals they chant the praise of the dead, and those present repeat the end of every strophe like a ritornello.

The Lughs believe in the Evil Eye, against which they use many charms. They are a frugal people, rarely eat meat, and live principally on dourah, milk and butter. In the morning they take coffee, at noon ground dourah stewed in milk, at four o'clock coffee again, mixed with butter, and at supper-time, dourah with milk, or a special kind of bread made of that cereal. Milk is drunk at every meal like water. The way coffee is prepared with butter is very curious. The coffee is first roasted, and is then put into liquefied butter, and milk and honey added. On the march this food is partaken of from

one dish, but before taking his share, each person pours a little of the butter into the hollow of his hand, and anoints with it his face, breast, arms, and legs. Then the dish goes the round. At home the mistress of the house pours out the several portions into dishes after the preliminary anointing has taken place.

Except on solemn occasions, when each family slaughters animals for its own use, meat is bought at the public shambles. Milk is churned by being put into sheep-skins, which are then squeezed and shaken about by women till the butter comes. It is then left to settle, and the butter-milk is removed; the butter is then heated over a fire to make it keep better, while the butter-milk is drunk. Every day each individual consumes about a pound of butter. Most vegetables, especially haricot beans, are beaten into a mash. Cucumbers are eaten raw, or boiled with dourah.

A thick but pleasant drink is made of palm juice and honey mixed with milk. The Lughs are fond of fermented liquors, especially those which excite the senses. They smoke the narghilleh from infancy, and a father is quite proud when his little son begins to smoke. Tobacco is also chewed.

With the exception of a few old folks who have no relations, there are no beggars in Lugh. Those old people go about in parties, dancing, singing, and asking alms before the huts.

The Lughs are very childish, and love to lie about and do nothing. They sleep, gossip, play, and read the Koran, while the slaves work. They are great liars, promise much and perform little, unless it suits their interest. They never contradict, but agree to everything, still privately sticking to their own opinion. They are very curious about other nations, and objects new to them are attentively examined. They will rob strangers, and even each other, if they are sure of not being found out. Even the Sultan has to be careful that his hut is not robbed.

The Lughs speak a mixture of Somali and Galla, and are understood by all the populations of the coast. But they are also acquainted with the pure Somali language.

They keep two kinds of slaves, the Suahelis from the coast, and the Gallas from the interior. The former are of the Kaffir type, who till the ground, and are strong and faithful. The true Bora Gallas are a handsome race, and comparatively light complexioned: they are shepherds, and very often serve their masters voluntarily, but they are also captured during raids. The Lughs call them their "black sheep," and the slave calls his master "father." They are very familiar, and are generally well treated. They eat their meals in the

courtyard of the house, their mistress dealing out their rations. On the three religious festivals of the year, an ox or sheep is killed and served with abundance of milk and butter, and each slave gets a new toga. Those who are not Mohammedans are never forced to adopt that religion, but in the end are generally converted.

The slave trade of Lugh is openly carried on in the interior, and secretly on the coast; there is also an active slave trade with Zanzibar and Arabia, in spite of the vigilance of European Governments.

Manners in Lugh may be said to be tolerably civilised. In the evening friends and relations meet together to converse, drink coffee, smoke and play games. Our dice are represented by a couple of shells, which are tossed in the air, and bets are made on the chance of both falling concave side up, or the reverse, or of falling one one way and the other the other. There is also a kind of German Tactics, played on a wooden board with little balls. The women, as has before been said, exchange afternoon calls, but they do not dress specially for the occasion. Besides the perfumes that are passed round, the hostess offers coffee, butter and sugared dourah to her guests.

When two persons meet, the lowest in rank holds out his hand covered with a corner of his toga, then the other slightly touches it. When both are of equal rank, they offer their bare hands. They never kiss or embrace in public, not even a child its mother. Nor do they ever cry for joy, fear, or pain in public, though they are always ready to laugh and yell like mad.

The country round Lugh is very dry, and only along the banks of streams does vegetation become luxuriant. The most abundant products are red and white dourah, cucumbers, beans, and maize, and a small quantity of cotton is cultivated. Coffee is imported. Locusts often cause great damage. The native industries carried on are for home consumption. Rough cloth for the slaves and the poorer classes is woven of cotton brought from the coast and spun and dyed into rather graceful designs. Matting is manufactured from palm leaves, which are reduced to fine fibres, which are then braided with great patience. All sorts of objects are carved in wood, and the armourers make iron lances, knives, &c., with iron imported from the coast. Graceful armlets, belts, bags and other things are made with leather, and sewn with leather thongs. The Lughs also work in silver, making elegant perforated utensils, necklaces, and other things, dollar silver being generally used for the purpose. They also work in copper, brass, and tin, all the material being imported. Earthenware of all

kinds is manufactured in quantities. Hut-building cannot be a profession, for each man makes his own hut. All the real tries are untaxed.

Captain Böttego, who is just now in or near Lugh, on a sci and commercial expedition, thinks that if Lugh were in the ha Italy, it would be an important emporium for the products o whole Boran country and of part of Eastern Somalia.

LILY WOLFFSO

ENGLISH MATCH FACTORY.

WIN ARNOLD, writing upon the "Sixty Years' Reign ictoria, Queen and Empress," thus records an incident rith the match industry. "As I returned home "—upon the the proclamation of Her Majesty as Queen Victoria— iundred questions from my nurse about kings and queens v reign, a man in the street was selling—evidently as a velty—lucifer matches at a halfpenny apiece. He held sticks, one at a time, and then drawing them through a e of sand-paper, produced an instantaneous flame, to the izement of the passers-by, and, doubtless, to his own con- rofit. On that morning, as on all mornings before, I had, ı awakening from sleep, witnessed my nurse kindling the ting the dressing candles, with an old-fashioned flint and iously striking the wayward sparks into the smutty tinder, pplying to a travelling fringe of fire the point of a splinter pped into brimstone, bundles of which used to be sold by the highways. So did we procure the sacred element eign began ; little, if at all, advanced beyond the firestick ge. But, since then, what a cheap and universal possession ecious element of fire become, which, according to the ı, Prometheus stole from the gods as the best of gifts for it the cost of terrible personal penalties ! Among the rast advances made by civilisation generally and by

made to mankind! We were far from many vast and marvellous additions to the comforts of human life in those first days of the great reign, but among its smaller, yet most valuable, boons we all actually lived without the unspeakable luxury of the box of matches for a halfpenny."

It was about the year 1827 that the lucifer-match was invented, and a short time after this matches were being manufactured i[n] Vienna, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Prague, and the United States.[1]

The first thing necessary to the manufacture of wooden matches i[s] duly seasoned timber, and it is quite the usual thing to find stacked [at] one time on the banks of the Lea, for conversion into lucifer-matche[s] £35,000 worth of timber. A large proportion of the wood stack[ed] is white Canadian pine. This is of a very straight grain, and th[e] wood best adapted to the industry. The pine wood is not allow[ed] to stand for long, but is converted into matches while quite fresh, [as] the sap, not being out of it, the pores are open.

In addition to these walls of plank timber, there are others mo[re] picturesque, of tree trunks. These are of aspen and poplar, and a[re] mostly used in the manufacture of match boxes.

The first process to which the wood for the manufacture of splin[ts] is subjected is that of planing. This cleans the surfaces, whic[h] together with the edges, become soiled during the period of stac[k]ment. The surface planing is done by machinery, that of the edg[es] by hand. From the planing-machine to another decisive mons[ter] brings us to the second process, that of sawing into regulati[on] blocks. There is something of a misnomer in the word "sawin[g]" when applied to the mechanism which, in automaton fashion, flas[hes] a bright steel knife through the wood brought to it, and lo! the pl[ank] is cut into sections.

These larger blocks are steamed, and, while still hot and tou[gh], again severed into smaller blocks, and subsequently submitted to [an] ingenious machine, possessed of a double motion, which cuts [the] wood lengthwise and crosswise into splints of the requisite thickn[ess] for lucifer-match making.

Matches, like needles, are made in twos; each splint measu[res]

[1] One of the earliest manufacturers of matches in this country was Wil[liam] Bryant, of Plymouth. This gentleman was the founder of the firm of Brya[nt &] May, who now own one of the most important match manufactories in [the] country, turning out annually four hundred millions of boxes—in round fig[ures] nearly thirty thousand millions of matches. In addition to these, about [one-]seventh of this number of safety matches is produced, and over thirty thou[sand] gross of vesuvians. Then there is the small matter of nine hundred mil[lion] wax vestas per day.

4¼ inches, before its dual nature is established, by the two heads finally imparted, and the decisive action of the descending knife upon its centre. The splints descend into a hopper, from whence they are taken and made up into bundles, an average of 2,000 splints going to the bundle, equal to 4,000 matches. Over 125,000 of these bundles are manipulated in this one match-factory during the working week. Up to this stage in the manufacture of matches, men and boys only are employed, and women and girls are conspicuously absent.

The possibilities of the wood stacked in such large quantities upon the wharf as already intimated are not by any means exhausted by match-making. The huge logs—whole tree trunks—are dealt with in the same section of the works as are the planks, and are manipulated into boxes, for the reception of the finished matches. Imagine, then, a tree trunk, intact, brought up to a circular saw, placed above it, and, in less time than it takes to tell the saw whizzed through it. As it ascends the knife rotates at a great speed, and enters the wood transversely. The result, a block, suggestive of a "Christmas log."

The trunk section is brought to the edge of a sharp and rapidly revolving disc, which barks it. The flying bark passes behind a guard into a bin, and the denuded log is conveyed from the barking machine to a machine which, discarding technical terms, we will designate a parer. By this the excrescences are peeled off and rejected, and the evened block is shaved into lengths, in much the same way as an apple or potatoe is pared. One could very well fancy himself watching operations in some linen-rolling mills of the North. The "laying" machine also scores the wood, *i.e.*, slightly marks it for the doubling into shape of the match-box case.

The sides of match boxes, which are afterwards to receive bottoms and the familiar paper covers, are cut from thin sections of wood at the rate of thousands per minute by means of a very sharp knife. These sides are also slightly incised, for bending into shape. One ingenious machine, by a multiple movement, puts on the paper, inserts the bottom, and closes the paper over it, thus forming the neat box used, alike by Nansen in the polar regions and the denizen of the tropics. The match-box cases are covered, with equal dexterity, by another hard-working machine, at the speed of sixty per minute.

It would seem that "fashion" in labels prevails in this and other lands. Whole districts get to prefer a particular colour and design, and will have nothing but that colour and design. Those who use the "Lion" avoid the "Royal Hunt," or the "Ruby"; indeed, not

far short of a hundred designs are now on the market, placed
by one firm.

The last process in the manufacture, so far as the boxes are
concerned, is that of drying. The damp boxes, covered by their
are deposited in square sieves, and the sieves are placed upo
pegs in drying cupboards, or frames. By automatic moveme
sieves and their contents are precipitated by a slow sliding
peg to peg, and by the time that they have made the
two or three times in the heated atmosphere the boxes
enough for immediate use or for stacking.[1] In the manufac
those boxes destined for the reception of wooden matches
than safety, the glass paper is pasted on by hand; while i
required for safety matches, the prepared surface upon whi
matches are ignited is painted on the boxes, several dozens at
with a brush.

The match-box industry has a twofold aspect, hundreds o
sands of match boxes being made outside the factory, in the
of the industrious and decent poor of the East-End of Lond
has been said that a woman working fourteen hours a day at
box making can only earn six or seven shillings a week,
Charles Booth, in his able work "Life and Labour in East L
has demonstrated that an average worker earns by a ten ho
ten shillings a week, and in some cases twelve and sixpence
Were it not for the thoughtlessness of the ordinary British co
who help to send £400,000 per annum out of this country,
producer of foreign matches, there is no reason why the ma
maker of London's East-End should not find it possible to
her earnings and halve her work.

But to return to the splints. These, tied up in bundles, a
mitted to progressive operations. The first of these is kn
"coiling." The splints are placed, large numbers at a ti
"filling" machine. From the hopper they pass to grooves imm
beneath, and from grooves they are mechanically wound
leather belts. Each splint preserves its distance from its
The coiling results in an eight thousand axled wooden w
some fifty-four inches in circumference. The two faces of th
are "beaten" by the descent of a heavy iron disc, and f
"beater" the coils are made to travel over hot iron plates
heating process opens the pores of the wood and so prepares
paraffin bath. The contents of the bath are held in a dou
tomed iron tank, and are kept, by means of steam, at one temp

[1] In the Fairfield Road Works I looked upon a storage of nine million

n the "good old days" of bad habits the splints were dipped in brimstone, but in these later days paraffin is preferred. It may be asked, "What is the use of a bath?" The answer is easy, to those who know all about it. It gives inflammability to the wood, and avoids the necessity for "an undue proportion of igniting paste."

The next process is known as "dipping," and its result is the head on the match. The "dip" is a substance of paste-like consistency, variously coloured. One of the ingredients of this emulsion is phosphorus. The dip is mixed in a separate apartment known as "The Mixing Shop." From its original receptacle it is "ladled out on to a shallow, flat-topped iron box, which is kept hot by steam admitted into its interior."

This coloured paste is distributed over the plate, until an equal and requisite thickness is attained. Then the coils or wooden wheels are "dipped" or pressed with decisive firmness into it. It has already been stated that each splint is cut the length of two matches. Only one end is, however, dipped at one time. This is allowed to dry, and by an ingenious contrivance the coils of wet splints run away automatically, through holes in the flooring, to the drying rooms below; there they are suspended from racks for the purpose of drying, the "tipped" end downwards. The rack of splints presents a fantastic appearance, suggesting well-filled giant pin-cushions, and the more particularly as the "dip" is many coloured.

And here an observation seems called for, upon the localisation of colour. Fashion would scarcely be looked for in the colour of the heads of matches, yet it prevails. By what strange unwritten aw Lancashire, as a whole, should prefer pink, with the solitary ception of Preston, which favours blue, it is hard to determine. en, again, the South of the Emerald Isle would appear to believe he red-headed match, while the town of Limerick finds satision in a blue lucifer. Coal-mining Northumberland sees a fitness lack, and there is reasonableness in the vision.

But to return to the "giant pin-cushion" or suggested wheel—the ed splints. One end thoroughly dry, the reverse end is dipped, in its turn, allowed to dry. The drying completed, the uning is accomplished with pleasing dexterity by a well-concted and ingeniously-wrought machine. In the "Needleries" of Midlands, the "stiffs" or wires are submitted to a process own as "pointing." The "stiffs," pressed against the face of the olving grindstone, and by a dexterous movement made to revolve dividually against it, are ground alike on all sides. The effect is

not only a true point, but a brilliant succession of sparks, evoking exclamations of admiration from the visitor, who looks upon the scene for the first time. Standing in one of the long galleries of the spacious boxing-room of this huge factory, and looking down from this eminence upon the panorama below, I saw hundreds of busy workers, standing before benches, upon which were piled heaps of splints that had been separated by machinery from their coils into loose but regular heaps. The speed with which these are taken up in handfuls, with such exactness of calculation that scarcely one out of every hundred handfuls differs a couple of splints from the other, and then placed in the groove of a small machine standing in front of each worker, and dividing which is a large-handled knife, is more than surprising to the novice. To borrow the apt phraseology of a brother eye-witness, "The operator divides the handful of double-ended splints with one swift downward stroke, supplying, by this action, the exact contents of two ordinary match boxes. With one motion the inner cover of the empty box is forced out, with another it receives its quota of contents, another closes the box, and the operation of halving and boxing matches is accomplished." It is in the pyrotechnic results sometimes obtained in the "halving" of the splints, that the analogy to the results accompanying the process in needle-making already indicated suggests itself. "Every now and then the friction caused by the quick passage of the dividing knife through the bundle of splints sets fire to the whole, which is rendered so much 'waste.' The rapidity with which these skilled workpeople operate, the movement and colour, the crunching and splintering of the splints, the 'fireing' of the ill-fated bundles, and the smoke and flame that issue from them, form, on the whole, one of the prettiest, busiest, and strangest sights imaginable. There is something uncanny about this vivacious scene, to which the unavoidable sulphurous fumes arising from the 'fired' matches lend colour, as well as actuality. The degree of expertness arrived at by these hands is bewildering, for there are many different sizes of boxes, yet the worker hardly ever makes a miscalculation in the proper proportions of her handfuls. A worker in this department can fill from thirty-five to forty gross of boxes during a working day."

From the boxing-room to the store-room is the next journey for the filled match boxes; here they are carefully built into walls, each brick, so to state it, being a neat bundle of from three to twelve dozen boxes. The last operation to which the boxed matches are submitted is the casing. The manufacture of the cases affords work

to very many hands; it is an industry in itself. The cases intended for export are tin-lined and iron-mounted. Every box of matches prior to packing is wrapped in waterproof paper, to minimise the risk of damage, and finally the entire case is overhauled, marked, and despatched by van to the docks, and from thence, if necessary, by lighter to the ship in which the journey is to be made. So much for wooden lucifer matches and their boxes as seen in the making at an English match factory.

The manufacture of the pretty, delicate-looking wax match is, from some points of view, even more interesting. It has already been stated that nine hundred miles of wax vestas are turned out from this single factory in one day—a number sufficient to allow of the laying of an unbroken line from Cornwall to the North of Scotland, or to form a double line from London to Glasgow. Yet large as is the quantity made at Bow, it is almost needless to assert that the entire output of civilisation's wax vestas is not by any means from one factory. Indeed, competition is so keen, and the British housewife so unpatriotic that these nine hundred miles might be multiplied a hundred-fold, and yet leave a fair share of the vesta manufacture to other nationalities. The writer was once on a visit of inspection to a confectionery factory in the North-East of London, where the profit-sharing system prevails with advantage to all concerned. One of the firm was addressing the workpeople—some two thousand men and women. In the course of his address he requested every man or woman who had ever inquired before purchase whether an article was of British manufacture, to hold up the right hand. *Two hands only were raised*, giving an average of *one in a thousand* who ever asked such a simple and practical question. Were the same inquiry made of British housewives—and the bulk of the money is spent by them—it is probable that even worse results would be obtained. The principle upon which oftentimes the Lady of the Purse does her housekeeping is this: she complacently purchases foreign-made and foreign-marked goods, from Monday morning till Saturday mid-day, and then, on Saturday afternoon, attends a meeting convened to consider British Trade *versus* Foreign Competition.

But to return to the vesta factory. The base of the "wax" match, so familiar to smokers, is a hard white substance, practically known as stearine. Nearly 1,000 tons of wax stearine, gum, &c., and over 300 tons of cotton, are used here annually in the making of vestas. It has been calculated that it would take one man, working ceaselessly ten hours a day, and striking twenty-four matches a

minute, a period of five years and four months to use up one day's [illegible] of the Fairfield Works wax vestas.

Have you ever taken from your neat metal vesta box a wax match, and holding it at each end between thumbs and fore-fingers, untwisted it to expose the threads in order to see how many there really were? If not, you may be surprised to find that there are no fewer than twenty-two such threads in a single match. At either end of the taper-making workshop are huge drums, resembling giant bobbins, and between these drums are steam-jacketed tanks containing a preparation of stearine. The threads, as they are steam-wound from one set of drums to another, are caused to pass through this warm wax bath. In the sides of the tank are inserted steel perforated plates, through the holes of which the tapers are drawn. These holes are uniform in size, and of the required circumference. Seven times the cotton is bathed, or until it comes up to the gauge determined by the holes in the plate. When sufficiently dry the tapers are cut into lengths, and subsequently to the exact length of vesta match required. A smart mechanical contrivance catches each vesta and holds it in position in a square frame. When 7,300 vestas are in the frame, the whole thing is depressed into the composition. The frames are then run into fireproof drying rooms, and the result is the familiar wax vesta.

The condition of the English "Factory Girl" has received exhaustive treatment at the hands of Miss Clara E. Collet in Charles Booth's "Life and Labour in East London."

It may not be considered out of place here should we quote what she has to say upon the subject:

> Of the industries carried on in the East End in factories only three of any importance numerically are managed entirely in the factories, viz., the cigar, confectionery, and match industries. Outdoor hands are employed in all the other trades, although not by all employers in these trades, and this outdoor employment touches closely the question of the irregularity in the employment of indoor hands. On the whole, work in the factories is regular. More single women would be employed if work were not done at home, and domestic competition often prevents wages from being so high as they would otherwise be. It is obvious that any employer who uses machinery must be anxious to utilise his machinery and rooms to the utmost; and on the whole the irregularity in the employment of factory girls is due to the state of the trade, and not to any carelessness on the part of the employer, who would always like to give full work throughout the year if he could. . . . In the match factory there is a slack season, when either the work must be shared, giving smaller earnings to each, or some hands must be dismissed. During this slack season many of the girls [illegible], and sell flowers and watercresses, pick fruit, and go [illegible] not fill up the whole time. Which alternative should the

at "Clifden Institute," almost immediately opposite Fairfield Works. This is an ideal Institute, made use of by some four or five hundred per week of the girls working at Bryant & May's factories, as well as by girls working at other industries in the vicinity. Attached to the busy Institute is a restaurant, where over 1,200 meals a week are served. A working woman can obtain from this useful restaurant a good dinner of roast beef or mutton, greens and potatoes or haricot beans, with a subsequent serving of sweet pudding—boiled suet, jam tart, or baked batter—for the modest sum of $3\frac{1}{2}$*d.*! Or should it be that breakfast is required, a rasher of bacon, a fresh egg, or a nicely toasted fish, with a cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa may be had any morning for $1\frac{1}{2}$*d.*! For friendless and homeless factory girls the Institute has a little lodging-house, under the management of a gentle lady; any girl, provided she is respectable, may board and lodge in the home for an inclusive charge of six shillings per week. Educational classes are held in connection with the Institute, and these are appreciated by many of the match girls. Needle-work is a strong point. We have it upon the authority of the lady who presides over Clifden Home that "numbers of the girls could not hold a needle when they first attended here, but they all showed an eagerness to learn, and have progressed so well that over a thousand garments are turned out during the year." This lady also informed us of the great improvement that had been made in the wardrobes of the workers. Most of them were without under-bodices, or night-dresses; they never thought of wearing them; now it is the exception to find a girl without these necessary garments, at any rate in the Home Lodging House. Several of the members are hard at work upon their own trousseaux. Formerly a scarlet and purple jacket and a half dozen showy feathers would have been deemed a sufficient outfit with which to enter upon the matrimonial state!

During the sewing hours the behaviour of the girls is surprisingly good. They work hard, are teachable, and never give expression to a wrong word. All are devoted to their teacher, and vie with each other in doing her such little services as they can.

As an instance of the good effected by the influence emanating from the Institute, it may be as well to record an incident made known to me by a friend some years ago. A young lady, the daughter of a clergyman in the parish, happened to be walking down Fairfield Road, just as the match girls were trooping out from their [illegible]ay's work. These rough daughters of labour soon espied their lady [illegible]ter, and without more ado a number surrounded her, took off her [illegible]net and cloak, tried them on themselves, one after another, and

placed them the wrong way about upon the unfortunate dy. Then, with volleys of bad words and shouts of derisive , they bade her "begone." Indeed, such was the character aviour of the workers, that respectable people were afraid to e chance of meeting them in numbers after dusk.

w, thanks to the good work of the Institute, the idea of our of this kind would be scouted by every woman and girl in ctories, and their conduct in the streets is exemplary, and has y attracted the notice of a bevy of ladies and gentlemen in the bourhood.

scheme has been put in motion by the Clifden Home authorities duce the operatives to save regularly a certain portion of their ings, and it is working fairly well. Recognising the fact that the ch girls would not go to the savings' bank, the savings' bank has n brought to them, and the result is many a penny laid by for a ny day. The "pooling" of money is discouraged, and wisely, as as an element of gambling in it, and is contrary to thrift. The pooling" is carried on in this way: some score of girls lay down, , a shilling each, and then draw lots for the results. Nor is the oney thus doubtfully acquired wisely spent on useful clothes, but is nerally outlaid in the purchase of an astonishing hat, feathers, naments for the hair, rings for the fingers, or gaudy outside attire. e match girls have always shown a remarkable power of combina- n. To them belongs the largest union of women and girls in gland.

In conclusion, we would point out that the reduced use of phos- orus, the enforcement of strict rules regarding cleanliness and efulness, the excellent system of ventilation, the regular inspection factories, and above all the earnest spirit that prevails at Fairfield orks, and at other great centres of industry amongst employers, ve done much to eradicate the evils incident to match making, d to raise the social status of thousands of hard-working women d girls.

It rests with the British housewife to secure to her native land benefits accruing from the manufacture at home of lucifer tches, whether of wax or of wood.

JAMES CASSIDY.

WOMEN AS BOOK-LOVERS.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

THE theory of heredity has many supporters; and certainly it would appear that the love of arts and letters is effectually transmitted from parents to their offspring. Catherine de Medici, the queen of Henry II., inherited this love of literature, and came to France full of the traditions of her great family. She brought with her several MSS. from the celebrated library of Lorenzo de Medici. She acquired the library of Marshal Strozzi, and forgot to pay him for his books. Here is an early instance of book-borrowing, which too often becomes book-thieving; books have such a strange fascination about them that when once they are acquired the possessor cannot bear to relinquish them. So Catherine borrowed the books of Marshal Strozzi, who never saw his treasures again, nor yet their equivalent. An inventory of the Queen's library was made after her death, which shows that it contained 16,200 volumes. The principal works were Greek theology, Greek philosophy, Greek rhetoric, Greek poetry, Greek history, Greek medical works—all Greek. Latin was nothing accounted of by the learned Catherine. Ronsard wrote of this library as follows:

> Pour ne dégénérer de ses propres ayeux,
> La reine a fait chercher les livres les plus vieux,
> Hébreux, Grecs, Latins, traduits et à traduire,
> Et par noble despense elle en a fait reluire
> Le haut palais du Louvre afin que sans danger
> Le François fût vainqueur du sçavoir estranger.

The library contained many choice books, showing all the phases of the bookbinding art in the sixteenth century. A copy of Dante belongs to the first period. Then follows the period of the Renaissance, which is illustrated by several volumes bound with the elegance that characterised the volumes of the great Diana of Poictiers; and the third period, which marks the end of the Renaissance, is illustrated by a copy of Xenophon.

The misfortunes of the ill-fated Queen Mary of Scotland lend

itional interest to the books which she prized, and which to comfort her in her many sorrows. Mary knew many ges, and was much admired at the French court in the days r youthful triumphs. She loved music, and sang divinely, npanying her voice with the lute. It is recorded that she had o smile in order to turn the heads of all. She was learned in n, and at the age of thirteen declaimed a Latin oration publicly re the court at the Louvre. In the library at Paris there is a k of Latin essays, and on the title-page is written, "To Mary G.) Queen of Scots." Ronsard, who was her father's page, sang ses in her honour. She composed for the instruction of her son, nes VI. of Scotland and I. of England, a book entitled, "L'In-tution d'un Prince." He always regarded his mother with much spect. Verses and thoughts, written by her, adorned the margins of a Book of Hours which was presented by her to the Guises. Among her books were the following:—A Latin Book of Hours—a beautiful MS. of the fifteenth century—a Book of Hours in Latin and French, annotated by the Queen, two Books of Hours of B. V. Mary, the Acts and Constitution of the Realm of Scotland, a Book of Themes—the text in Latin, each page being translated by the Queen—and a discourse on the Religion of the Ancient Romans. Many histories depict the poor Queen as a vain and frivolous woman, the slave of her passions, a lover of gay pleasures; her books reveal her in another character, and show that in spite of her faults she was of pious and devout disposition, and add a touching melancholy to the memory of the ill-fated Queen.

Her great rival, Queen Elizabeth, was also a great bibliophile, and several of her books are in the British Museum. Amongst these are "Navigations et Pérégrinations Orientales" (Lyon, 1568), bearing arms and initials of the Queen; Matthew Parker's "De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ," the first book privately printed in England. This was presented by the author to the Queen, bound in green velvet, having as a border a representation of the paling of a deer park embroidered in gold and silver thread; the border on the upper cover enclosing a rose bush, bearing red and white roses, surrounded by various other flowers, and by deer; the lower cover has a similar border, but contains deer, snakes, plants, and flowers, the whole being executed in gold and silver thread and coloured silks—a very elaborate binding. Other books in her library were "Orationis Dominicæ Explicatio per L. Danæum" (Geneva, 1583); a Greek Testament, bound in green velvet, with arms of the Queen engraved on a gold plate, and a crowned Tudor rose;

is de Pisani, and wife of Marquis de Rambouillet, exercised a
influence over French society in the time of Henry IV. and
XIII. Her home was an academy of learning and a temple
e, the rendezvous of all the great men of her age. In 1613
pened her famous "blue chamber," whither came Richelieu,
é, Balzac, Benserade, and other illustrious personages. She set
lf the task of trying to banish the brutality of expressions in
non use at the court, and effected a great reformation in the
of polite conversation. Only one book of her library is known,
that is a Book of Prayers and Christian Meditations composed
herself. Her daughter, Julie Lucine d'Angennes, Duchess of
ntausier, inherited her love of letters, and doubtless prized highly
book given her by the Duke before his marriage, entitled "La
uirlande de Julie," bound by Le Gascon in red morocco.

"La Grande Mademoiselle," the Duchess de Montpensier, had a emarkable collection, although her education was defective and her writing ungrammatical and full of blunders. She loved to read good and solid books, and used to say, "Light books weary me, except poetry." She wrote her memoirs and "La Princesse de Paphlagonia," a satire on the ladies of the court. The bindings of her books were simple, solid, but elegant, and were the work of Du Seuil. There were many devotional books in her library; also many historical works, lives of the Popes, Bossuet's book on the Protestant Church, and also a dissertation on the celebrated question—Is it necessary that girls should be wise?

The strange career of Madame de Maintenon is well known; her books show her tastes. Works relating to moral and polemical religion were her first loves; in her later years mysticism and meditation were her choice. She was born in 1635, and on account of her poverty was married to a paralytic named Scarron; afterwards she was the teacher of the children of Marquise de Montespan, the mistress of Louis XIV., and subsequently supplanted the favourite. She wrote her memoirs and letters, and a book of instruction to young girls. Her books were bound in two styles: the first bore her own arms; the second a floriated cross surmounted by the royal crown. Most of her books are of a religious nature, and amongst them we find the "Imitation," Letters of the Fathers, a Refutation of Quietism, Histories of the Kings of France, spiritual songs, &c.

Madame de Chamillart (1657–1731) was a magnificent collector, and distinguished amongst bibliophiles. Her education was limited, and she was frequently satirised at court, but her mania for collecting was remarkable. Objects of art, pictures, and books were all

[illegible] Her books chiefly related to theolog[illegible] [illegible] of different colours, wi[illegible] [illegible] or the covers. The cat[illegible] [illegible] valuable. One of her boo[illegible] [illegible]

Madame de [illegible] was another great coll[illegible] [illegible] captivated by her bea[illegible] [illegible] which enabled her to gratif[illegible] [illegible] of artistic skill. She h[illegible] [illegible] the catalogue of which was publis[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the daughter of Stanislaus, K[illegible] [illegible] was abandoned by her husba[illegible] [illegible] lived a virtuous li[illegible] [illegible] they were the companions [illegible] [illegible] beautifully bound by Padeloup i[illegible] [illegible] compartments in mosaic o[illegible] [illegible] is a magnificent volume from her [illegible] bound in blue morocco.

[illegible] of the life of Madame de Pompadour [illegible] of learning and the arts. She [illegible] shown in her books [illegible] She had four thousand [illegible] history, belles lettres, [illegible] Diderot's and [illegible] "Praise of Folly."

The Mesdames de France, Marie Adélaïde (1732–1801), [illegible] and Sophie Philippine (1734–1782) were all great bibliophiles. Each princess had her own library, with books bound with the arms of France by Fournier, who had a shop at Versailles in the vestibule of the Palace. The books of each princess differed in colour of the morocco: Adélaïde had red morocco bindings, Victoire olive, and Sophie citron. The books were chiefly of a devotional character.

Madame du Barry was of poor and humble origin, and came to Paris to get a living as a dressmaker. She was a very beautiful woman, and became the mistress of Louis XV. The court of this monarch was excessively scandalous and corrupt; but the reigning beauty was a woman of great talent, and loved books. She bought volumes of all sorts and conditions, and arranged them in rows without any order or method. The King was enchanted by her literary tastes, and named her the Countess Librarian of Versailles.

She was executed in 1793. Among her books were: a translation of Young's "Night Thoughts," a large number of plays, amours, &c., and histories and memoirs, and "The History of Clarissa Harlowe," by our English novelist Richardson, and the well-known "Tom Jones."

The unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette possessed an important library of 4,712 volumes, consisting of plays and romances, little books *à la mode*, the works of Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Boileau, Cousseau, Corneille, Molière, Voltaire, and many others. She loved music passionately, and had a large collection of operas in eighty-nine numbers. The bindings were by Blaizot, and were uniform in red morocco, with the arms of France and Austria stamped upon them. The execution of the work was poor, and the decadence in the art of binding evident. The glories of the art of Padeloup and the Derômes had passed away, and the Revolution effectually killed whatever knowledge remained of the ancient skill of the bookbinders. Half a century later saw its revival in France, and the art has since flourished both there and on English soil.

It is satisfactory to know that we have binders in England who are quite as skilful as those of any other country, but it is to be regretted that their work is not more frequently required by the fair readers of to-day. This is an age of cheap books and circulating libraries. Books are treated as passing acquaintances, not as real friends, who live with us and disclose to us their secrets. Is it too much to hope that a new race of fair book-lovers may arise who will rival the bibliophiles of the past, and love to have their boudoirs stored with elegant volumes by the best writers, bound in morocco, and adorned with their arms or monograms? Is it too much to expect that the fair dames who clothe themselves so richly may give a thought to the clothing of their best of friends, who are ready to unfold to them priceless treasures, and of whose company they need never be weary? Mudie's and Smith's libraries can never supply the place of that collection of books, however small, which has been amassed by the collector's own industry and exertions, and is an index of the fair owner's taste, and a perpetual source of solace, amusement, and instruction.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

FREDERICK LEWIS OF HANOVER.

SAD as it is when life that held promise of power and splendour is cut off before such promise is fulfilled, when Prince Lycidas dies ere his prime, there was none of the dignity and pathos of tragedy in the life of the Brunswick prince who bore the title of Prince of Wales from 1727 to 1751, and was the great-grandfather of the present sovereign. Indeed, one might treat his life as a farcical comedy, so trivial and ludicrous were its incidents, were there not some element of pity to mingle with contempt in that history of a son so hated by those nearest to him; who never seems to have had a chance given him nor an excuse made for him. He was not one of those who died with all their music in them, for in his forty-four years he had opportunity enough to show the world what music was there, and that the splendour which awaited him was as incongruously remote from himself and his merits as—say, as the title he bore was remote from his natural right!

He was born at Hanover on January 20, 1707. His great-grandmother, the Electress Sophia, had been named by the English Parliament heiress of Queen Anne, to the exclusion of the son of James II., of the heirs of Henrietta Duchess of Orleans, youngest daughter of Charles I., and of all the elder brothers and sisters of the Electress, children of Charles I.'s only sister, who were all Catholics. Very unwillingly had Queen Anne been brought to sanction this disinheriting of her brother, and she absolutely refused to receive her Hanoverian heirs. She was persuaded to give an English peerage to the Electoral Prince George—"tossed it to him across the sea"—but she would not permit him so much as to take his seat in the House of Lords.

It is said that when the Elector succeeded Anne he created his grandson Duke of Gloucester; a title which was rejected because of its ill luck. Later he created Frederick Duke of Edinburgh.

Until 1728, when the second George had sat for a year upon the English throne, Frederick remained in Hanover. From the very beginning of his life his parents disliked him, a dislike that his

stent if not wholly inexcusable resentment and consequent utiful conduct increased to violent and undying hatred. He a plain, unattractive-looking young man. We saw his long-sed, narrow red face in the Guelph Exhibition, and could see me reason for the mother's warm preference for her pretty rosy cond son, who developed into the coarse and ferocious Butcher of umberland. The beautiful hair that adorned that young German rince in boyhood was concealed afterwards under a periwig, according to the fashion of the day.

He was badly educated: left to the companionship of grooms nd vicious characters, whose habits of drinking and gambling, and whose coarse and violent manners he too readily acquired. Doubtless his parents deemed the training of so despised a son to be worth little care.

It was only to please the English people, who resented the continued absence of the prince they had selected to reign over them some day, that Frederick was at last most reluctantly brought from Hanover. He was then twenty-one years old: "not without qualities to captivate the multitude," says Lord Mahon, "who are always apt to love an heir-apparent better than a king." The English gave him a hearty welcome, and George II. was formally congratulated on his heir's arrival.

For a while there was peace between father and son, but soon enough there broke out that bitter feud that was after all but a repetition, if not an imitation, of the feud in the late reign between St. James's and Leicester House. The animosity of Caroline against her eldest-born was so bitter, so publicly proclaimed, that historians have wondered if there must not have been some terrible misdoing in the past, hidden away as a shame too black to be mentioned. Why was it that this mother could not allude to her son without calling him liar, beast, ass, blackguard, fool, and a score of ugly names besides? Sisters as a rule side with an oppressed brother; but Caroline's daughter, following the queenly example, called him "a nauseous beast," constantly, and energetically wished he was dead, and declared her conviction that her own life was not safe from his malevolence. It is said there were some pages torn out of Lord Hervey's diary, "to prevent disgraceful truths appearing about the late Prince of Wales." Not much credence can be given to such an assertion. The prince's relatives were only too eager to accuse him of every wickedness under the sun, and his deadliest enemy, his mother's greatest friend, Lord Hervey, had reasons of his own for hating him with a hatred too satanic to have kept silence as to any

crime that would have cost him credit with the nation. Frederick's unpardonable crime in his mother's eyes was his existence, by which her darling William was kept out of the succession. This is plainly proved by Caroline's fruitless efforts to deprive him of that birthright, or even of half of it: to divide England and Hanover between the two boys, as William the Conqueror had divided England and Normandy. Such an arrangement being out of the question, and Frederick persisting in living to his brother's loss, no treatment was too harsh, no calumny too base, for his punishment.

All this insanity of malice inspires a certain sympathy for the prince, and anxiety to see him in a fair light. "There is some soul of goodness in things evil," and after all, there is not a particle of contemporary evidence to prove that as far as morals and conduct went Frederick deserved such treatment, or was any worse than his contemporaries. It was an age wholly immoral, and the fashionable immorality was veiled neither in the outward decency which is its tribute to disturbed conscience, nor that poetical glamour which is the most immoral of immoralities. Frederick was certainly popular with the people of London, because they thought him hardly used, though not quite the idol he believed himself to be; and his popularity was but another item in the balance against him, for was it not said at Hampton Court that the nation longed for the father's death that his son might be their king, and that Frederick had boasted how it was thanks to his popularity alone that the detested German Elector was tolerated on the throne?

That he treated his parents with much irritating undutifulness is true. He fell under the influence of designing politicians who were eager to serve their own interests by utilising the jealousy and ill feeling between the Elector and his heir. Under their auspices he joined the Opposition, and thus set himself in battle array against the crown. It must be remembered in common fairness that he had never received the slightest encouragement to live in amity with his parents. When he did act dutifully, the grace was ascribed to hypocrisy or falsehood. If he knelt to kiss his mother's hand when he took her to her carriage, it was asserted to be a piece of acting, to pose to the crowd as a perfectly respectful son. His motives were invariably judged to be despicable and villainous, whatever he might do. He attended a levée after a long absence from court: that, of course, was with the object of being insulted by his father, so that he might pose as a martyr before the public. Strange that when the time came, this black sheep, this dog with a bad name, this wholly wicked and unnatural son, should prove himself a most

reminded him it was dirt cheap as the price of defeat of a
ral. Later, when on his marriage his allowance was increased
ament, his father deliberately defrauded him of £5,000 a year,
m of Orange had cheated the little Duke of Gloucester out of
t for his education. Even Caroline's friends admitted the
bachelor allowance to be quite inadequate, but she declared
enough for an unmarried man, and that he cost her and the
eady £50,000 a year. They were always frightened out of
ses at the prospect of his name being mentioned in Parlia-
d until any such danger was past they treated him with a
civility. Caroline even brought herself to remark that he
t a bad heart, but was a poor creature who let himself be
d by knaves and fools." As soon as they had had their way
e money, they resumed their old exasperating methods, and
him only in the old coarsely contemptuous terms.

haracter, as given to us by his mother's friends, Walpole
vey, is an acknowledged mass of contradictions; so improb-
radictory that, knowing the animus of his judges, we are
to believe that the good qualities reluctantly ascribed to him
ature, and the evil the fruit of persistent misconstruction
ent ill-will.

obert Walpole describes him as "a poor, weak, irresolute,
g, dishonest, contemptible wretch; that nobody loves, that
elieves, that nobody will trust, and that will trust everybody
and that everybody by turns will impose upon, betray, mis-
plunder."

Hervey describes him with still stronger acrimony; not
he bosom friend of Caroline of Anspach, but because by
his rank, Frederick was his own formidable rival in the

icious. When he condescended, he was too familiar and pleased nobody: he only gained a character for insincerity rather than kindness. He was as false as his capacity would permit him to be, and never hesitated to lie when it served his purpose. His understanding was much weaker than his father's, as his temper was more obstinate. "Had he one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion of the situation to which his miserable poor head had reduced him: for his case was this—he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, a brother set up against him."

He was accused of being jealous of that younger brother, his mother's pet, and for a short time a sort of popular hero, and who treated his elder with open contempt: but this accusation is contradicted by the fact of Frederick's generous share in the applause of the court party with which the young conqueror was received on his return from the massacres of Culloden.

Coarse fool as his mother called him, he was not without cultured tastes. He wrote French poetry in imitation of the Regent Orleans, and he cared enough for music to pose as the patron of that section of the musical world whose war-cry was, "Down with Händel!" The battle of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, as Swift called it, was at its height. The court patronised Händel and worshipped at his almost empty shrine in the Haymarket. Anne, Princess Royal, was especially devoted to the German maestro, and quarrelled more fiercely than ever with her elder brother in the cause of Händel. Frederick took the popular side of the contest, and at the head of the nobility backed the opposition opera house with Buonincini in Lincoln's Inn Fields.[1]

He was not unreasonably annoyed that his sister Anne should be married before him. When he first arrived in England he gave grave cause for displeasure by becoming secretly engaged to the beautiful Lady Diana Spencer, with the connivance of her guardian, the old Duchess of Marlborough. Sir Robert Walpole discovered and nipped that early love affair in the bud. Ever since then, all consideration of his marriage had been most unfairly postponed by his parents. Caroline was bent on securing the succession for her darling William. This Rebekah-like scheme she was compelled to abandon. Prince Frederick's marriage was determined upon in 1734. His father selected the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha for him. Not even his enemies could find fault with his conduct in the whole business of his wedding. He had never seen his bride,

[1] He also patronised painting. Claude was the fashionable painter of the day, and Frederick bought up Claudes wherever they were to be met with.

but he accepted her on his father's word with ready and most amiable submission. George II. hurried the wedding on as fast as possible now it was settled. He was dying to get back to his beloved Hanover and his Walmoden. Lord Delamere was sent to fetch the bride, an ugly man who could be trusted not to play Lancelot to the German Guinevere. The prince went to meet his bride at Greenwich and behaved extremely nice to the lonely girl, who spoke no English and who was left to wait with one attendant for forty-eight long hours at Greenwich through the deliberate rudeness of her prospective parents-in-law. They explained their discourtesy and inhospitality on the ground of her precedence not having been settled. She was the first Princess of Wales married in England since Catharine of Aragon, and no doubt the canons of precedence required looking up, apparently at the last minute.

The prince took to her at once, and was in high good-humour. She was seventeen, tall and very slim; nice looking, though no beauty, her figure being bad and her arms awkwardly long; but then beauty was not a *sine quâ non* with her lover, any more than it had been with his father and grandfather, as was proved by his flirtations with plain, middle-aged Lady Archibald Hamilton and Lady Middlesex. When the marriage was first discussed, the princess had suggested to her mother that, seeing she knew no language but her own, it might be advisable to learn a little English or French. The Duchess of Gotha, however, was quite sure that as the House of Hanover had been twenty years in possession of the English throne, most people in England must speak German as well and as often as English! Augusta was modest and good-natured; very sensible, and not at all shy. One of the Queen's ladies preferred to see in her ease not sense but the lack thereof, since she ought to have been very much embarrassed indeed at having to marry such a "disagreeable animal." Lord Mahon calls her a princess of excellent judgment, and even Caroline always managed to keep on friendly terms with her daughter-in-law, calling her a poor, inoffensive creature, the mere tool of her husband. She was very modest and respectful to her husband's parents. There was no harm in her; her stupidity was not her fault, Caroline liberally admitted.

She won her father-in-law at once by the reverent way in which she knelt to him when her enraptured lover brought her to St. James's. But there followed vexatious squabbles with the princesses his sisters about precedence; so much that after much wrangling at dinner over rights to arm-chairs and stools, the princesses felt

l to leave the room coffeeless, lest they should suffer the ity of having their cups filled by Augusta's servant.

n April 25, 1736, the wedding was celebrated, and little George to Germany like a boy released from school. He left his wife ent, which proceeding was bitterly resented by his son and heir, now set himself to brave his mother whenever opportunity ered. When she held her first Council at Kensington the prince l not put in an appearance until the end, and was only accredited usual with lying when he ascribed his unpunctuality to accident. was certainly a just grievance that his father, on departing, should ave left a verbal message to the effect that during his absence the rince and princess must live under the same roof with their mother. his, as the prince saw, was virtually to make a prisoner of him. aturally, George and Caroline remembered their own opposition ourt at Leicester House, and were determined that history should ot repeat itself in that particular.

The quarrels went on unceasingly : quarrels over the prince's household, over the princess's conscientious scruples against receiving communion according to the English Protestant form, over her lateness at church, which was accounted as deliberate disrespect and malicious delight in inconveniencing her mother-in-law by crowding past her into the royal pew. But Caroline was determined on having no open rupture with her son just then ; counselled by Hervey, who asserted that open rupture was exactly the end at which the prince was aiming. Caroline entertained the young people constantly at dinner. Their conduct must have been void indeed of offence when she found nothing else to complain of than that the "silly gaiety and rude raillery" of her son and the stupidity of his wife gave her the vapours. "Poor creature," she said of the latter unoffending and most respectful young person, "if she were to spit in my face I should only pity her for being under such a fool's direction, and wipe it off." Their company left her more tired, she protested, than if she had carried the whole garden round on her back.

The English people, who had made kings of the "wee wee German lairdies," claimed the right of proprietorship to despise them heartily : still more, to resent the impertinence of foreign princelets, called for convenience to occupy the throne of Plantagenets and Stuarts, who held so cheaply the ancient and powerful throne of Great Britain, and made of Hanover their land of predilection. On this occasion George lingered so long in his seraglio of Herrenhausen, that all but physical force was used to bring him back : persuasion, threats of Jacobite advances, lampoons hung even on his palace gates. One

of the last affixed to the portals of St. James's offered four-and-sixpence reward for "a man who had strayed out of that parish leaving a wife and six children: which price would not be increased, nobody judging him to be worthy of a crown."

The absentee monarch tore himself from his Herrenhausen, but very nearly came to grief on the way home. A severe storm raged at sea. Wife and ministers were in an agony of anxiety: Caroline's being chiefly owing to her terror of seeing her hated first-born reign over England. Hervey did his best to comfort her by assuring her that no one would have greater weight than herself with Frederick when he became king. Though she refused to lay that flattering unction to her soul, she did her best to keep her courage up, and held her usual evening drawing-rooms as if nothing were amiss.

Poor Frederick, as usual, gave new umbrage by acting on the same lines. He gave a dinner-party at Carlton House to the Lord Mayor, who had bestowed upon him the freedom of the city. The dinner had of course been fixed long before that night of anxiety, and could not be postponed without grave and unnecessary inconvenience, for it was not even known whether or not the Elector had sailed. Frederick was the first actual sovereign's son, except Charles I. and James II., who had received that municipal honour: a coincidence in which his mother chose to see a bad omen, not being aware of the fact that Frederick was the first sovereign's son who had come of age, except those two unfortunate princes, since the sons of Henry IV., in whose days such empty honours were not in fashion.

Frederick was admitted to have behaved "very decently" at his party. He thanked the Lord Mayor and Aldermen for "this new mark of duty and loyalty to the King, and of affection for himself." But he could not do right. His mother asserted that he had "strutted about as if he were king already."

George's danger did not soften the English people's hearts. They made it the occasion of much wit. "How's the wind now for the King?" they asked. "Like the nation, against him," was the answer.

It was at this time that the Temple took fire and was saved mainly by the prince's exertions, who, from 9 P.M. to 5 A.M., worked with such vigour and success to subdue the flames, that some of the enthusiastic lookers-on were reported to have cried, "Crown him! Crown him!" This incident did not tend to increase his favour at court.

Then came the crowning sin of his life, the direst offence of all the offences he gave to the Queen: his foolish and perplexing

the utmost concern for his mother; and Lady Archibald Hamilton, who ought to have known, declared his behaviour to be "very decent."

After his mother's death we hear less of the prince's proceedings. He still acted in political opposition to his father, and kept away from court until 1742, when he appeared there at the head of his party and was coldly and formally received. "His Majesty said: 'How does the princess do? I hope she is well.' The prince kissed his hand, and this was all." (H. Walpole.)

Frederick was accused of Jacobite sympathies. If there was anything more than mischievous falsehood in the rumour, it was probably a mere expression of ill-will to his father. When in 1744 the Bill for proscribing "the Pretender's sons" was passed through Parliament, Frederick and his party were conspicuously absent from the debates.

Yet he seems to have had some interest with his father after the ill-fated rising of 1745, for it was owing to his intercession that young Lord Cromartie was reprieved from sharing the fate of his gallant companions in arms, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Horace Walpole says that the prince declared he had done this work of mercy only in return for old Sir William Gordon, Lady Cromartie's father, having come down out of his death-bed to vote against Sir Robert Walpole in the Chippenham election.

When among others at court his wife inveighed against the heroic conduct of Flora Macdonald, the prince generously exclaimed, "And would not you, Madam, in like circumstances, have done the same? I hope—I am sure you would!" He visited Flora in durance in London, and it was at his intercession that she was released after a twelvemonths' confinement. (Mahon.)

His end came unexpectedly. He had a pleurisy in March 1751, but recovered so far as to attend the House of Lords on the occasion of the passing of some Bills. "From thence," says Horace Walpole, "to Carlton House, very hot, where he unrobed, put on a light, unaired frock and waistcoat, went to Kew, walked in a bitter day, came home tired, and lay down for three hours upon a couch in a very cold room at Carlton House that opens into the garden. . . . The prince relapsed that night, has had three physicians ever since. . . . He had dangerous suppressions of breath. Between nine and ten he was seized with a dangerous fit of coughing." Presently he laid his hand upon his stomach and said, "*Je sens la mort.*" The page who held him up felt him shiver, and cried out, "The prince is going!" The princess was at the foot of the bed; she

t up a candle and ran to him, but before she got to the head bed he was dead.

lis father was extremely shocked and behaved with the greatest ess to the widowed princess and her nine little children. She lf was stunned with grief, and his little boys wept bitterly. For s faults he had been an excellent husband ; in which respect his r could certainly not compare with him. He had never failed urtesy and kindness to his wife, and was very fond of his ren. He was sincerely lamented by the nation, though Walpole nds the public grief was "affected," and that the public hatred brother, to which too hasty admiration for a victorious general ong given place, was as affectedly displayed. The people cried, that it were but his brother !" On 'Change they said, "Oh ! were but the butcher !"

e was buried in Westminster Abbey. This short story of his nnot fitly be concluded without the famous epitaph which is st remembered mark in history :

> Here lies Fred,
> Who was alive and is dead ;
> Had it been his father,
> I had much rather ;
> Had it been his brother,
> Still better than another ;
> Had it been his sister,
> No one would have missed her ;
> Had it been the whole generation,
> Still better for the nation ;
> But since 'tis only Fred,
> Who was alive and is dead—
> There's no more to be said.

ALISON BUCKLER.

PICKWICKIANA.

PERHAPS no English book has so materially increased the general gaiety of the country, or so inspired the feeling of comedy, as "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." It is now some "sixty years since" this book was published, and it is still as heartily appreciated as ever. What English novel or story is there which is made the subject of notes and commentaries on the most elaborate scale, whose very misprints and inconsistencies are counted up, whose earliest "states of the plates" are sought out and esteemed precious? In other lands there is no doubt the immortal Don, whose story is sometimes treated in this fashion. In our own country we have the no less immortal Sir Walter, who wisely supplied notes and introductions to an edition—which, however, are mostly of an antiquarian kind. A well-known writer of our time has indeed supplied further notes, and also "an Introduction," though one might fancy the Wizard of the North scarcely needed *that.* "Pickwick," wonderful to say, is the only story that has produced a literature of its own—a little library—and has kept artists, topographers, antiquaries, and collectors all busily at work.

There seems to be some mystery, or almost miracle, here. A young fellow of four-and-twenty throws off, or rather rattles off, in the exuberance of his spirits, a never-flagging series of incidents and characters. The story is read, devoured, absorbed, all over the world, and now, sixty years after its appearance, new and yet newer editions are being issued. All places alluded to and described in the book have in their turn been lifted into fame, and there are constantly appearing in magazines illustrated articles on "Rochester and Dickens," "Dickens' Places," "Dickens' London," and the rest. Wonderful! People, indeed, seem never to grow tired of the subject—the same topics are taken up over and over again. The towns and other localities have shared in the longevity of the book, and benefited thereby. The secret seems to be that the book was a living thing, and still lives. It is, moreover, perhaps the best, most accurate picture of character and manners that are quite

gone by: the meaning and significance of old buildings, old inns, old churches, and old towns are reached, and put forward in most interesting fashion; the humour, bubbling over, and never forced, always fresh, is sustained through some six hundred closely-printed pages; all which, in itself, is a marvel and unapproached.

"Pickwick," as is well known, was not held in special esteem by its author. He looked on it as a rather juvenile, and perhaps jejune, performance, dashed off in buoyant spirits, without much regard to the canons of art, and in something of the rollicking Harry Lorrequer vein. Like Liston and some other eminent low comedians, the exuberant Boz perhaps believed that deep, harrowing tragedy was his *forte*. It is easy, however, to talk of the boisterousness, the unlicensed recklessness of the book, the lack of restraint, the defiance of the probabilities. It is popular and acceptable all the same. But there is one test which incontestably proves its merit, and supplies its title to be considered all but "monumental." This is its prodigious fertility and suggestiveness.

Out of "Pickwick" has grown a flood of commentary, dissertation, pictures, dramas, topographical inquiries, and even critical *exegesis*. This is surely a test not of popularity merely, but of solid excellence. The Pickwickian Library is really a wonder. It is intelligible how a work like Boswell's "Johnson," which is full of allusions and names of persons who have lived, spoken, and written, should give rise to explanations and commentaries; but mere imagination, it would be thought, could not furnish such openings. The truth is, Pickwick and the other characters were so real, so artifully blended with existing usages, manners, and localities, as to become an actual living chronicle. Even in a limited view, we could not turn to a better or more accurate picture of life in England, such as his was, in the "'Thirties."

The more we consider this exceptional attractiveness of "Pickwick" the more wonderful it seems. No other book, as we said, would bear this sort of illustration; neither "Vanity Fair," nor "Pendennis," nor "Jane Eyre," and, as of course, not one of the modern romances. They are too formal and arid and earthy. When works by Trollope and such writers were passing through the *Cornhill Magazine*, Millais and other artists furnished illustrations. But these accomplished men had little notion of the situation, or, more likely, had no situation given to them; in their hands it usually resolved itself into a young man in a well-cut but rather stiffly drawn coat gazing stolidly at a young woman. Such was the invariable situation. What could they make of it? True, the young man

might be in a different attitude, but there he was. Now, the meri
our Pickwickiad was in this : it teemed with situation—the v
look—air—aspect of Mr. Pickwick and his three followers was
itself a situation *in posse.* These Pickwickian characters mov
about in society like other living characters, were talked of, laugh
at, and the artists felt their irresistible influence. Boz himself, mo
over, inspired and directed his artists.

But mere panegyric of one's favourite is idle, and I thought o
really effective way of proving the surprising fertility of the work a
its power of engendering speculation and illustration. I lately
about collecting all that has been done, written, and drawn on t
subject during these sixty years past, together with all those ligh
manifestations of popularity which surely indicate "the force a
pressure" of its influence. The result is now before me, and all l
fills a small room. When set in proper order and bound, it will
over thirty great quartos—"huge armfuls" as Elia has it. In sho
it is a monumental "Pickwick."

The Text is, of course, the original edition of 1836. There
also specimens of the titles and a few pages of succeeding edition
the first cheap or popular one; the "Library" edition; t
"Charles Dickens" ditto; the *Edition de Luxe*; the "Victoria
"Jubilee," edited by C. Dickens the younger; editions at
shilling and at sixpence; the edition sold for one penny;
"Gadshill," edited by Andrew Lang; the "Roxburghe," edited by
Kitton, presently to be published; the *Foreign Editions in Engli*
four American editions, two of Philadelphia and two of New Yo
the Tauchnitz (German) and Baudry (French); the curious Calcu
edition, of which I have only seen one copy.

Translations: Of these there are some twenty in all, but I h
only the French, German, Russian, Dutch, Norwegian, Swed
Hungarian.

Then come *Selections*: "Readings" from "Pickwick"; "I
logues" from ditto; "Wellerisms," by Charles Kent and Rideal.

Dramatic Versions: "The Pickwickians," "Perambulatio
"Sam Weller," &c. The "Pickwick" opera, by Burnand; "The T
in 'Pickwick'"; "Bardell *v.* Pickwick." There are "Play Bills
various. Connected with this department is the literature of
"Readings"—"Charles Dickens as a Reader," by Kent, and "
Photographs," by Kate Field. Also Dolby's account of the Read
Tours, and the little prepared versions for sale in the rooms in gr
covers; also bills, tickets, and programmes *galore.*

In *Music* we have "The Ivy Green" and "A Christmas Caro

Imitations: "Pickwick Abroad," by G. W. Reynolds; "Pickwick in America," the "Penny Pickwick," the "Queerfish Chronicles," the "Cadger Club," and many more.

In the way of *Commentaries*: The "History of Pickwick," "Origin of Sam Weller": Sir F. Lockwood's "The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick"; accounts from Forster's "Life" and from the "Letters," "Controversy with Seymour" (Mr. Seymour's rare pamphlet is not procurable), "Dickensiana," by F. Kitton; "Bibliographies" by Herne Shepherd and also by Kitton.

Criticisms: The *Quarterly Review*, the *Westminster Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, Taine's estimate, "L'inimitable Boz" by Comte de Heussey, with many more.

Topographical: Hughes' "Tramp in Dickens-Land," "In Kent with Charles Dickens," by Frost; "Bozland," by Percy Fitzgerald; "The Childhood and Youth of C. Dickens," by Langton; "Dickens's London," by Allbutt; "About England with Dickens," by Rimmer; Papers in American and English Magazines; "A Pickwickian Pilgrimage," by Hassard; "Old Rochester," and others.

Commentaries on the Illustrations: A regular department—Account of "Phiz," by Kitton; "Life of Hablot K. Browne," by Croal Thomson; "Account of G. Cruikshank," Mr. Dexter's book, and another by Charles P. Johnson.

Next we come to the *Illustrations*: The plates to the original edition are by Seymour (7), Buss (2), the Phiz-Seymour (7), and those by "Phiz" (35). Variations, by "Phiz"; variations, coloured by Pailthorpe; facsimiles of original drawings—altogether about 200. There are *Extra Plates* by Heath, Sir John Gilbert, Onwhyn ("Sam Weller"), Sibson, Alfred Crowquill, Antony (American), Onwhyn (Posthumous series), Frederick Barnard (to popular edition), also some folio plates; C. J. Leslie (a frontispiece). "Phiz" published later a series of six, and also a large number of coarse woodcuts to illustrate a cheap edition.

There are also a series of clever extra illustrations by Pailthorpe, ditto, coloured by the same. F. Barnard's illustrations were coloured by Pailthorpe. There are the original plates re-etched in Calcutta. They were also reproduced in Philadelphia, with additional ones by Nast. Others were issued in Sydney. There are a number of German woodcut illustrations to illustrate the German translations; some rude woodcuts to illustrate Dick's edition: ditto to Penny edition. There is also a set of portraits from "Pickwick" in *Bell's Life*, probably by Kenny Meadows; and coloured figures by "Kyd."

There are other pictures in colours—Pickwick, Weller, &c.—to

illustrate Christmas calendars, chiefly "made in Germany." The most curious tribute is the issue by the Phonographic Society of "Pickwick" in shorthand, and, finally, "Pickwick" in raised characters on the Braille system for the blind.

This odd publication of "Pickwick" for the blind came about in a quaint way enough. As we know, the author issued at his own expense one of his works in raised characters, a present to these afflicted persons. A rich old gentleman had noticed a blind beggar seated with the Bible open on his knees, droning out the passages in the usual fashion. Some of the impostor sort learn the lines by heart and "make believe" to read, as they pass their fingers over the characters. The rich old gentleman's blind reader read in the genuine way, and got through about fifty chapters a day. Nobody, however, is improved by the lecture. They merely wonder at the phenomenon and go their way. The old gentleman presently spoke to the blind reader:

"Why don't you read 'Pickwick' or some other book that the public will listen to?"

"Sir," he replied—he must have been of the stock of Silas Wegg—"give me 'Pickwick' in raised characters and I will read it."

The rich old gentleman went and inquired at the proper places, but the work was not known. He gave an order for a hundred copies of "Pickwick" in Wait's "Improved Braille Type," and in about six months it was delivered to him—not the whole work, but a selection of the more effective episodes. The blind reader was pleased; the old gentleman insisted on a private rehearsal; select passages were chosen which were calculated to take about twenty minutes each. When he arrived on the morning fixed for the first attempt, he found his friend at his post with almost a crowd gathered round him, in convulsions of laughter. The "poor blind" was reading, or feeling out, old Mr. Weller's ejectment of the red-nosed man. The hat was overflowing with coppers and even silver. So things went on prospering for a while. "Pickwick" was a magnificent success, and the blind man was never without a crowd round him of some fifteen to fifty persons! But the other blind readers found the demand for the sacred text vanishing; and people would actually interrupt them to inquire the way to the "Pickwick man." Eventually the police began to interfere, and required him to "move on"; he was obstructing the pavement—not, perhaps, he, but "Pickwick." He did move on to Hyde Park, but there were others there, performers young and up-to-date, who did the same thing with action and elocution. So he fairly gave the thing

up, and returned to his Scriptures. This tale would have amused "Boz."

Of a more miscellaneous kind are the "All-Around Dickens Club" at Boston, with its reports of papers, list of members; "The Pickwick Songster," "Sam Weller's Almanac," "Sam Weller's Song Book," "The Pickwick Pen," "a boon and a blessing to men," &c.—to say nothing of innumerable careless sheets, and trifles of all kinds and every degree. Lastly comes the author, "Boz" himself, with letters, portraits, pictures of his homes, &c., all more or less connected with the period when he was writing his book, a facsimile of his receipt for copy-money, a copy of his agreement with Chapman & Hall, and many more items.

At this moment there is going on a review of the Victorian Age, and people are reckoning up the wonderful changes in life and manners that have taken place within the past sixty years. These have been so imperceptibly made that they are likely to escape our ken, and the eye chiefly settles on some few of the more striking and monumental kind, such as the introduction of railways, of ocean steamships, electricity, and the like. Far more startling are the changes in manners, habits, and social customs, and no standard of comparison could be more useful or more compendious than the immortal chronicle of PICKWICK, in which the old life, not forgotten by some of us, is summarised with the completeness of a history. The reign of Pickwick, like that of his sovereign, began some sixty years ago. Let us recall some of these changes.

To begin: We have now no arrest for debt, with the attendant sponging-houses, Cursitor Streets, sheriffs' officers, and bailiffs; and no great Fleet Prison, Marshalsea, or King's Bench for imprisoning debtors. There are no polling days and hustings, with riotous proceedings, or "hocussing" of voters; and no bribery on a splendid scale. There are no challenges and duels, no "satisfaction" (there are some four in "Pickwick"), no interchange of cards on small provocation, as in the case of Mr. Noddy at Bob Sawyer's. Dr. Slammer, it will be recollected, challenged Mr. Jingle for simply dancing with his, the Doctor's, widow friend. Mr. Tupman turned up his cuffs preparatory to assaulting his revered leader on the provocation of being called "a fellow." Mr. Pickwick, on a slighter affront, "hurled an inkstand"—all which is characteristic.

Drinking and drunkenness in society have quite gone out of fashion. No party of gentlemen at a country house come up from dinner, or return from a cricket match, in a "beastly" state of

intoxication; and "cold punch" is not very constantly drunk through the day.

There are no elopements now in chaises and four, like Miss Wardle's, with headlong pursuits in other chaises and four; nor are special licenses issued at a moment's notice to help clandestine marriages. There is now no frequenting of taverns and "free and easies" by gentlemen, at the "Magpie and Stump" and such places, nor do persons of means take up their residence at houses like the "George and Vulture" in the City. There are no galleried inns (though one still lingers on) at which travellers put up: there were then nearly a dozen, in the Borough and elsewhere. There are no coaches on the great roads, no guards and bulky drivers; no gigs with hoods, called "cabs," with the driver's seat next his fare; no "hackney coaches," no "Hampstead stages," no "Stanhopes" or "guillotined cabriolets"—whatever they were—or "mail-carts," the "pwettiest thing" driven by gentlemen. And there are no "sedan chairs" to take Mrs. Dowler home.

Then for costume. There are no "poke" or "coal-scuttle" bonnets, such as the Miss Wardles wore; no knee-breeches and gaiters; no "tights," with silk stockings and pumps for evening wear; no big low-crowned hats, no striped vests for valets, and, above all, no gorgeous "uniforms," light blue, crimson, and gold, or "orange-plush," such as were worn by the Bath gentlemen's gentlemen. They are all gone. At Bath, too, the "White Hart" has disappeared with its waiters dressed so peculiarly—"like Westminster boys." We have no serjeants now like Buzfuz or Snubbin; their Inn is abolished, and so are all the smaller Inns—Clement's, Clifford's, &c.—where the queer client lived. Neither are valentines in high fashion. Chatham Dockyard, with its hierarchy, "the Clubbers," and the rest, has been closed. No one now gives "déjeûnés" or "public breakfasts," such as the authoress of the "Expiring Frog" gave. The "delegates" have been suppressed, and Doctors' Commons itself is levelled to the ground. The "Fox under the Hill" has given place to a great hotel. The old familiar "White Horse Cellars" has been rebuilt, and made into shops and a restaurant.

There are no "street keepers" now but the London police. The *Eatanswill Gazette* and its scurrilities are unknown now. Special constables are rarely heard of, and appear only to be laughed at; their staves, tipped with a brass crown, are sold as curios. Turnpikes, which are found largely in "Pickwick," have been suppressed. The abuses of protracted litigation in Chancery and other courts have been reformed. No papers are "filed at the Temple"—what-

ever that meant. The Pound as an incident of village correction has disappeared, though such places may still be found. Sam talks of "the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge" as a "fine sleeping place" —the Embankment now runs under one of them. "Thunder and lightning" shirt buttons, "mosaic studs"—whatever they were—are things of the past.

Then for the professional classes, which are described in the chronicle with such graphic power and vivacity. As at this time "Boz" drew the essential elements of character instead of the more superficial ones—his later practice—there is not much change to be noted. We have the medical life exhibited by Bob Sawyer and his friends. The legal world in Court and chambers—judges, counsel, and solicitors—are all much as they are now. Sir F. Lockwood has found this subject large enough for treatment in his little volume, "The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick." It may be thought that no judge of the pattern of Stareleigh could be found now, but we could name recent performances in which the incidents such as "Is your name Nathaniel Daniel or Daniel Nathaniel?" have been repeated. Neither has the blustering of Buzfuz or his sophistical plaintiveness gone by. The "cloth" was represented by the powerful but revolting sketch of Stiggins, which, it is strange, was not resented by the Dissenters of the day, and also by a more worthy specimen in the person of the clergyman at Dingley Dell. There are the mail-coach drivers, with the "ostlers, boots, countrymen, gamekeepers, peasants, and others," as they have it on the play-bills. Truly admirable, and excelling the rest, are "Boz's" sketches—actually "living pictures"—of the fashionable footmen at Bath, beside which the strokes in that diverting piece "High Life below Stairs" seem almost flat. The simperings of these gentry, their airs and conceit, we may be sure, obtain now.

A larger and more interesting view is the change in manners and social habits. For instance, after the wedding at Manor Farm we find the bride and bridegroom did not set off from the house on a wedding tour, but remained for the night. This seemed to be the custom. Kissing, too, pursued to the Pickwickian extent, would not now be tolerated. There is an enormous amount in the story. The amorous Tupman had scarcely entered the hall of a strange house when he began osculatory attempts on the lips of one of the maids; and when Mr. Pickwick and his friends called on Mr. Winkle, sen., at Birmingham, Bob Sawyer made similar playful efforts—being called an "odous creetur" by the lady. In fact, the custom seemed to be to kiss when and wherever you could conveniently. Getting drunk after

quented the "Mitre" and the "Turk's Head," the "Cheshire Cheese," &c.; Mr. Pickwick the "George and Vulture," the "Magpie and Stump," and such taverns. Johnson had his faithful servant; Mr. Pickwick his Sam. The two sages equally revelled in travelling in post-chaises and staying at inns; both made friends with people in the coaches and commercial rooms. There are also some odd accidental coincidences which help in the likeness. Johnson was constantly in the Borough at the brewery, and we have a good scene with Mr. Pickwick at the "White Hart" in the same place. Mr. Pickwick had his widow, Mrs. Bardell; and Johnson his in the person of the fair Thrale. Curiously, too, there was a "Bozzy" among the Pickwickians—Snodgrass, who was supposed to keep a note-book of the party's doings, taking down observations, &c. This, however, he soon gave up. Johnson had his old friend Taylor at Ashbourne, to whom he often went on visits, always going down by coach; while Mr. Pickwick had his friend Wardle, with whom he stayed at Manor Farm in Kent. We know of the review at Rochester which Mr. Pickwick and friends attended, and how they were charged by the soldiery. Oddly enough, Dr. Johnson also attended a review at Rochester, when he was on a visit to his friend Captain Langton. Johnson, again, found his way to Bath, went to the Assembly Rooms, &c.; and our friend Mr. Pickwick, we need not say, also enjoyed himself thoroughly there.

It is odd, too, that George Steevens, who figures so much in Boswell's work, should have been the author of an antiquarian hoax played off on a learned brother, of the same class as "Bill Stumps his mark." He had an old inscription engraved on an unused bit of pewter—it was well begrimed and well battered, then exposed for sale in a broker's shop, where it was greedily purchased by the credulous virtuoso.

There is a story in Boswell's Biography which is actually transferred to "Pickwick": that of the unlucky gentleman who died from a surfeit of crumpets; Sam, it will be recollected, describes it as a case of the man "as killed hisself on principle."

"He used to go away to a coffee-house after his dinner and have a small pot o' coffee and four crumpets. He fell ill and sent for the doctor. Doctor comes in a green fly vith a kind o' Robinson Crusoe set o' steps as he could let down ven he got out, and pull up arter him ven he got in, to perwent the necessity o' the coachman's gettin' down, and thereby undeceivin' the public by lettin' 'em see that it wos only a livery coat he'd got on, and not the trousers to match. 'Wot's the matter?' says the doctor. 'Wery ill,' says the patient. 'Wot have you been a-eatin' of?' says the doctor. 'Roast weal,' says the patient. 'Wot's the last thing you dewoured?' says the doctor. 'Crumpets,' says the patient.

'That's it,' says the doctor. 'I'll send you a box of pills directly, and don't you never take no more o' them,' he says. 'No more o' wot?' says the patient—'pills?' 'No, crumpets,' says the doctor. 'Wy?' says the patient, starting up in bed; 'I've eat four crumpets ev'ry night for fifteen year on principle.' 'Vell, then, you'd better leave 'em off on principle,' says the doctor. 'Crumpets is wholesome, sir,' says the patient. 'Crumpets is *not* wholesome, sir,' says the doctor, wery fiercely. 'But they're so cheap,' says the patient, comin' down a little, 'and so wery fillin' at the price.' 'They'd be dear to you at any price; dear if you wos paid to eat 'em,' says the doctor. 'Four crumpets a night,' he says, 'vill do your bisness in six months.' The patient looks him full in the face and turns it over in his mind for a long time, and at last he says, 'Are you sure o' that 'ere, sir?' 'I'll stake my professional reputation on it,' says the doctor. 'How many crumpets at a sittin' do you think 'ud kill me off at once?' says the patient. 'I don't know,' says the doctor. 'Do you think half a crown's vurth 'ud do it?' says the patient. 'I think it might,' says the doctor. 'Three shillin's' vurth 'ud be sure to do it, I s'pose?' says the patient. 'Certainly,' says the doctor. 'Wery good,' says the patient; 'good-night.' Next mornin' he gets up, has a fire lit, orders in three shillin's' vurth o' crumpets, toasts 'em all, eats 'em all, and blows his brains out."

"What did he do that for?" inquired Mr. Pickwick abruptly; for he was considerably startled by this tragical termination of the narrative.

"Wot did he do it for, sir?" reiterated Sam. "Wy, in support of his great principle that crumpets was wholesome, and to show that he vouldn't be put out of his vay for nobody!"

Thus Dickens marvellously enriched this trifling story. It may be found amusing to trace the genesis of the tale. In Boswell it runs: "Mr. Fitzherbert, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself, and then eat three buttered muffins for breakfast, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion." We find that the elder Darwin in his "Zoonomia" reports the case of an officer holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel who could not tolerate a breakfast without muffins. But he suffered agonies of indigestion. He would stand the nuisance no longer, but yet, being a just man, he would give Nature one final chance of reforming her dyspeptic atrocities. Muffins therefore being laid at one angle of the table and pistols at the other, with rigid equity the Colonel awaited the result. This was naturally pretty much as usual; and then the poor man, incapable of retreating from his word of honour, committed suicide, having left a line for posterity to the effect "that a muffinless world was no world for him."

The late Hain Friswell, whom I knew very well, the author of a once very popular book, "The Gentle Life," was a rather matter-of-fact personage, as will be seen by his comment on this grotesque story, "which exhibits," he says, "a very curious phase of the human mind and heart. That appetite must indeed be morbid which is willing to purchase a solitary gratification such as eating buttered

muffins at the expense of life itself. And yet, how many instances of such folly do we not meet with!" "Boz," it will be seen, changed the delicacy from buttered muffins to crumpets. Three shillings' worth of crumpets, which I suppose would represent three dozen, would effectually do the business of even a personage with the digestion of an ostrich.

The most striking point of similarity, however, is that the two books have much the same plan, the same tone and spirit. Boswell's treatment of little striking incidents and scenes is often quite as good as anything in Dickens, and his appreciation of quiet humour equally excellent.

But here is a closer likeness. It will be recollected that, during the Christmas festivities at Manor Farm, after a certain amount of kissing had taken place under the mistletoe, Mr. Pickwick was "standing under the mistletoe, looking with a very pleased countenance on all that was passing round him, when the young lady with the black eyes, after a little whispering with the other young ladies, made a sudden dart forward, and, putting her arm round Mr. Pickwick's neck, saluted him affectionately on the left cheek, and before he distinctly knew what was the matter he was surrounded by the whole bevy, and kissed by every one of them." Compare with this what happened to Dr. Johnson in the Hebrides:

This evening one of our married ladies, a lively, pretty little woman, good-humouredly sat down upon Dr. Johnson's knee, and being encouraged by some of the company, put her hands round his neck and kissed him. "Do it again," said he, "and let us see who will tire first." He kept her on his knee some time while he and she drank tea. He was now like a *buck* indeed. All the company were much entertained to find him so easy and pleasant. To me it was highly comick to see the grave philosopher—the Rambler—toying with a Highland beauty! But what could he do? He must have been surly, and weak too, had he not behaved as he did. He would have been laughed at, and not more respected, though less loved.

Was not this Mr. Pickwick exactly?

Or, we might fancy this little scene taking place at Dunvegan Castle, on the night of the dance, when Johnson was in such high good-humour. His faithful henchman might say, jocosely, "*You*, sir, in silk stockings?"

"And why not, sir—why not?" said the Doctor warmly. "Oh, of course," I answered, "there is no reason why you should not wear them." "I imagine not, sir—I imagine not," said the Doctor in a very peremptory tone. I had contemplated a laugh, but found it was a serious matter. I looked grave, and said they were a pretty pattern. "I hope they are," said Dr. Johnson, fixing his eyes upon me. "You see nothing extraordinary in these stockings *as* stockings,

I trust, sir?" "Certainly not; oh, certainly not," I replied, and my revered friend's countenance assumed its customary benign expression.

Now, is not this Pickwickian all over? Yet it is the exact record of what occurred at Manor Farm, in "Pickwick," with a change only in the names, and would pass very fairly as an amiable outburst of the redoubtable Doctor's.

Or, again, let us put a bit of "Boz" into "Bozzy's" work. The amiable "Goldy" was partial to extravagant dress, and to showing himself off.

When a masquerade at Ranelagh was talked of, he said to Doctor Johnson, "I shall go as a Corsican." "What!" said the Doctor, with a sudden start. "As a Corsican," Dr. Goldsmith repeated mildly. "You don't mean to say," said the Doctor to him, gazing at him with solemn sternness, "that it is your intention to put yourself into a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail?" "Such *is* my intention, sir," replied Goldsmith warmly; "and why not, sir?" "Because, sir," said the Doctor, considerably excited, "you are too old." "Too old!" exclaimed Goldsmith. "And if any further ground of objection be wanting," said Dr. Johnson, "you are too fat, sir." "Sir," said Dr. Goldsmith, his face suffused with a crimson glow, "this is an insult." "Sir," said the sage in the same tone, "it is not half the insult to you that your appearance in my presence in a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail would be to me." "Sir," said Dr. Goldsmith, "you're a fellow." "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "you're another!"

Both "Bozzy" and Dickens followed the same method, viz. that of developing a story by the agency of a set of characters who travelled about, met for talk, saw new places and people, and found adventure. Change of scene and persons brings great variety, and even inspiration.

In the announcement of the "Pickwick Papers" there are some scraps of information about Mr. Pickwick and the Club itself. This curious little screed shows that the programme was much larger than the one carried out:

On the 31st of March[1] will be published, to be continued Monthly, price One Shilling, the First Number of

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS

OF

THE PICKWICK CLUB;

containing a faithful record of the

T[illegible]IONS, PERILS, TRAVELS, ADVENTURES, AND SPORTING TRANSACTIONS OF THE CORRESPONDING MEMBERS.

EDITED BY "BOZ."

[illegible] Monthly Part embellished with four illustrations by Seymour.

---

[1] 1836.

The Pickwick Club, so renowned in the annals of Huggin Lane, and so closely entwined with the thousand interesting associations connected with Lothbury and Cateaton Street, was founded in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two, by Samuel Pickwick—the great traveller—whose fondness for the useful arts prompted his celebrated journey to Birmingham in the depth of winter; and whose taste for the beauties of nature even led him to penetrate to the very borders of Wales in the height of summer.

This remarkable man would appear to have infused a considerable portion of his restless and inquiring spirit into the breasts of other members of the Club, and to have awakened in their minds the same insatiable thirst for travel which so eminently characterised his own. The whole surface of Middlesex, a part of Surrey, a portion of Essex, and several square miles of Kent were in their turns examined and reported on. In a rapid steamer they smoothly navigated the placid Thames; and in an open boat they fearlessly crossed the turbid Medway. High-roads and by-roads, towns and villages, public conveyances and their passengers, first-rate inns and road-side public houses, races, fairs, regattas, elections, meetings, market days—all the scenes that can possibly occur to enliven a country place, and at which different traits of character may be observed and recognised, were alike visited and beheld by the ardent Pickwick and his enthusiastic followers.

The Pickwick Travels, the Pickwick Diary, the Pickwick Correspondence—in short, the whole of the Pickwick Papers—were carefully preserved, and duly registered by the secretary, from time to time, in the voluminous Transactions of the Pickwick Club. These Transactions have been purchased from the patriotic ecretary, at an immense expense, and placed in the hands of "Boz," the author "Sketches Illustrative of Every Day Life and Every Day People"—a gentleman whom the publishers consider highly qualified for the task of arranging these important documents, and placing them before the public in an attractive form. He is at present deeply immersed in his arduous labours, the first fruits of which will appear on the 31st March.

Seymour has devoted himself, heart and graver, to the task of illustrating the beauties of Pickwick. It was reserved to Gibbon to paint, in colours that will never fade, the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire—to Hume to chronicle the strife and turmoil of the two proud houses that divided England against herself—to Napier to pen, in burning words, the History of the War in the Peninsula—the deeds and actions of the gifted Pickwick yet remain for "Boz" and Seymour to hand down to posterity.

From the present appearance of these important documents and the probable extent of the selections from them, it is presumed that the series will be completed in about twenty numbers.

From this it will be seen that it was intended to exhibit all the humours of the social amusements with which the public regaled them. Mr. Pickwick and friends were to be shown on board a steamer; at races, fairs, regattas, market days, meetings—"all the scenes that can possibly occur to enliven a country place, and at which different traits of character may be observed and recognised." This was a very scientific and well drawn scheme; and it was, on the whole, most faithfully and even brilliantly carried out. But with infinite art he emancipated himself from the formal

hide-bound trammels of Syntax tours and the like, when it was reckoned that the hero and his friends would be exhibited like "Bob Logic" and "Tom and Jerry" in a regular series of public places. "Mr. Pickwick has an Adventure at Vauxhall," "Mr. Pickwick Goes to Margate," &c.: we had a narrow escape, it would seem, of this conventional sort of thing, and no doubt it was this the publishers looked for. But "Boz" asserted his supremacy, and made the narrative the chief element.

It is interesting thus to know that Mr. Pickwick had visited the borders of Wales—I suppose, Chester—but what was his celebrated journey to Birmingham, prompted by his "fondness for the useful arts"? This could hardly refer to his visit to Mr. Winkle, sen. The Club, it will be seen, was founded in 1822, and its place of meeting would appear to have been in Huggin Lane, City, and intimately associated with Lothbury and Cateaton Street. The picture of the meeting of the Club shows us that it consisted of the ominous number of *thirteen*. There is not room for more. They seem like a set of well-to-do retired tradesmen; the faces are such as we would see on the stage in a piece of low comedy: for one on the left Mr. Edward Terry might have sat. The secretary sits at the bottom of the table, with his back to us, and the chairman, with capacious stomach, at the top. Blotton, whom Mr. Pickwick rather unhandsomely described as a "vain and disappointed haberdasher," may have followed this business. He is an ill-looking fellow enough, with black, bushy whiskers. The Pickwickians are decidedly the most gentlemanly of the party. But why was it necessary for Mr. Pickwick to stand upon a chair? This, however, may have been a custom of the day at free and easy meetings.

I have often wondered why there is no "Pickwick Club" in London. It might be worth trying, and would be more successful than even the Johnson Club. There is surely genuine "stuff" to work on. Our friends in America, who are Pickwickian *quand même*, have, as I have mentioned, the "All-Around Dickens Club." The members seem to be ladies, though there are a number of honorary members of the other sex, which include members of "Boz's" own family, with Mr. Kitton, Mr. W. Hughes, Mr. Charles Kent, myself, and some more. The device of the club is "Boz's" own book-plate, and the "flower" of the club is his favourite geranium. The President is Mrs. Adelaide Garland; and some very interesting papers, to judge from their titles, have been read, such as "Bath and its Associations with Landor," "The City of Bristol with its Literary Associations," "The Excursion to the Tea Gardens of Hampstead," prefaced

by a description of the historic old inn, "Poem by Charles Kent," "Dickens at Gad's Hill," "A Description of Birmingham, its Institutions, and Dickens' Interest therein, with a Reading of Mr. Pickwick's Mission to Birmingham," "Coventry and the adjacent Warwickshire Country, &c." There is also a very clever series of examination questions by the President in imitation of Calverley's famous paper.

It is always an interesting question what should be the relation of illustration to the story, and of the artist to the story-teller; and what are the limitations of their respective provinces. Both should work independently of each other; that is, the artist should tell the story from his own point of view—that is, he is not merely to servilely translate into "black and white" the situations. He should be, in fact, what the actor is to a drama. When Eugene Delacroix's fine series of illustrations to Goethe's "Faust" were shown to the great author, he expressed his admiration of their truth and spirit; and on his secretary saying that they would lead to a better understanding of his poem, said: "With that we have naught to do; on the contrary, the more complete imagination of such an artist compels us to believe that the situations as he represents them are preferable to them as described. It is therefore likely that the readers will find that he exerts a strong force upon their imagination." This shows, allowing something for the compliment, what a distinct force the great writer attributed to the artist, and that he did not consider him merely an assistant or subsidiary. The actor becomes, after his fashion, a distinct creator and originator, supplying details, &c., of his own, but taking care that these are consistent with the text and do not contradict it in any way.

This large treatment was exactly "Phiz's." He seemed to "act" "Boz's" drama, yet he did not introduce anything that was not warranted by the spirit of the text. He found himself present at the scene, and felt how it must have occurred. He had also a wonderful power of selecting what is essential and what should be essential. Nor did he make a minute inventory of such details as were mentioned in the text. Hence the extraordinary vitality and spirit of his work. There is action in all, and each picture tells its own story. To see the merit of this system, we have only to contrast with it such attempts as we find in modern productions, where the artist's method is to present to us three figures grouped together, apparently talking—such things we have week by week in *Punch.* The late Sir John Millais and other artists of almost equal rank used to furnish illustrations to serial stories, and all their pictures

duced such striking effect: without these adjuncts the Head of the Club and his friends would have been more or less abstractions, very much what the characters in Theodore Hook's "Gilbert Gurney" are. Take Mr. Pickwick. The author supplies only a few hints as to his personal appearance—he was bald, mild, pale, wore spectacles and gaiters; but who would have imagined him as we have him now, with his high forehead, bland air, protuberant front? The same with the others. Mr. Thackeray tried in many ways to give a little corporeal existence to his characters—Becky, Pendennis, and others; but who sees them as we do Mr. Pickwick? So with his various "situations"—many most dramatic and effective, but no one would guess it from the etchings. The Pickwick scenes all tell a story of their own; and a person—say a foreigner—who had never even heard of the story would certainly smile over the situations, and be piqued into speculating what could be the ultimate meaning.

The illustrations form a serious and important department of Pickwickian lore, and entail an almost *scientific* knowledge. Little, indeed, did the young "Boz" dream, when he was settling with his publishers that the work was to contain forty-two plates—an immense number it might seem—that these were to fructify into such an enormous progeny. We begin, of course, with the regular official plates that belong strictly to the work. Here, however, we find three artists at work—each succeeding the other—the unfortunate Robert Seymour coming first with his seven spirited pictures; next the unlucky Buss, with his two condemned productions, later to be dismissed from the book altogether; and finally, "Phiz," or Hablot K. Browne, who furnished the remaining plates to the end. As is well known, so great was the run upon the book that the plates were unequal to the duty, and "Phiz" had to re-engrave them several times—often duplicates on the one plate—naturally not copying them very closely. Hence we have the rather interesting "variations." He by-and-by re-engraved Seymour's seven, copying them with wonderful exactness, and finally substituted two of his own for those of the condemned Buss. The volume, therefore, contains the seven Seymours, and their seven replicas, the two Buss's, their two replicas, and the thirty-three "Phiz" pictures, each with its "variation."

These variations are very interesting, and even amusing. On an ordinary careless glance one would hardly detect much difference—the artist, who seemed to wish to have a certain freedom, made these changes either to amuse himself or resenting the monotony of

copying. In any case they represent an amount of patient labour that is quite unique in such things.

The Pickwickian "student" may be glad to go with us through some of the plates and have an account of these differences. We must premise that the first state of the plates may be considered "proofs before letters"—the descriptive titles being only found in the later editions.

1. "The Frontispiece." (We shall call the second state *b*, the first *a*.) In *a* the signature "Phiz," "fct." or "fecit" is on the left, in *b* it is divided half on each side. The harlequin pointing has a full face in *a*, a side face in *b*. The face at the apex of the picture has a mouth closed in *b*, and open in *a*. There are variations in nearly all the grotesque faces; and in *b* the faces of Mr. Pickwick and Sam are fuller and more animated. In *b* the general treatment of the whole is richer.

2. "The Title-page." In *a* the sign has Veller, in *b* Weller. Old Weller's face in *b* is more resolved and animated; in *a* water is flowing from the pail.

3. "Mr. Pickwick Addressing the Club." Mr. Pickwick in *b* is more cantankerous than in *a*—all the faces scarcely correspond in expression, though the outlines are the same. The work, shading, &c., is much bolder in *b*.

4. "Scene with the Cabman." Very little difference between the plates, save in the spectacles lying on the ground. These are trivialities.

5. "The Sagacious Dog." *b* is more heavily shaded, but *a* is much superior in the dog and face of the sportsman. Trees in *b* more elaborate.

6. "Dr. Slammer's Defiance." The figures on the top of the stairs are much darker and bolder in *b*. Jingle's and Tupman's faces are better in *b* than in *a*, and Jingle's legs are better drawn in *b*.

7. "The Dying Clown." A most dramatic and tragic conception, which shows that Seymour would have been invaluable later on for Dickens' more serious work. The chief differences are in the face of the man at his bedside and the candle.

8. "Mr. Pickwick in Search of his Hat." The drawing of Mr. Pickwick's legs is rather strange. The right leg could hardly be so ch twisted back while Mr. Pickwick runs straight forward; his hand or arm is obscure in both. All the faces differ—the hat has much more the look of being blown along than that in *a*.

. "Mr. Winkle Soothes a Refractory Steed." Seymour's horse is *itely* more spirited and better drawn than Phiz's. Its struggling

attitude is admirable. Seymour's landscape is touched more delicately; the faces differ in both.

10. "The Cricket Match." First Buss plate. He introduced a farcical incident not in the text—the ball knocking off the fielder's hat, who is quite close to the batsman. A very poor production. Observe the "antediluvian" shape of the bat, and no paddings on the legs. The sketch is valuable as showing how *not* to interpret Dickens' humour, or rather how to interpret it in a strictly *literal* way—that is, without humour.

11. "Tupman in the Arbour." Second Buss plate—rather ostentatiously signed "Drawn and etched by R. W. Buss." Tupman appears to be tumbling over Miss Wardle.

12. The same subject by "Phiz." A remarkable contrast in treat ment; there is the suggestion of the pair being surprised. We see how the fat boy came on them. The old Manor Farm in the background, with its gables, &c., is a pleasing addition, and, like all "Phiz's" landscapes, delicately touched in. The scared alarm on the two faces is first-rate—even Miss Wardle's foot as well as Tupman's is expressive. There appears to be no "variation" of this plate.

13. "The Influence of the Salmon." A truly dramatic group overflowing with humour. Note no fewer than ten faces in the background, servants, &c., all expressing interest according to their class and degree. The five chief characters express drunkenness in five different fashions: the hopeless, combative, despairing, affectionate, &c. Wardle's stolid calm is good.

14. "The Breakdown." This was "Phiz's" *coup d'essai* after he was called in, and is a most spirited piece. But the variations make the second plate almost a new one. The drawing, grouping, &c., in *b* are an enormous improvement, and supply life and animation. The three figures, Pickwick, Wardle, and the postillion, are all altered for the better. In *b* Mr. Pickwick's nervousness, as he is extricated from the chaise, is well shown. The postillion becomes a round spirited figure, instead of a mere sketch; Wardle, as in the text, instead of stooping down and merely showing his back, is tramping about gesticulating. A very spirited white horse is introduced with a postillion as spirited; the single chaise in the distance, the horses drawn back, and Jingle stretching out, is admirable. It is somehow conveyed in a clever way in *b* that Miss Wardle is peeping through the hind window at the scene. There is a wheel on the ground in *b*, and one hat; in *a* there are two hats—Mr. Pickwick's, which is recognisable, and Wardle's.

15. "First Appearance of Mr. S. Weller." In the first issue

a faint "Nemo" can be made out in the corner, and it is said the same signature is on the preceding plate, though I have never been able to trace it clearly. This plate, as is well known, represents the court of the Old White Hart Inn in the Borough, which was pulled down some years ago. On this background—the galleries, &c., being picturesquely indicated—stand out brilliantly the four figures. The plate was varied in important ways. In the *b* version some fine effects of light and shade are brought out by the aid of the loaded cart and Wardle's figure. Wardle's hat is changed from a common round one to a low broad-leafed one, his figure made stouter, and he is clothed with dark instead of white breeches, his face broadened and made more good-humoured. Sam's face in *b* is made much more like the ideal Sam; that in *a* is grotesque. Perker's face and attitude are altered in *b*, where he is made more interrogative. Mr. Pickwick in *b* is much more placid and bland than in *a*, and he carries his hat more jauntily. Top-boots in *b* are introduced among those which Sam is cleaning. He, oddly, seems to be cleaning a *white* boot. A capital dog in *b* is sniffing at Mr. Pickwick's leg; in *a* there is a rather unmeaning skulking animal. All the smaller figures are altered.

16. "Mrs. Bardell Faints." The first plate is feeble and ill-drawn, though Mrs. Bardell's and Tupman's faces are good, the latter somewhat farcical; the boy "Tommy" is decidedly bad and too small. Mr. Pickwick's face in *a* is better than in *b*. In the second attempt all is bolder and more spirited. The three Pickwickians are made to express astonishment, even in their legs. There is a table-desk in *a*, not in *b*. A clock and two vases are introduced, and a picture over the mirror representing a sleeping beauty with a cupid.

17. "The Election at Eatanswill." The first plate represents an election riot in front of the hustings, which is wild and fairly spirited. But no doubt it appeared somewhat confused to the artist. In his second he made it quite another matter. Over the hustings he introduced a glimpse of the old Ipswich gables. He changed the figure and dress of Fizkin, the rival candidate. He had Perker sitting on the rail, but substituted a standing up figure, talking—presumably Perker, but taller than that gentleman. In *b*, Mr. Pickwick's face expresses astonishment at the disorder; in *a* he is mildly placid. In *b* the figure behind Mr. Pickwick is turned into [illegible]m by placing a cockade on his hat. Next to Fizkin is a new portly [illegible] introduced. The figures in the crowd are changed in whole-[illegible]hion, and yet the "root idea" in both is the same. An artist, [illegible]cy, would learn much from these contrasts, seeing how

strikingly "Phiz" could shift his characters. In the first draft there was not sufficient movement. To the left there was a stout sailor in a striped jacket who was thrusting a pole into the chest of a thin man in check trousers. This, as drawn, seemed too tranquil, and he substituted a stouter, more jovial figure with gymnastic action—the second was made more contrasted. Next him was a confused group—a man with a paper cap, in place of which he supplied a stout man on whom the other was driven back, and who was being pushed from behind. The animation of the background is immensely increased by hats, and arms, and sticks being waved. Everything is bolder and clearer. The second trombone player, however, is not so spirited as the first, and the drum-beater becomes rather a "Punch and Judy" showman. An artistic effect of light is produced by this drum. There are a great many more boards, too, introduced in *b*.

"Mrs. Leo Hunter's Fancy Dress Déjeûné." In *b* the finish and treatment are infinitely improved. Mr. Pickwick's face and figure is more refined and artistic. The way he holds his hat in his right hand and his left also are improved; both are more extended. Mr. Snodgrass's left leg is brought behind Mr. Pickwick's in *b*. Water—a pond perhaps—is in front. Tupman's hat is altered in *b*, and feathers added; his face is more serious and less grotesque. Mrs. Pott is more piquant, as the author suggested to the artist. The bird-cage, instead of being high in the tree, is lowered and hangs from it. The most curious change is that of Pott, who in *a* is out of all drawing scale, seeming to be about seven feet high. He was lowered in *b*, and given a beard and a more hairy cap. It was said, indeed, that the original face was too like Lord Brougham's, but the reason for the change was certainly what I have given.

"The Young Ladies' Seminary." All details are changed. The rather "cranky" face of Mr. Pickwick, utterly unlike him, was improved and restored to its natural benevolence; more detail put into the faces, notably the cook's. The girls are made more distinct and attractive—the lady principal at the back made effective; all the foliage treated differently, a tree on the left removed. In *a* there is a sort of nook on the inside of the door to hold a bell, which is absent; in *b* it is added. The bolts, &c., are different.

"Mr. Pickwick in the Pound." *b* is more brilliant and vastly improved; the smaller donkey is removed, the three reduced to two; the sweep's cap is made *white*; the faces are altered, and made more animated. Mr. Pickwick's figure in the barrow is perhaps *not* improved, but his face is.

"Mr. Pickwick Sits for his Portrait." Slight alterations in the faces and in the bird-cage. The arrangement of the panes in the window is also different. Mr. Pickwick's face is made more intelligent. A handle is supplied to a pewter pot on the floor.

"The Warden's Room." Almost exactly the same in both. But why has Mr. Pickwick his spectacles on when just roused from sleep? There is a collar to the shirt hanging from the cord.

"The Meeting with Jingle." Very slight changes in the faces. The child's face in *b* is admirable and, like one of Cruickshank's miniatures, it conveys alarm and grief. The face of the woman watering her plant is improved. Note the Hogarthian touch of the initials carved on the window, sufficiently distinct and yet not intrusively so. This is a most skilfully grouped and dramatic picture, and properly conveys the author's idea.

"The Ghostly Passenger." This illustration of what is one of the best tales of mystery is equally picturesque and original. The five figures in front are truly remarkable. The elegant interesting figure of the woman, the fop with his hat in the air, the bully with the big sword, the man with the blunderbuss, and the bewildered rustic, to say nothing of the muffled figures on the coach, make up a perfect *play*. There seems a flutter over all; it is like, as it was intended to be, a scene in a dream.

"Mr. Winkle Returns under Extraordinary Circumstances." There is little difference between the plates, save as to the details of the objects in the cupboard. In *b* some bottles have been introduced on the top shelf. Mr. Winkle's is a pleasing, graceful figure in both, and improved and refined in *b*. More spirit, too, is put into Mr. Pickwick's figure as he rises in astonishment. It may be noted what a graceful type of womanhood then prevailed, the face being thrown out by "bands" of hair and ringlets, the large spreading bonnets and white veils. Mary wears an enormous bonnet or hat like her mistress.

"Mr. Sawyer's Mode of Travelling." The amazing spirit and movement of this picture cannot be too much praised. The chaise seems whirling along, so that the coach, meeting it, seems embarrassed and striving to get out of the way. The Irish family, struggling to keep up with the chaise, is inimitable. There are some changes in *b*. The man with the stick behind has a bundle or bag attached in *b*. The mother with her three children is a delightful group, and much improved in the second plate. The child holding up flowers is admirably drawn. The child who has fallen is given a different attitude in *b*. The dog, too, is slightly altered.

THE WINGLESS SEAGULL.

O HAPPY, wingèd birds! who still
May cleave the ether at your will,
Behold me lie, bereft, forlorn,
Made by men's hands a thing to scorn.
How gladsome was my life, how free!
How good a thing it was to be!
Oh, how I loved my wings so light,
So swift, so strong, so snowy white!
When billows roared and tempest blew,
Like spirit of the storm I flew,
Or loved to bathe my wings and breast
In sunshine on the ocean crest.
Ye deem men love us! Oftentimes
Our praise is in their poets' rhymes,
And they have fed us from their hands
When Arctic winter ruled the lands.
Alas, for trust in human race!
Oh, give it nevermore a place!
I scarce had learned to swim and soar,
Ere my brief happiness was o'er;
They wrenched my lovely wings away,
And threw me back to the salt spray,
Exulting in my anguished cry,
In long-drawn agony to die,
That creatures men call "gentle," "fair,"
My blood-stained, ravished wings might wear.
They have no wings, they cannot tell
What grief must in a bird's heart dwell
Whose home was 'twixt the sea and skies,
And now like trodden earthworm lies;
The wavelets' kiss, so sweet of yore,
Now makes my torment tenfold more.
My wings will never grow again:
My joyous life ebbs out in pain.

bestiaries, once the most wide-spread of picture books, were reproduced, popular belief in monsters was represented, and the general dress, pursuits, and amusements of our ancestors were shown in some cases with a fidelity for which the historian is thankful. The decorations consist mainly of a principal subject immediately supporting the bracket, and of two side lobes or cusps springing from it. The whole has thus to some extent the appearance of an armorial cognisance, the centre presenting something equivalent to the heraldic shield, and the sides answering to the supporters or a species of mantling. One of the most remarkable of the carvings in Great Malvern Church presents the rats hanging a cat by means of a rope across a beam; a method of treatment more effective than that of belling the cat, familiar in Scottish history. The supporters are two owls, to whom this species of justice administered by the rats might be supposed to serve as a lesson. Nothing is there, indeed, in the nature of human pursuits, and little in the shape of grotesque imagining, illustrations of which may not be found among these carvings. Now it is a merman and a mermaid, now a presentation of the mouth of hell with the fiends pitchforking naked sinners, now "anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," and again, Lohengrin drawn by swans. It is needless to say that attempts were made to read mystic or devotional symbolism into these things as into others. The effort is, however, but misspent labour and misapplied ingenuity, of a kind with which the student of human nature is but too familiar.

Systematic Destruction of Greenery.

THAT I did not travel beyond my brief in what I said in the December *Gentleman's Magazine* concerning the reckless spoilation of hedgerows and plantations is shown in the fact that now, somewhat tardily, the periodicals connected with floriculture have taken up my cry. I read in the *Gardener's Magazine* an outcry similar to my own, but on the subject of ferns. The writer protests against the scandal that laws are not made, not only against the taking of ferns, but against the general spoliation which goes on of the greenery forming the charm of many of our landscapes. Round London, for instance, says the writer, echoing my complaint, "our heaths and open places are rapidly being denuded of everything green, but the grass and such prickly things as the gorse and the bramble, which protect themselves by their thorns from being torn to pieces, or carried away." Later he continues, "the very bracken, which ten or fifteen years since covered

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1897.

LITTLE DANIEL.

BY J. W. SHERER, C.S.I.

I.

CHECQUERS was the last house out of Stoke-Harewood, on the London road.

It was a modern villa of the ordinary stucco kind, with an older bit at the back, covered with ivy. The picturesque portion, consisting of offices and a small bedroom or two, was all that remained of the wayside inn, called *The Checquers*, the necessity for whose existence had passed away with the coach and waggon trade.

Shrubs and flowers, in the garden between the house and the high-road, made a pretty show; and at the back there was a lawn which had been the old bowling-green, with some large chestnut trees and a long strip of kitchen-garden ground.

The shade, the fragrance were pleasant, and the small domain looked an abode of peace. It was scarcely that.

For Mrs. Ross Bunting, widow of the late Dr. Bunting, and presiding spirit of Checquers, though really kind-hearted, displayed a considerable amount of self-will. She was rather stout, and had black hair and eyes and a red face; but she was tall and her features were good. Relations were strained between this lady and her daughter, Mrs. Cecil Lobb. The truth was, the elder widow was a strong woman, and the younger widow a weak woman; and weak women irritate strong ones. Cecil Lobb should never have married. He was good-looking but very silly; and as his people were hard up,

him with his little fists: and what next? Why, both rolling on the floor; which is lion, which is Toddles, nobody knows."

Myth was rapidly and industriously at work.

"Oh!" muttered the grandmamma in conclusion, "the child is pure Ross, and no mistake. How it came about I cannot tell. Effie Bunting and that poor wig-block—why they should produce a Ross passes conjecture. A bantam born from two barn-doors: this is puzzle for the philosophers. I don't think I shall let Effie go about teaching. No! It is not quite the thing for the mother of a Ross. After all, she's a pretty porcelain-looking kind of girl, and I cannot see why one of the clergy should not take a fancy to her."

Effie was to be home by luncheon. She was in the train which they called the slip-coach, and could hardly believe her eyes when she saw her mother, little Daniel, and Alice on the platform awaiting her arrival.

There was something of the insipid water-colour about her appearance at first, but a closer inspection showed traces of care, which are always of interest. The eyes were weary; she had experienced much anxiety and disappointment. And those who have witnessed (as she had done) the death of illusions which sometimes concludes a course of excess, declare it to be a ghost which can never, with absolute security against return, be laid in this world. The lion story had to be as much minimised, in early recitals, to prevent shock, as it was ultimately enlarged to produce greater dramatic effects. Happy walk home! much remarked on by the tradespeople, for this united family was an entirely new spectacle. Eliza and the cook were in the front garden, too excited to stay indoors.

During the strange visit of the morning, cook had locked herself in her bedroom and closed her ears. On emerging, she thought it right to justify herself, in some measure, to her mistress.

"I was took rather sudden, to be sure, mum; but I am no coward—oh, no, quite the contrary. I face cows on the high-road with the best of them, leastways if there is a garden gate handy, should an animal be overdriven. But I was never in a situation before where there were wild beasts. And there is few that are partial to such."

The lady of the house admitted that the circumstances were exceptional, and that to encounter lions belonged in no way to the duties of the kitchen.

Such then was the story of little Daniel, and it is pleasant to think that concord sprang out of the scene which supplied the basis of his reputation.

ON BEHALF OF BIRDS.

WHAT would the general tattler and purveyor of conversational odds and ends do without that model of discreet indiscretion, loquacity and anonymity combined—"a little bird"? Nay, the very foundation of nursery government, if there be such a thing in these days when children are born for the sole purpose of governing and teaching their parents, would be undermined by the loss of this useful guide to the pinnacle of knowledge whence the powers may descend upon the fugitive peccadillo. In childhood's days the "little bird" is a very wonderful friend of the family with most inconvenient omniscience; and perhaps it was an unconscious recollection of the only possible explanation—to the young thinker—of this phenomenon which induced Sir Boyle Roche to ascribe the capacity of being in two places at once to a bird.

No less important, and perhaps even more desirable from the point of view of practical life in this vale of woe, is the existence of flesh-and-blood little birds. Luckily any slight unpleasantness which may have become associated with the imaginary creature vanishes when the sometime victim arrives at the stage of noticing the genuine article. Very few, whether "grown ups" or children, fail to take some joy in the pretty things that lend vocal sweetness to the air and life and movement to every hedgerow. There should really be none to disregard the incalculable charm which birds add to every open-air scene, and it would be well for every one who finds delight therein to know a little more about the individual birds themselves, and the entrancing variety of their shape and colour, their habits and their notes. Any very complete or universal knowledge of this kind is, perhaps, a counsel of perfection; but the fact remains that the enjoyment of almost every moment spent out of doors in these islands—in this respect we may with justifiable assumption call them the Isles of Blessedness—is enhanced by the presence of birds. In the midst of the actual rush of the hunt, or the excitement of a warm corner with the guns, attention is, perhaps, absorbed to the exclusion of this gentler witchery; but other times there are, and plenty of

them, when the attentive ear and quick eye find a feast of interest afforded on all sides. Has it not been said indeed, perhaps rather heretically, that not the least of the joys of him who pursues the "gentle craft" lie in his leisure and his opportunity to appreciate the teeming life around him?

It savours scarcely aught of insular pride or prejudice to say that in this matter we have the advantage of our Continental friends and neighbours. A prominent cause, and, at the same time, a noticeable effect of their inferiority, is the ubiquitous notice-board. On the Continent the plague of the placard has extended even more widely than with us. Everywhere the eye is met by an "affiche," be the spot ever so rural and, to all appearance, far from the madding crowd. It is true that these eye-sores are not large and brilliant after the manner of those which now form the most hopeful of the crops of our distressed agriculturists. They are generally small and often very roughly written, but their legend is peculiarly significant and —shall it be said?—offensive. Most of them say, "Chasse réservée," while the remainder conjugate the verbs "défendre" and "battre" in all possible permutations and combinations. Now, what does all this mean in connection with a secluded hedgerow or copse? It means that some bold man with a gun and a large loose-limbed dog wants to go in for "le sport," and desires to return to the wife of his bosom with a plump little sparrow or a tiny finch dangling from his belt. For fear he should find no "game," he is obliged to preserve it! That is where the horror comes in. The majority of the most beautiful spots and districts of Continental scenery are shorn of more than half their charm by reason of their total lack of bird life; wherefore the travelling Englishman heaves a sigh, partly, it must be admitted, of self-complacency; for, with all our reputation for killing things, we have up to the present time kept our hands and murderous weapons off small fowl.

Still, it will not do for us to be puffed up. There are other ways of killing a dog than hanging him, and, be the reason what it may, a serious thinning, amounting in some cases to positive gaps, has taken place of late years in the population of our country side. A few years ago, for instance, a goldfinch was no very unusual sight, more particularly on commons and waste ground where flourished the thistle that it loves. To-day, such of the goldfinches sold in the market as are not other birds masquerading willy-nilly under borrowed colours—a trick sometimes carried out with extreme skill —are mostly foreigners imported and labelled "English." Many of the linnets and finches, again, are conspicuous by their absence, and

it is impossible to say how much poorer our gardens, shrubberies, and hedges are for the loss of their warbling. It were a thankless and, to a great extent, a useless task to attempt to trace the precise cause of the decline in our feathered population. The hunt would be one of much difficulty, and complicated by sundry cross-scents. How is it possible to find an explanation which will at once fit the disappearance of birds on which there is practically no drain arising from the demands of the market, and at the same time the flourishing increase of others for which the demand is enormous, *e.g.* the lark, much sought after whether for song or supper—ball-supper—and yet more numerous now than ever before?

To cure an evil it is best, no doubt, to ascertain its cause, but, if that baffles inquiry, then take the remedy that comes readiest to your hand, and do the best that in you lies with it. In the present case the law has furnished the bird-lover with weapons which, with careful wielding, may do much. Unfortunately the protection of wild birds is a pastime in which not many people have troubled to make themselves proficient, and yet it is a game that is emphatically worth the candle. In the next few pages it is proposed to set out briefly its main rules and possibilities.

Legislative efforts towards the preservation of birds have been somewhat spasmodic. Of course from of old there have been game laws, but then there were the interests of private persons to keep that subject to the fore. What is everyone's business, however, is no one's, and similarly nobody in particular cares to take much trouble about things which are the property of everybody in general—a category to which wild birds belong. The precise motive forces of the first attempt at the protection of this common inheritance is lost in obscurity. Not improbably it was some very small occasion, and the importance of the matter at stake was not at first generally or fully appreciated. However that may be, the year 1880 saw an Act passed which set up a close time for birds of all kinds, and hedged certain specified birds round with extra precautions. Then came a supplementary little Act in 1881, which merely added the lark to the list of special birds of the previous year. Several years passed and the subject attracted comparatively little attention. It may be doubted, indeed, whether much energy was shown in administering the Act. At last there occurred what may almost be called an accident, which, as so often happens, had far wider effects than anyone would have guessed to be likely. A panic arose that the Cornish chough was nigh to total extinction, because for one reason or another its eggs had acquired a very considerable pecuniary value in the market. Popular no less

than intelligent interest and solicitude were excited, and incontinently a law was passed which offered to those local authorities who cared to take advantage of it the opportunity of extending a protective hand over any or all of the birds' eggs within their districts. These two Acts, then, together with a third passed in 1896, which will be referred to presently, constitute the Wild Birds' Charter—the first and the third safeguarding the persons of birds, and the second their eggs. In certain details the Act of 1894 dovetails into the Act of 1880 and amends and extends it, and the more minute provisions of each Act will be explained; but there is that rough line of distinction to be drawn between the enactments.

After a fashion not uncommon in and perhaps inseparable from Parliamentary dealings with intricate practical matters, these Acts seem to go quite far enough, perhaps a little too far, in one direction, and not far enough in another; to be a little inaccurate in the sweep of their "long arm," and to bear a resemblance to the proverbial crocodile's head, with its formidable array of jagged teeth, through the interstices of which the little bird—alias, in this instance, the bird-destroyer—hops safely and gaily twittering. Nevertheless, a good deal can be done with them, and it is very desirable for every lover of outdoor life to be well acquainted with the extent to which he can constitute himself the keeper of his feathered friends.

The Acts apply equally to all parts of the British Isles, but, as the greatest activity in connection with them has been shown in England and Wales, where perhaps the greatest necessity for them exists, this article will deal only with this area, over which the Home Secretary exercises the final authority.

First and foremost comes the cardinal principle established by the Act of 1880, that between March 1 and August 1 it is illegal to kill or take any wild bird.

The object of this provision is clearly to prevent, so far as possible, families of young and callow birds from being left destitute and doomed to almost certain destruction by the slaughter or capture of their parents. It scarcely seems that any very strenuous efforts have ever been made to administer this enactment vigorously, and the provision that a first offence under it shall entail only a reprimand and the payment of costs seriously weakens it; for clearly in the case of such a casual and little noticeable occurrence as this, it is comparatively easy to avoid all proof or even suspicion of a former offence. Further, the penalty for a second conviction is only five shillings. Under the Act of 1896, however, the Court may also order any trap, net, &c., used by a convicted person to be forfeited,

This new power is of much significance. In any case, moreover, the old Act is valuable, if for no other reason than that it has given definite form and sanction to the feeling that the lives of birds should be respected during the breeding season. Another instance of the tentative way in which the Act was drawn is that owners and occupiers of land and their authorised agents are not debarred by it from killing or taking the majority of wild birds on their own land. This, of course, leaves the conscientious but irrationally destructive gamekeeper to deal devastation at his own sweet will all the year round. There are some birds, however, specially named in the schedule to the Act, with which not even these privileged persons may interfere in the close time; and the penalty for doing so is greater than in the case of the non-scheduled birds. It may be as much as twenty shillings, and "first offence" is no valid excuse. It is difficult to guess the principles upon which the schedule was drawn up. But this will afford no surprise to any-one who has the least experience of the quaint way in which things take place in Parliament. There it is constantly a case of "pull baker, pull devil," and the finished legislative goods come out just as the chances of the struggle may determine, with a little piece put on there and a little piece taken off here by the partisans of either side. As a result, there is no mention in the schedule of sundry birds which one would think must have been more or less scarce, and therefore deserving of special care, as far back as 1880, and hawks—even the rarer kinds—are still left to the tender mercy of those who class them as all equally destructive and pernicious, and consequently shoot them at sight or otherwise exterminate them so far as possible; while, on the other hand, fancy names appear, which it would probably puzzle even the best naturalist to identify.

The latter peculiarity, however, does not matter very much, and the former can now be corrected by the joint efforts of county councils and the Home Secretary. If a county council can be persuaded that the family affairs of some particular species of bird are affected prejudicially by their exclusion from the schedule, they can apply to the Home Secretary to add such bird or birds to the schedule. That good and great personage can then, if he sees no objection, make an order accordingly, which has the effect of extending the most complete protection afforded by the Act to the desired birds in the county from which the application comes. Thus the hard and fast lines of the general law can be modified to suit the supposed requirements of every district. This is a special and good feature of both the Acts for the protection of wild birds,

and it only remains for those who have some knowledge of and interest in natural history on the wing to see that the local authorities are properly posted up in the needs of the areas under their jurisdiction and the most promising ways of meeting them. Up to the present time twenty-three counties in England and Wales have availed themselves of their powers in this particular direction.

There is also another way in which the Act of 1880 can be varied for special reasons. Whatever may have been the evidence which determined the learned Members of Parliament of that year to fix the close time within the precise limits already stated, it is quite certain that, owing to the variability of our seasons and for other special causes, including the vagaries of particular species of birds, all the breeding is not always got over during the months of March, April, May, June, and July. Sometimes housekeeping on the tree-top starts exceptionally early in the year—some phenomenal discoveries of nests and even eggs in the very beginning of February or in late January were announced to enliven the first weeks of last year; while in other cases, whether because of the successful attempt to bring up two families in a year or for other reasons occasioning special delay, home life among birds does not cease till far into the autumn. At all events, even if there are not in many cases young birds actually in the nests after August is well under way, it is quite certain that by that time many fledgelings have by no means become so strong upon the wing and so generally independent as to make it safe for them to be left entirely to the mercies of the bird-catcher.

This worthy craftsman will himself admit that a very large proportion of the victims of his wiles consists of juvenile and inexperienced birds, which are too unwary or too easily dazed with fright to avoid the dangers patent to the older bird, and, further, that many of these captives are quite unfit for a confined and artificial life. Their crops are not capable of dealing with the unaccustomed food which must be offered to them in cages, and for this reason large numbers of them die—simply wasted. It is probably hard to overestimate the damage which may be and is done under this head to the legions of the air. Hence, though one is loth to interfere with any business or trade that is in itself legitimate, the waste under present conditions is so entirely out of proportion with the profits or advantage to anyone that it is satisfactory to know that several county councils have availed themselves of the provision which enables them to move the Home Secretary to extend the close time to suit the peculiarities of different districts and of the birds that nest there.

It must be confessed that the fact that only a few of the councils have moved on this particular point does not argue a very keen perception of the best interests of their trusts. But, until the Act of 1894 was passed, comparatively little attention was given to the whole subject of bird protection, and since the councils came into the powers given them for the first time by that Act, which refer chiefly to the eggs of birds, they have been apt to exercise the new rather than the old powers. Gradually, however, the knowledge will gain ground that the extension of the time during which no bird may be taken or killed is one of the best means of preserving bird families, particularly when it is understood that such an extension need not apply to all birds in a county, but can be confined to certain species which need this special care. Thus it is good to learn that in Northamptonshire herons may now breed in peace and bring up their young unmolested until the end of August. Kingfishers again enjoy even a wider privilege in Bedfordshire, where their close time has been extended so as to run from February 1 to August 31. Until lately the limits within which the extension might take place were somewhat restricted, but now the Act of last year authorises the Secretary of State to forbid the taking or killing of particular birds, or of all birds within particular areas, at any or all such times of the year as, on the application of a county council, he may consider best adapted to prevent their extinction or serious diminution. The Middlesex County Council, which deserves recognition and credit as one of the foremost friends of wild birds, has already taken advantage of this new provision, and has extended a helping hand all the year round to certain species.

In the days of the old Greek philosophers there was a never-failing source of disputation in the simple query, "Which came first, the hen or the egg?" Similarly, it is quite open to discussion whether the destruction of eggs is or is not the main factor of the danger in which the national aviary stands. Of late the opinion appears to have prevailed that the egg-taker is the arch-criminal in this matter, and there has been a general disposition to look askance upon the British schoolboy in consequence. As a matter of fact, unless for some reason or other a market springs up for a particular kind of egg, and it therefore acquires a constant commercial value, the destruction of eggs is comparatively small, and there is little reason to block the admirable avenue to a love and knowledge of natural history formed by the habit of bird's-nesting. Therefore, although, *pace* the Greek philosopher, without the egg there can be no bird, great care is requisite in pursuing the line of the new departure authorised.

The Act falls into two divisions. In the first place, it is now possible for a county council to represent to the Home Secretary that the taking or destroying of the eggs of certain specified birds should be made penal throughout or in any part of a county. If an order is made accordingly, an offender becomes liable to a fine which must not exceed twenty shillings. Now, in view of the well-known similarity between the eggs of entirely distinct birds, a similarity so great that it baffles experts of acknowledged pre-eminence in practical ornithology, pleasant pictures rise up before the mind of magistrates and their clerks struggling valiantly to decide whether or no an egg found upon the person of a culprit may properly be considered to have been laid by one of the birds in the prohibited list of the county. This difficulty certainly forms one of the most serious obstacles in the way of effectively administering the Act. But local authorities have not been deterred by it. On the contrary, the majority of orders which in various parts of the kingdom they have obtained from the Home Secretary are aimed in this direction. In thirty-five counties there are now lists in force of varying lengths, to be found "blowing" an egg mentioned in which brings a penalty within sight. Certain birds have naturally been received into the charmed circle almost universally; and whatever may be the precise necessity or efficacy of this method of protecting wild birds, there is a certain satisfaction in feeling that many of one's favourite birds will henceforth be relieved from all anxiety, so far as the arm of the law can settle it, about their pretty treasures.

In the second place, and lastly, comes by far the most picturesque and—if properly worked—one of the most effective ways of defending the defenceless denizens of the air. A county council may, with the consent of the Home Secretary, set apart in a county one or more areas with well-defined boundaries, within which all bird's-nesting is forbidden. Even the most enthusiastic schoolboy collector can scarcely feel aggrieved at this method, except that within such areas it may, of course, be expected that the nests and eggs of rare birds not elsewhere discoverable will be found. In this very point lies the best hope of the plan. The districts, if carefully selected, will be such as already form more or less favourite rendezvous for fowl of all kinds, great and small; and if these original species consider their quarters comfortable and unmolested, it may be confidently hoped that they will find means of imparting the good news to their friends and relatives of all degrees. A very slight acquaintance with one or two of the areas which have already been set apart in this

manner suffices to show that their usefulness can scarcely be exaggerated. The Norfolk Broads, for instance, and Wicken Sedge Fen, in Cambridgeshire, could hardly be surpassed as likely places for all sorts of water-birds and others that have a weakness for wide open tracts. Again, Spurn Point, in Yorkshire, and Lundy, together with the adjacent coast of Devonshire, may be trusted to afford asylum to many most desirable species of sea-birds. There is something particularly attractive in the idea of a sacred enclosure within which the timid bird may find itself safe from all chance of trouble. The experiment is, of course, as yet in its very early infancy, but it will be disappointing and surprising if it does not attract to our shores many hitherto very rare or almost unknown visitors, as well as encourage species which the increasing hurry and whir of modern life threaten to extinguish.

Such is the new dispensation which has dawned for our wild birds. May it grow ever wider and brighter! There is no room for two opinions as to the desirability of preserving them. The only question is how best the enterprise may be attacked and carried through, and it is hoped that this sketch of various possible plans of campaign may be of service in the cause. For more precise details of the various ways in which county councils have tried to make use of the Acts, the reader must be referred to the orders actually issued. They are published originally in the *London Gazette*; and each county must make them accessible to the public.

It is not amiss, perhaps, to round off a series of suggestions for the accomplishment of a desired object with a remark on how not to do it. Roughly speaking, the least desirable plan is the method of organisations known as "sparrow clubs" and the like. If they would only stick to their last, these associations would be open to comparatively little objection. It is true that there is something not quite pleasing about the tale of slaughter which appears from time to time in the newspapers; but sparrows, even when destroyed by thousands, may be trusted to survive in sufficient numbers. These accounts, however, are usually accompanied by a minor and supplementary list of other birds which have fallen victims to the club's skill and energy; and this list often includes species which are, on the one hand, by no means too common, and, on the other, of considerable use to the agriculturist and others in whose interest the slaughter ostensibly takes place. Various kinds of hawks, for instance, or owls, should certainly be left in peace. It is true that they prey upon smaller birds, and might, therefore, be counted legitimate quarry for the would-be protector of wild birds; but

WALTER PATER.

THERE are some writers who, though by no means popular or even widely known, yet exercise a quite extraordinary, and sometimes widely-extended influence over their contemporaries. At first, it may be, their writings fall into the hands of but a chosen few who seize upon the teaching of the master and appropriate it to themselves. They too, in turn, teach others the knowledge they so much prize; and so the influence spreads; it is "in the air," as we say, and many become subject to a scheme or theory of life who have never even read the works of its originator.

This was the case with Mr. Meredith, who exercised an influence for a long time quite disproportionate to his popularity. And now every little scribbler will pen you a story in so-called Meredithese, though it may reasonably be doubted if he knows more of the master than may be gathered from the skilful imitations of John Oliver Hobbes. The influence of Walter Pater has, however, been deeper than this. It is true that, like Mr. Meredith, he made a certain style the fashion in a somewhat limited literary circle. But this is not his highest achievement; Walter Pater will not be remembered because he wrote beautiful, if somewhat over-ornate, prose, which many have imitated but few rivalled, but rather for the influence he has exercised over the actual lives of men. This influence has been both deep and wide—wider, indeed, we may suppose, than Mr. Pater himself had any idea of. At first, as with Mr. Meredith, his followers were few; but his philosophy of life proved alluring, and more and more added themselves to the number of his disciples. The ideal of life which he had formulated in the conclusion of the "Renaissance" proved, unfortunately, a satisfying ideal to many who read it, though not for long to him who wrote it.

Walter Pater, indeed, modified and almost entirely altered the views he had therein expressed; as we hope to show in this essay, his ideas, from being purely Pagan in the "Renaissance," became in the greatest and most thoughtful of his books, "Marius the Epicurean," actually Christian. His disciples, too, changed—not, alas! with the

master, but rather away from him. Taking the conclusion of the "Renaissance," they exaggerated its teaching, forcing it beyond its author's own intention.

Thus the influence of Mr. Pater has not been altogether for good, simply because those who were pleased with his first scheme of life did not care to follow him as he developed and improved it.

What, then, did the conclusion of the "Renaissance" teach that, though but a few pages long, it has exercised, and does still, so strong an influence over the minds of young men? The ideas in it are not new, though they had not been expressed before in this century, in England at least. Hedonism is very old, as old as man nearly, we might be tempted to say, so hard is it to picture man as he really was in the most primitive times. Greece knew of it; Rome in its decadence knew it; and again the Renaissance was no stranger to it. And then, when Hedonist ideals had fallen for long into abeyance, crushed especially by the practicality of life in this nineteenth century, came Walter Pater, offering to us a peculiarly refined and delicately expressed Hedonism—offering it to us as the key of life.

Perhaps its very aloofness from practical things gave it a special charm; its author moved in a world of thought, of sensation; the hurry and rush of modern existence were naught to him. He taught how life could be made exquisite and beautiful, not how we could get on, or gain material prosperity. Life was to him entirely a subjective thing, and the dramatic elements of life were not incidents, but rather inward impressions and sensations.

The year '69, in which the "Renaissance" first appeared, was not, I suppose, more remarkable for its appreciation of beauty than any other year of the Victorian age which preceded it; certainly less so than the last few years have been, for the Pre-Raphaelites had as yet made but little impression on their contemporaries. Nor were our homes at that time glorified into beauty by Mr. William Morris. It was, in fact, a time of singular ugliness; and the ideas of life then prevalent were well in keeping with the uncomely externals of existence. "To get on" was the sole aim of a man's career; to be opulent in the world's goods was considered the goal to which all men must strive. This on the one hand. While on the other there was indeed one who cried in the wilderness—Thomas Carlyle, whom the more thoughtful followed and revered.

But his philosophy was grim enough, and often violent and unlovely. Carlyle never freed himself from all the narrow influences which had beset his boyhood. Moreover, he was not a constructive philosopher. His mission was to destroy the present rotten erections

of society, and to sweep away all the shams of modern life. This he was ready ruthlessly to do; but he had nothing to offer in their place. Having cut the ground from under your feet, he could give you no other foundation on which to stand.

So, he was a hard master to follow, and one, moreover, who had a fine contempt for happiness. "The greatest happiness for the greatest number" was mere pig philosophy to him. Thus he was a singularly repellent teacher to young men, or rather to a certain section of young men; those who felt an intense yearning for happiness, and had an equally intense love of beauty.

To men of such a sensitive temperament, the teaching of Carlyle was of far too bracing, too grim a character, though amongst the less susceptible it might be welcomed joyfully.

Yet even in these there must have been a certain sternness, a certain touch of the misanthrope, perhaps, before they could fully accept his message as their gospel.

It was to those, then, who were repelled by the teaching of Carlyle, and who were asking for some teacher who would show them how they could best make their lives things of beauty and pleasure, that the writing of Walter Pater came with peculiar force.

The ideal he offered was in this instance purely Pagan; there is no trace of religious influence in it, and therefore perhaps it appealed all the more strongly to those who may have been repelled from Christianity by the cold, harsh Protestantism which infected the Church more strongly then than now. And then, too, when we consider how many have never thought of religion at all—or, if they have, have lightly cast it away as a trammel upon the development of their individuality—we shall easily understand how little the frank Paganism of Mr. Pater's teaching would stand in the way of its success. Make your life dramatic (this is the sum of Mr. Pater's teaching); let it be filled with sensation. Remember that no moment can return; let it, then, be as exquisite as possible. "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given us of a variegated dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. And again: "While all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge, that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours and curious odours, or work of the artist's hand, or the face of one's friend;" and he ends his essay with phrases which have long ago

view. To call a thing moral or immoral in Art was absurd. Does it give me pleasure?—that is the question. Is it well done? seemed a more important question to ask than, Is it rightly done?

And these theories would be applied equally to life. To live may be an art, and to ask if a thing be right or wrong may be considered equally foolish as to ask if a book be moral or immoral. Nothing would be called immoral which seemed beautiful, or gave pleasure, to any individual. Not to do anything which the Church or Society had called vicious would be merely to stunt one's own individuality. Men must be left free to evolve their own lives as they thought fit.

To live for Art, that was the aim of each Hedonist, and of course the theory would prove as unsatisfactory in modern times as it had done in ancient history.

Life, indeed, without some higher ideal than those set forth in the "Renaissance" is bound to be a failure. Men may fret that certain things are called wrong, but still they are bound to avoid them. Some ideal less shifting, more sustaining, and more moral must be found for life. And this ideal is offered us by Christianity. Without religion our lives become vain and empty. The Hedonist himself tires of his pursuit of beauty and passion, and finally longs for some more stable creed to cling to.

Alluring and fascinating Mr. Pater's doctrine certainly was; and, as a protest against the utilitarian ugliness of much in modern life, quite admirable. But as a rule for the conduct of life it was a failure.

And one of the first to confess this was the author himself, as I hope to show.

Before passing to "Marius the Epicurean" it may be as well to state clearly that the "Renaissance" was not a book that exercised immediately a wide-reaching or strong influence for good and evil. Its very style alone was sufficient to prevent it being a popular book. It was some time, perhaps, before it reached even the chosen few who were to receive it as their gospel, their rule for life. Even now the book has not been widely read; many an educated man has never heard of Walter Pater. Nevertheless do I firmly believe that I have not exaggerated its influence. Few may have read it, but those few certainly taught others what they believed to be the key of life. In a few sentences I suggested to what position these doctrines might lead; a position, I believe, taken up by those who owe their theories, not to Walter Pater directly, but indirectly to his disciples who carried his ideas out further than he intended. But it is often

the fate of a master, the founder of a system, to be outstripped and left behind by his successors.

Marius the Epicurean" was the result of twelve years' work, and is undoubtedly the writer's most strenuous and beautiful book. One of the century's masterpieces, one feels, as one turns over its felicitous pages, or lingers over some phrase of matchless magic and music. It is certainly unique in the literature of England, being our only philosophical romance. A novel it is not, in the real sense of the word; there is little incident, and it deals with subjects which are not for fiction. It is a philosophical treatise with a setting of romance. Here Marius is created that the author may show us, in the analysis of his character, a development of theories which had evidently taken place in his own mind. By using the third person the author is given a freer hand. And in addition the book is certainly more forcible than it would have been if merely cast in the form of an essay. The hero Marius is sufficiently real to make us keenly interested in the history of his mind—those of us, that is to say, who care for analysis at all.

Marius was the son of a noble family in the time of Marcus Aurelius, when the great Roman Empire had begun to feel that weakness was coming upon it. The country was over-civilised maybe, though not freed from that taint of ferocious barbarism which ever marred the Roman character. It was an age of theories, for people then, as now, were asking how best they could use their lives, and many were the philosophers who offered an answer to those who sought one. Theories of life such as Walter Pater had given us in the "Renaissance" were certainly much in the air. So, on taking up "Marius" we naturally expect that the author will show us his ideals flourishing in an atmosphere congenial to them, and that in the hero we shall see the perfect example of one who lived for Art's sake alone—the ideal Hedonist surrounded by a world which, by its sympathy, aided him and made it easy for him to devote himself to the choicest passions, the rarest sensations.

If we are right in believing that the sketch called "The Child in the House" is autobiographic in no small sense, then, too, we may surmise that the boyhood of Marius is not wholly imaginary. For the two children described are strangely alike, slightly varied representations of the same original they seem when we compare them. And in both, too, we can trace certain characteristics not wholly latent, which were afterwards fully developed by the author himself.

Marius is described as being strangely susceptible to the externality of things, strangely sensitive to the pathos of life, and of death

too—morbidly so, we might say, for one so young. So, too, the "Child in the House," in whom we undoubtedly trace something of the author himself, for could anyone have imagined such a child? Only one who was afterwards to write the "Renaissance" could have experienced the following sensations at so early an age: "So he yielded himself to these things, to be played upon by them like a musical instrument, and began to note with deepening watchfulness, but always with some puzzled, unutterable longing in his enjoyment, the phases of the seasons, and of the growing or waning day, down even to the shadowy changes wrought on bare wall or ceiling—the light cast up from the snow bringing out their darkest angles; the brown light in the cloud that meant rain; that almost too austere clearness in the protracted light of the lengthening day, before warm weather began, as if it lingered but to make a severer holiday, with the school-books opened earlier and later; that beam of June sunshine at last, as he lay awake before the time, a way of gold dust across the darkness; all the humming, the freshness, the perfume of the garden seemed to be upon it."

The child who felt thus, who was so abnormally alive to all that came upon him from without, was surely he who, later in life, was to tell us that ecstasy in life depended upon the fitting way we sought after and received such impressions. We can easily see how such a nature would at one time or another place a passionate value on the externality of things; how physical beauty would come to be all in all to him; would become the thing he worshipped. This "Child in the House" was he who afterwards wrote: "Every moment some form grows perfect on hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real to us for that moment only."

But this nameless child and the Roman boy Marius had also another trait in common; a fervid touch of mysticism. This mysticism fell into abeyance later in life, crushed by the philosophy of moments, the search for sensation, which took hold upon its possessor.

But it did not die out; else had Cecilia been no influence over the young Marius, and the House Beautiful not beautiful at all to him; and the "Child in the House" would have found his final philosophy of life in the conclusion of the "Renaissance." But this mysticism, having for awhile slept, awoke, and led both of them to a higher ideal.

It were tedious to give an abstract of the story of Marius; to many it will be known. Moreover, the book is one of thought, not of

action; the plot of the book is, as it were, the evolution of Walter Pater's own ideas of life; and the dramatic moments of the story consist of subtle mind-changes, not of incidents. We have said that, like the "Child in the House," the boy Marius was a passionate lover of concrete beauty—"as the eye would be for him the determining influence of life," he was one of those who must be made perfect by the love of visible beauty. But there was a certain saving austerity too in him, a certain sense of responsibility toward the world of men and things which kept him serious and dignified amid the Epicurean speculations which engrossed him later in life.

While under the influence of his friend Flavian the poet, Marius did but develop his love of physical beauty; for Flavian was a brilliant and sceptical Pagan who worshipped nothing but the things of this earth, and longed for nothing but worldly fame and a life of pleasure; he was, as Marius counted him later, "the epitome of the whole Pagan world, the depth of its corruption, the perfection of its form." And this sensuous element in him was emphasised by reading the "Golden Book of Apuleius," that master of a strangely fascinating style, like a mosaic of many colours and elaborately wrought design. Marius at this time was perhaps living the life that is advocated in the "Renaissance." But the death of Flavian, with all its pathos of one young and brilliant being too early cut down, was the means of bringing a deeper, more thoughtful element into his philosophy.

And so he turns and studies the theories of Heraclitus, and takes to heart his great pessimistic cry, *πάντα ῥεῖ*, and studies the works of the Neo-Cyrenaics. It will not be necessary to detail all the ideas of the Neo-Cyrenaicism; to do so would occupy more space than I may command. It must suffice to give one or two extracts which will show at what point exactly in his mental progress Marius had arrived at this period of his life. It will be observed that a deeper, more moral—can we call it?—element had entered already into his theories.

"Conceded that what is secure in our existence is but the sharp apex of the present moment between two hypothetical extremities, and all that is real in our experience but a series of fleeting impressions; given that we are never to get beyond the walls of this closely shut cell of one's own personality, that the ideas we are somehow impelled to form of an outer world and of other minds akin to our own are, it may be, but a day-dream, the thought of any world beyond but a day-dream perhaps idler still, then he at least in whom those fleeting impressions were very real and imperious might well set him-

self to the consideration how such actual moments as they passed might be made to yield their utmost by the most dexterous training of capacity."

To attain this end, culture, an education of the æsthetic faculties, was needed in order that one should miss no detail of this life of realised consciousness in the present. This doctrine seems not unlike our ordinary conception of Hedonism, and there were not wanting those who thought that Marius was making pleasure, as generally and poorly conceived, the object of life. But it was not pleasure, but the fulness of life, whatever might be ideal and heroic, that he aimed at. He had advanced so far from the Flavian period. The mystic element in his nature had now to find outlet in the somewhat barren joy of a passionate contemplation of the products of imagination; and already, too, a certain inconsistency creeps into his philosophy, for, being of the poetic temperament, he lived much in reminiscence; and, too, in spite of his ideal—the pleasure of the ideal the mystic now—he would feel a longing to detain what was so transient. "To create, to live perhaps a little while beyond the allotted hours, if it were but in a fragment of perfect expression." This pathetic longing for some sort of immortality is what Mr. Pater had not counted on in his conclusion to the "Renaissance." However eager the pursuit of pleasure, however full this life may be of exquisite and dramatic moments, will it satisfy if, owing to lack of faith, there is no belief in a future life? I think not. It is a haunting thought that we shall be no more after death, and one to spoil the brightest hours. And so men are fain to snatch at some poor consolation—at something in which they will live on, however poorly and inefficiently, after death. "Only let something of me remain!" they cry, and, like Marius, yearn to survive, if it be but in a perfect fragment of expression.

Though an advance on his earlier ideas, yet it is conceivable, says the author, that the present theory of life accepted by Marius, with some modifications, might find itself "weighing the claims of that concentrated impassioned realisation of experience against those of received morality"—the theory indeed might be pernicious to those who had a tendency to vice; but Marius, we are told, kept pure, and was braced, not enervated, by his theory or practice. In Marius, indeed, we have that self-restrained, orderly nature which became Mr. Pater's ideal. A life well-ordered and of simple pleasures was much advocated by him later in life; and restraint is the key-note of Plato and Platonism.

If we are right in taking Marius as an autobiographical sketch of

the author's own mental evolution, we see that he has already progressed from the purely sensuous theory of life held at first, to something deeper and more intellectual. There are still dangers in it for the weak; but one like Marius is able to avoid them, for his blood and heart was pure, and the idea of responsibility had crept in too. The one question to ask is not now, "Does it please me?" The excessive individuality of the earlier æsthetic philosophy is modified with a sense of responsibility.

Marius longs to speak to men's hearts, "and there were many points on which the heart of that age greatly needed to be touched." To think of what the age needed had not formed part of "that burning with a hard, gem-like flame which was success in life." The intense egoism of the first doctrine of pleasure is now improved by the incoming of a moral element, a religious sense of responsibility, "to offend against which brought with it a strange feeling of disloyalty as to a person."

"And the determination, adhered to with no misgiving, to add nothing, not so much as a transient sigh, to the great total of men's unhappiness in his way through the world, that too was something to rest on, in the drift of mere appearances."

"O the little more, and how much it is!" these added notes of restraint, austerity, and responsibility. What a difference they make to the philosophy of pleasure; it is indeed a far cry from this to the ultra-Hedonistic theory of responsibility being due to oneself alone. So far has Marius already advanced.

But the completion of his development was to be attained in Rome, whither now, at the invitation of a friend of his father's, he turned his steps. Just as now, in France or England, all that is most intellectual, most modern, most inquiring, drains into the capital, so then in Italy all things tended to concentrate themselves in Rome. And even more comprehensive and cosmopolitan were the elements focussed together there than those of London, say, for Rome was the capital of the world. Here were gathered all the philosophies; speculation was rife; and religion too, though it had lost its primitive simplicity and faith, was yet all-embracing, adding new gods to the old with curious impartiality. The religions of all her conquered territories had been amalgamated to her own special worship. "And certainly the most religious city in the world took no care to veil its devotion, however fantastic; the humblest house had its little chapel or shrine, its image or lamp."

To one so sensitive as Marius, the thrill of joy on reaching the Eternal City must have been keen indeed—on the first day of his

visit he was fain to see all things as if it were his last also. And yet, too, there was something in it all with which he was not in touch. A certain frivolity of the inhabitants, a restless seeking for amusement, an instability and feverishness which we are now wont to consider the signs of a century's end; that general dissatisfaction and weariness which comes to those who are always seeking something new—*fin de siècle* we call it. And when on the first evening he heard the "reckless call to play of the sons and daughters of foolishness to those in whom their life was still green—'donec virenti canities abest—donec virenti canities abest,' he felt that his Epicureanism had nothing in common with such wasteful affections as these."

But, in addition to the attraction of the mere external things of the town, we can well believe that the fact of Marcus Aurelius being the Emperor was the most potent attraction of the Eternal City to Marius. Though a leader of a school of thought quite alien to that which Marius had adopted, yet Marcus, in his simple dignity, must have been an impressive figure to him as to others—a figure illumined with a certain pathetic light also, for the sadness of one placed in a position which he would not have chosen is always consummately pitiful to the thoughtful.

Marius soon heard him speak. His oration had for key-note that thought which had depressed ages before as proud a monarch as even the Roman Cæsar—*Vanitas vanitatum.* It was a speech of disillusion, of the uselessness of clinging to earthly things, of the transient nature of all things, even fame; "the very quintessence of all the old Roman epitaphs, of all that was monumental in that city of tombs, layer upon layer of dead things and people." Be calm, neither set over-store on joy or trouble—for what are these but like drifting leaves? Even people also, our enemies, our friends, blown across the road of life—whither, who knows? Now here, now gone for ever. For the Stoic philosophy too insisted on the eternal motion of things, but formulated as a logical deduction thereof a far different theory of life to the Cyrenaics. Not, Let me make the most of what is here, and now; but, I will turn away mine eyes from vanity, renounce, withdraw myself alike from all affections. This was the conclusion of Aurelius. And in the humility of this idea of the worthlessness of all things, even oneself, there was surely something also not altogether far from pride also; and so the Stoic continually cried, "Abase yourselves!" though in reality his attitude of aloofness from all things that might trouble his equanimity gave him a sort ot personal dignity which he was not always slow to claim.

"I am worthless, here to-day, gone to-morrow. My fame, what is

that? Think upon the great cities of the world that have perished. What is their fame? Nothing, a handful of dust." So said the Stoic, shaming himself. And yet how could he avoid feeling a certain pride—a pride of one who sees the futility of everything for which men so eagerly desired? Marcus especially assails the desire of posthumous fame. "Art thou in love with men's praises? Wouldst thou have their praise after death? Bethink thee that they who shall come after and with whom thou wouldst survive by thy great name will be but as these . . . of all whose memory he would have, each one will likewise very quickly depart, until memory herself be put out."

That Marius should in his keen, eager youth feel much sympathy with a speech so utterly antipathetic to his own ideas was not possible. Indeed, after hearing it, and seeing the Emperor in his own palace, he questioned, "Was there not something mediocre about it all—though a golden mediocrity, perhaps?" Yet the oration must have suggested one or two things to Marius which, perhaps, paved the way for much that he thought later.

Were, for instance, the things of this world really worth striving after? Were they ends in themselves? Was the most exquisite moment, drained of all its latent possibilities, really sufficient? Would even a life made up of these be a success, with nothing beyond? And how satisfy the craving after something beyond death? Could this mystic longing be stilled by the thought that he might live on in some perfect fragment of expression? Why, even such miserable substitute for immortality was not to be counted on as sure. And yet, on the other hand, he saw that the cold, aloof attitude to life of the Stoic was not for him; for it was incomplete in spite of its seeming dignity, and apt to lead to a false pride.

And so we can imagine Marius would at this time be vaguely troubled; a little doubtful as to whether he really held the key of life after all. Indeed, we find him soon recasting his opinions, re-examining them, in the chapter called Second Thoughts.

On his journey to Rome, however, a new factor had entered into his life; for he had then met the centurion Cornelius, who was afterwards to exercise an influence over him even more powerful than that of Flavian had been—when he was first taught fully to appreciate physical beauty—an influence, moreover, ineffably more precious and uplifting.

Marius had met Cornelius on his way to Rome; and had at once been attracted by his calm, pure face, and by a certain reserve of manner which in no way detracted from the freshness of his demeanour. Moving in a world of "comely usage," yet there

seemed to belong to him the atmosphere of another circle, still more comely and exclusive might be. He was full, too, of the gentle courtesies of life, so necessarily dear to one of Marius' temperament.

So Marius at once took to him, as the colloquial phrase has it, finding a certain discrimination of taste in him akin to his own; and, moreover, was excited to curiosity by an air of mystery, of elusiveness in his friend. What was it governed his life? For Marius could soon perceive that Cornelius regulated his days, his habits in accordance with some standard, of which as yet he spoke not.

It was pleasant to escape with one who was so fresh, with all his severity, as some might have called it, was so pure too, from the fever and hurry of Roman life. There was something restful and certain about him; in the hurry of existence he was firm and self-contained. And Marius knew, too, without being told, that Cornelius had "discovered some light upon the way of life which had as yet been denied to him."

Cornelius was a Christian, but Marius did not know this. He only recognised him as one who had somewhere found a better key to life than he himself was possessed of. He could not help comparing to himself the character of Cornelius and that of his friend. Of the Emperor, indeed, his opinion had suffered somewhat, as he saw him looking so calmly at the carnage of the amphitheatre, and yet had to acknowledge that he had something of the sublime about him, as he set boldly out on a campaign against the Barbarians—for warfare must have been abnormally distasteful to him, whose ideal of life was one of retirement and thought.

In two things especially Marius noticed that these men, each wonderful and nearly perfect in their way, entirely differed.

With Aurelius happiness was an effort. "Let thine air be cheerful," he had indeed said and given out as a motto for life, but he only attained to cheerfulness at rare and fleeting moments, and this too while saying that "whatever is, is right." Perhaps the rarity of his happiness was due to this "too facile optimism," as Mr. Pater calls it. Cornelius, however, saw and recognised evil as a permanent element in the world, and yet had an even cheerfulness of aspect denied to the Emperor, who shut his eyes to evil and called it good.

And then again, Aurelius despised the body, and the result of his teaching was to treat it as a dead-weight, a corpse to which the Spirit was for a time unfortunately bound.

be misrepresented as such. There was something strenuous and arduous in his effort at the ideal at this time; he gave a new but very real meaning, says Mr. Pater, to the words "let us work while it is yet day." So he could not become as those around him without a lowering of himself, a degradation of his intellectual and moral superiority; for his ideal was far finer than that of the effete and frivolous Roman world; finer even, because more human, than the austere Stoicism of the Emperor.

And yet there was a defect somewhere, and the thought of the ironic shortness of life weighed upon him. Thus was Marius haunted as he began to till and rearrange his "Epicurean Rose-garden." He did not know that it was his companionship with Cornelius that had put these thoughts and doubts into his head. He was, unknown to himself, standing at the threshold of the House Beautiful, where the first message of the truth would be given to his but half-comprehending mind. And before this, too, on one very perfect day when all nature seemed at her loveliest, there came to him a sort of flash of inspiration—a psychological moment we, in modern jargon, call it—when a certain aspect of the truth, just for an instant, elusively shone before him.

For as he sat in an olive garden, waiting at an inn at which the trappings of his horse were being repaired, the thought came across him vaguely and in a wandering way, whether, in the well-loved solitude he so often sought, there had not been some invisible companion ever at his side, never failing—a friend in addition to Flavian and Cornelius. Had he really ever been alone? and if so, would not the whole world have faded from around him? What rich companionship had he not found in solitude! And as he thought on this still afternoon in this peculiar and privileged hour, the question came to him—might not all the things he saw around him, the garden wherein he sat, the concrete things of earth, "be in themselves but reflections in, or creations of, that one indefectible mind wherein he too became conscious for an hour, a day, for so many years? On what other hypothesis could he so well understand the persistency of all these things, or his own intermittent consciousness of them?"

And just at that time the barrier of the world seemed fading away, and he felt a great joy as a new doctrine was born within him, and the hidden companion figured as "an unfailing assistant without whose inspiration and concurrence he could not breathe or see." And somehow the sorrow he had often felt at the brevity of things fell from him, life lost its pathos, as he realised that they would exist

thing—yet as only one more sensation acquired; superior to, yet almost of the same calibre as the rest.

But this "psychological instant of spiritual perception," to which all things in Marius had been tending, was really important, because it was a fitting prelude to the more certain influences that were to follow.

From this moment, too, Marius, though one not given quickly and unthinkingly to change, was conscious during the next few years of a subtle metamorphosis being worked within him. Especially was this the case in his feelings towards concrete things, for somehow he could not help realising that the realities of life were becoming for him less real—diminishing gradually, as it were.

Keenly did he feel this when he accepted an invitation to meet at supper the ideal of his early youth—Apuleius—scarcely wishing now to see him, perhaps, and yet desirous of knowing, once for all, what it was he had really admired in the days of the past. The banquet, with its strains of hidden music, its dainty foods and witty conversation, hardly interested him, for he was out of touch with it all. And as he contemplated Apuleius, the decadent of his day, he felt that his own advance in thought was something very sure after all. And yet the African author was a fascinating figure, clad in his flower-garnished toga, and his conversation, like his writing, was a rare collection of strange and curious things, with something of an exotic Eastern perfume about them. And even this decadent, too, Marius discovered, when talking to him alone, had some spiritual ideas, vaguely believing in ministering spirits who flew betwixt the gods and men.

The house of the noble widow Cecilia must in any case have appealed to Marius, but the fact that Cornelius introduced him to it, soon after the visit to the Pagan villa, doubtless made its charm still more poignant.

There was a comely neatness and order about it very alluring to him, and an air of peace and calm, refreshing and soothing.

But it was in the Catacomb, which he now saw for the first time, that his feelings were most touched. He had always had indeed a preference for that mode of burial where the limbs are laid out in repose for their lasting sleep; it seemed to him more reverent, more respectful to the human body which he venerated so much, than mere burning may be.

And these people, whoever they might be, seemed to have a reverence for the body akin to his own; and entertained great hopes for it too, he found as he read some of the inscriptions; and

in the person of the Virgin Mary, who, in her purity, humility, and dignity restored to women the treasures they had lost.

Peace was the keynote of Christian life at this time; peace and goodwill to men. This harmonious life, where all things were used for the best ends, with its courtesy, cheerfulness, and calm, was, we can imagine, a grateful experience to Marius, who had become so wearied with the unsatisfying and restless existence of the Pagan capital. The house of Cecilia was a haven where he could seek rest.

And the Church had, too, that with which she could appeal to his love of outward beauty—presenting to him her ritual; which seemed to him even more lovely and admirable when it flashed upon him that these outward beauties were not a mere painted show appealing to the eye alone, but were the fitting symbols of beauties more spiritual, and therefore more real, than they themselves could ever be.

The service of the Mass had not as yet been endowed with all the glories of the more ample ritual that in later days adorned it.

The Church had not buildings of her own, and her services were held more or less in private houses, and in secret. And yet, even at this time, there was enough of outward beauty and ceremony to impress the mere looker-on, such as Marius was, the first time he was present at the Eucharist.

The gladness of the children's "Christe Eleison, Kyrie Eleison," changing later into a richer melody, the wonderful poetry of the Psalms sung by these men, women, and children, all with a great light of faith and kindliness ablaze in their faces, struck home to him with a charm that he felt would never fail or grow weary. The worship, too, seemed to him superior to Pagan ceremonies, which with all the pomp of their externality never called the understanding into play.

The movements of the priest, as he washed his hands, or blessed the sacred elements, seemed full of mysteriousness and power; and his chanting of the chief parts of the service was infinitely sweet and impressive. And so he watched the service, gradually becoming aware that this sacrifice was offered in honour of One Who claimed absolute imitation and obedience. It was to Him they brought the simple offerings of wheat and oil, of bread and wine. He was present upon the altar there, and to Him they cried, "Adoramus te, Christe, quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum."

And all around him he saw people rejoicing this Christmas morn that He was born and had become man for the sake of men. "Ite,

missa est," cried the young deacons, and Marius departed from that strange scene along with the rest. What was it? Was it this made the way of Cornelius so pleasant through the world? As for Marius himself, the natural soul of worship in him had at last been satisfied as never before.

Yes, the secret of the Christians' joy lay in this service, inasmuch as at that time their Risen Lord was so certainly in their midst. So in their days of peace they naturally gave thanks at the Eucharist for all their joy.

But Marius was to see also how the Mass not only satisfied their instincts of worship when in peace, but also was a consolation to them in the time of trouble.

To this service they turned when the terrible letter narrating the persecutions at Lyons and Vienne had been received. In this mystic rite they sought strength to bear their sorrow and courage to meet calmly the same doom perhaps. As the sky grew gloomier, and the Pagan world became more and more bitter against them, they still gathered together at the Mass to be refreshed with the gifts of Christ.

There had been nothing in Pagan worship like this. The cult of Bacchus and Venus had indeed called into play a ritual joyful enough, yet coarse and uninspired, appealing merely to the worst parts of human nature. But to soothe sorrow it had nothing to offer. There was no steady flame of hope in the Pagan religions—they only touched the extremes of frivolity and despair.

Marius had recognised the predominance of pain in the world, the inexplicable existence of sorrow. We have a letter in which he notices and dwells sympathetically on the sad side of things; the pathetic aspect of everyday life and common experiences. Where was the solution of it all? Where was that which would help one to bear it? The Pagan world gave no answer to such a nature as his; for he was as incapable of ignoring pain as he was of counting impressions and sensations of but little moment.

The attitude of Aurelius was not for him; and indeed Marius realised of how little use the Emperor's philosophy had been even to himself, when he saw him in his triumph followed by all the poor captives who were to be offered in the amphitheatre. This tawdry show, this sight, heartrending to him at least, reduced the Emperor in his eyes to a mediocrity no longer golden.

Somehow this triumph seemed infinitely less triumphant than the aspect of the Christians as they sought consolation in the Mass for all their brethren killed far away in Gaul.

Strange to say, at this point Mr. Pater interrupts the book with a long dialogue between Lucian and a student; interesting as a study of dialectic, but in no wise aiding the development of the story. Marius, indeed, advances no further, and is never actually received into the Church. He is mistaken for a Christian and imprisoned, and, having allowed his friend Cornelius to go in his stead to plead their cause with the Emperor, he dies surrounded by Christians, who administer to him the last Sacrament and treat him as a martyr. Perhaps Mr. Pater regarded this sacrifice as the crown of Marius' life; this laying down his life for his friend.

Why Marius was never received into the Church it is hard to understand. It may be the author shrank from an ending which might savour of the theological novel from the libraries, thinking—and rightly—that to the really intelligent reader the end would not detract in any way from the force of his philosophy.

Moreover, I believe the book was written to show the author's own opinion on life; and Marius himself was, after all, an imaginary figure created to give dramatic colour to those opinions. So the ending really makes little difference to the book, considered as a philosophical work; and artistically considered it is excellent, for life does not always wait for us to formulate fully our ideas before we pass into the unknown. If Mr. Pater had ever retracted anything from what he had said in this book in after works, then the end might have been taken to mean that after all it was best to be only at the threshold of the Church. But this he never did, but rather strengthened and confirmed his theories.

So as we close the book we feel that this is Walter Pater's final teaching upon life; that he who had expressed purely Pagan ideas some years before has now modified his theories and brought them into harmony with the laws of the Church. He has not given up art, far from it, but only art for art's sake. The beautiful, the pleasure-giving are no longer ends in themselves, but only means by which the ideal may be reached.

The greatest art has always been that which tries to elevate men: in painting Fra Angelico, in poetry Dante, in fiction Thackeray. So far is art from curtailing or maiming itself when it has a purpose, that it may be said with truth that no great art was ever without a purpose. The art done for its own sake is the mother of all that is feeble and worthless in every domain of expression. So Mr. Pater, in changing his theories, did not lose art, but rather found her for the first time. He now realised, as Browning had done, that things are worthless, however beautiful, unless they make for righteousness.

The pictures of Pictor Ignotus pleased neither himself nor future generations. Even the idol of the decadents, Paul Verlaine, attained his highest point of expression in his purely religious poetry.

But if we consider Mr. Pater's theories on the practical side, if we consider how they accord with modern life, we must own that the change is all for the better.

The conclusion of the "Renaissance" was dangerous to those who would apply it to life because it judged everything from an individual standard of beauty and pleasure, and also took no account of right and wrong. To the well-balanced mind, perhaps, only the good might appear the beautiful; but we question whether such a character would not be almost unique. We have already said what we think would be the result on minds which are not unique. Such a theory of life is indeed bound to be a failure, for no man can live by individual judgment. He is bound, whether he likes it or not, to take others into account; and he must obey the social conditions under which he is born, however much they may seem to check his artistic development.

Indeed, those who have tried to live up to such a theory have afterwards owned it was impossible, and not even desirable. A free development of individuality, regardless of those around us, and sometimes in spite of them, is after all only a dream of youth, and cannot be realised. We are compelled to give it up later in life. Man was not born to be a law unto himself; he will be to the end of time a society unit.

Mr. Pater, indeed, did not change his views for the practical reasons suggested above. He changed because the truths of Christianity dawned upon him; and he came to believe that in the Church was *real* development alone possible. He saw that it was a better thing to be under the laws of the Church than to try and live for himself alone. And no one can honestly accuse him of giving up his liberty; for no man is really free, however much he may delude himself into the idea that he is. Let him try to be so, and he will find himself hedged in on every side by the claims of his fellow men. He will be one against many; and the result of the struggle is easily to be foreseen.

Such a piece of writing as the conclusion to the "Renaissance" no doubt would lead many to suppose they were free, and that the only people in the world they need take account of were themselves. But the same teacher went on to show that this freedom was, after all, an illusion; that true liberty was the service of Christ; that it was only by entering the Church that the fulness of life could be realised.

Would that those who take the Walter Pater of earlier years as their master would follow him along the path he trod. Many will not do so ; they will say he went backwards, that he became common-place, bourgeois. They will assail him with all the cant opprobrium that comes to hand. But there will be others who will at length acknowledge that Walter Pater sought and found truth. In the Church of Christ he found a real freedom, higher and better than the lawlessness which so often masquerades beneath that name.

STANLEY ADDLESHAW.

at once I saw a rabbit, seemingly fascinated, in the ditch gently running towards me. At once I guessed the cause of this unusual proceeding—that a weasel was pursuing the rabbit. On it came, not in the least caring for man, its greater foe, but pushing past me with scared eyes far more terrified at the weasel which was behind. At that moment, with its head right up in the air sniffing the rabbit's scent, the weasel appeared some twenty yards before me, also in the ditch. The rabbit when once it had passed me seemed to shake off its curious trance and terror, darted through the hedge and ran nimbly over the grass field beyond. Raising my stick, I advanced towards the bloodthirsty little creature, which slowly gave way and ran back through the herbage. I pressed on, and was astonished at a turn to find the weasel standing still, its hair bristling, its tail waving like that of an angry cat, and now reinforced by a second, which also looked extremely unamiable. I was miserably hampered by trees and bushes on each side, and determined to get out of the ditch in case my little enemies should attack me. An old willow bent over my head from the hedge, and I jumped up, caught a branch and pulled myself towards the trunk by it, scrambling thence to a larger bough which extended over the hedge, and intending to drop in the field beyond. But I looked at my enemies before dropping, and saw them reinforced by three more, and all had scented me and were approaching with fury in their demeanour to assail me in my friendly tree. Clearly it was best to remain where I was for a minute or two and let them pass on. This, however, was farthest from their thoughts. Baffled by their smaller victim, they had made up their mind in their frenzy to attack me, and soon they advanced to the tree, and while two proceeded to climb up, the others rushed at the hedge and commenced to scramble up its sticks. Matters looked serious, and I leaned down and struck one weasel off the trunk of the willow, but it began climbing again, apparently little the worse for the blow, and I remembered that unless its back be broken the weasel possesses even more lives than a cat; the weasels which were scrambling up the hedge were now nearing me, and I foresaw that they might render my position untenable if they all fell on me at once. Luckily I disabled one with my stick, but as I did so another bit me fiercely on the left fingers which held the willow bough, and then dropped off as I hastily removed my hand.

Matters now looked serious, as my hand bled a good deal, and the smell and sight of the blood appeared to madden my small foes worse than before. To my horror, too, I now counted seven

questing about below me, and now rushing up the willow, now ascending by the boughs of the hedge, while I stoutly defended myself, and meditated what should be my next move. Fortunately I was not more than a hundred yards from a river which ran in the grass field below, and I determined to evacuate my present position, and take refuge in it, where I might evade or better deal with my assailants. I had small time allowed me in which to come to this decision, for the maddened creatures were all round me, and gave me plenty of work in defending myself. Nor did they seem in the least to tire of the business. On the contrary, they now numbered eleven, and each accession of allies appeared to give them fresh rage.

Suddenly I dropped on the hedge, and leaping into the field ran at once to the river, followed by the weasels, who were at first somewhat disconcerted by my strategy. They soon recovered themselves, however, and caught me, tearing at my trousers and leaping on my coat, but I effectually disabled two before I reached the bank. Weasels, I knew, could swim well. I had often seen them crossing streams, but I had laid my plan of escape as cunningly as did Horatius in the battle between his kindred and the Curiatii. My plan was to cut them off one by one. Thanks to wading in the river while trout-fishing, I knew its exact depth, and, jumping in, swam some half-dozen strokes to a pebble ridge, on which I was certain I could stand up to my waist, but none of it projected from the water. The current naturally flowed swiftly on each side of this bank. Taking my stick from my mouth, I now faced my pursuers in confidence. They halted for a moment on the bank, sniffed the air, and did not seem inclined at first to dispute my victory. At length a couple leapt in, and were swept down past me. I could not reach them, but waited for the rest. The others, whether from instinct or by what looked remarkably like a reasoning process, went twenty yards or so farther up the bank, and then leapt in, hoping the stream would carry them on to me. I let them come opposite, and then killed both as they swam by. Not discouraged, the others leapt in all at once, and drifted down towards me. I killed another, and disabled a second, and hoped I was clear of my enemies now. Not at all. They landed, and to the number of five again ran up the bank, and repeated this manœuvre of swimming down. Again I killed two, and it will hardly be credited that the remaining three, with courage worthy of a better cause, again and again leapt in, trying to fix on me, until I had killed every one of them. Then I swam out, victorious,

but drenched and bleeding. Without doubt had the little vivacious brutes once disabled me, I should have had scant mercy shown me, and would have been eaten alive.

I went home and changed, but mentioned the story to none, fancying that it would seem hardly credible for a man to have been exposed to such danger from these small creatures. But a month afterwards I met the keeper, attended by his two inseparable terriers. On asking him, as I usually did, whether he had seen any uncommon bird or the like of late, he answered, "No, but a curious thing has happened all the same. I have not lately seen or trapped a weasel in these woods, where there are generally plenty, nor have the dogs found or chased one. I can't think what has come of them all!" I could have told him, but I didn't.

M. G. WATKINS.

DONNA PIETRA.

La mente mia è più dura che pietra
In tener forte immagine di Pietra.

IN the history of the human spirit, as recorded in painting and in poetry, there have been women who have played no little part and yet who survive to us as little more than a rich mysterious aroma. Their names have not been handed down; of their lives and fate there is only vague conjecture to work upon; yet for a time they had at their feet the greatest of men, and from their souls drew forth a music strange and manifold:

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!

That unknown dark-eyed and dusky-haired woman, with her pale face and Circean wiles, her fingers toying with the keys of the virginal, evoking melody to find a deathless echo from the soul of Shakespeare, will for ever remain an insoluble problem invested with unfading fascination, a gorgeous wonder as long as books are read, with an intensity of human interest and passion which the fabulous enchantresses of Ariosto and Tasso can never afford:

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?

Less than a century earlier another woman, now equally hidden from our knowledge in the mist of centuries, had played upon the chords of Raphael's heart. The vague and silly gossip of Vasari may well be neglected—dismissed with the later Fornarina legend into the ante-hell of oblivion, and a certain painting in the Barberini Palace left to Giulio Romano or to whomsoever else the critical historian of art may be pleased to ascribe it. A sonnet, a divine

portrait, and then one ineffable vision rising through the beloved to the greatest conception of the ideal of womanhood—these are the records and memories that remain of the woman whom Raphael loved.

In a fragment of verse still preserved, Raphael speaks of the sweetness of her embrace—

> Quanto fu dolce . . . . la catena
> De suoi candidi bracci al col mio volti,
> Che sciogliendomi io sento mortal pena.[1]

And, again, while he worked upon what is perhaps the noblest fruit of his genius, those frescoes for Pope Julius in the Stanza della Segnatura, the young artist in the full enthusiasm of his first visit to the eternal city and the certainty of an audience and a patron worthy of his highest endeavours, "pouring his soul with kings and popes to see," has told us how sweet was the remembrance in his work of their mutual love: *un pensier dolce è rimembrare.* For, as he set forth those wondrous conceptions of Poetry, Philosophy, and Theology, with their work throughout the ages upon the spirit of man, while Aquinas and Dante, Plato and Aristotle, with Apollo and the Muses and sages and poets of old, took new life beneath his hand, and the sacred things of Christian Faith were no less brought nearer and rendered more vivid to men, we know how on the page of studies still to be seen in the British Museum he strove to record in a sonnet that love:

> Or lingua di parlar disciogli il nodo
> A dir di questo inusitato inganno
> Che amor mi fece per mio grave affanno,
> Ma lui più ne ringrazio e lei ne lodo.[2]

Some years later Raphael painted her portrait—that white veiled lady with the splendid eyes and passionate face, the "Donna Velata" of the Pitti Palace. There is perhaps a trace of her too in the St. Mary Magdalene of the St. Cecilia altar-piece at Bologna; and at last, when the sublime vision of the Madonna di San Sisto was to be painted, it was her face that inspired the artist's hand and led him on to Mary, almost as Beatrice led a still greater Italian into the snow white Rose of Paradise and up to the very foot of Madonna's throne.

Like Shakespeare's dark lady, so Raphael's "Donna Velata"

[1] How sweet was the chain of her white arms round my neck, from which in freeing myself I feel mortal pain.

[2] May my tongue have power to tell of this strange deceit that Love has made to torment me, yet the more I thank him for it and give praise to her.

For winter is the season depicted in these canzoni, a hard and biting winter amidst mountainous surroundings; and the form of the poems is as complicated as the patterns upon the ice, and the passion they express as fierce and as bitter as the gusts of the wintry wind. They are four in number, and are distinguishable from Dante's other minor poems by this involved and difficult artistic form (one being a sestina and another a kind of double sestina); by their obscurity and general asperity of rhythm; by this wintry setting and bitter tone, so absolutely different from that of the poetry addressed to Beatrice and belonging to the cycle of the "Vita Nuova," as also from that of the canzoni connected with the allegorical lady of the "Convito," who symbolises philosophy; and, [illegible] all, by the perpetual playing upon the word *pietra*, or "stone," [illegible] occurs persistently in all the four. It is conjectured with [illegible] of probability that they were composed about the same [illegible]ressed to one object real or imaginary, and it has even been

supposed that Pietra may probably be the real name of the lady to whom they refer.

The poet Giosuè Carducci, in an essay in "Il Secolo di Dante," and again in his "Studi Letterari," has drawn at some length an eloquent comparison between the poems of this little group and those of the "Vita Nuova." He contrasts the suprasensible, ethereal, and angelical spirit of the latter with the hard and fierce similes of this "stony" group, the mystical semi-ecclesiastical perfume of the Beatrice poems with the almost savage naturalism of some of the others, which yet are not without an occasional breath of the freshness of the country and the joy of the open sky with a hint of the spring to come. He remarks that they are as the passion of manhood following after the love of youth, and that this poetry was needed also for the singer of Beatrice to completely develop into the future poet.[1]

In his "Storia della Letteratura Italiana," Professor Bartoli writes of these poems in a somewhat similar strain. As to the use of the word *pietra*, he does not believe that Pietra is the true name of the lady Dante loves, but rather a name invented by the poet to express her dominant characteristics, her obdurate coldness towards himself. He regards both Selvaggia (the name by which Cino da Pistoia describes his golden-haired lady of the Apennines) and Beatrice herself as merely names of this kind, and possibly Petrarch's Laura as no more. Whether these ladies were real or only ideals, their poet lovers concealed the real names—Dante, indeed, in one of these very poems implies that he will not reveal the name of her who so fills his heart. These names, according to Professor Bartoli, are mere poetical fictions to express what he calls "un modo soggettivo di provare l'amor." Just as Beatrice (the giver of blessing) perfectly corresponds to the sweet and gentle poems of the "Vita Nuova," so Pietra is the fittest possible name to connect with the *aspro parlare* of this group.[2] The whole subject has been treated in a thorough but very unpleasant manner by the late Signor V. Imbriani in his essay "Sulle canzoni Pietrose di Dante."[3] He contrives from the text of these poems to evolve a tolerably scandalous story concerning this lady Pietra, and to weave it in with a highly imaginative and absolutely impossible theory of his own about the Francesca da Rimini incident in the "Inferno." His theory and his method of supporting it are alike so unpleasing to a true lover of the divine

[1] G. Carducci, "Studi Letterari," Livorno, 1880, pp. 203 and 204.
[2] A. Bartoli, "Storia della Letteratura Italiana," vol. 4, pp. 296–298.
[3] V. Imbriani, "Studi Danteschi," Firenze, 1891.

poet, that one feels compelled to pass his arguments over in silence. Dr. Scartazzini rejects the theory of the "Canzoni Pietrose" entirely, although he admits their undoubted genuineness, and supposes that three out of the four were intended by Dante to have been introduced into the "Convito."

The notion of Dante's love for a lady named Pietra is a fairly old one, dating back to the sixteenth century. It would indeed seem to be merely founded upon one of these poems. A Paduan writer of verses, Antonio Maria Amadi, in a long commentary upon one of his own canzoni, published in Padua in 1565, quotes from Dante's *Amor tu vedi bene*, one of these four, and declares that it was written for the love of Madonna Pietra, of the noble family of the Scrovigni of Padua, and more modern Paduan Dante scholars have striven hard for the honour of their native city. It is quite certain that Dante was personally acquainted with this family. In the seventh circle of Hell, where the wretched usurers are seated and enduring their fiery torment, Dante sees an unfortunate creature with the Scrovigni arms displayed on the purse hanging at his neck :

> Ed un che d'una scrofa azzurra e grossa
> Segnato avea lo suo sacchetto bianco
> Mi disse : "Che fai tu in questa fossa?"[1]

It was a member of the same family who erected the Madonna of the Arena, whose walls are covered with Giotto's splendid frescoes. His portrait is introduced into the Paradise of the painter's "Last Judgment," and it is most probable that Dante and Giotto met at Padua. There is no doubt that there really was a person called Pietra Degli Scrovigni, and that she was in all respects a very charming and admirable young lady ; but, unfortunately for Paduan critical patriotism, there can also be very little doubt that at the time when Dante probably wrote these "Canzoni Pietrose" this special Pietra had not yet been born. Other attempts have been made to identify Dante's Pietra, but they are merely guesswork. The fact, however, remains that we have this peculiar little group of four poems, of which the authenticity of three at least is beyond doubt, marked with their own peculiarities as much as the larger, better-known, and undoubtedly more excellent group of poems connected with Beatrice and the "Vita Nuova."

This is the burden of Dante's song throughout the four—this *sol pensier d amore*, as he calls it :

[1] "Inferno," xvii. 64-66 : "And one, who had his white pouch emblazoned with an azure gravid sow, said to me, 'What dost thou in this ditch?'"

> La mente mia è più dura che pietra,
> In tener forte immagine di pietra.

"My mind is harder than rock in holding fast this image of stone." We are as much justified in (mentally, at least—as a second meaning) writing the *pietra* in the last line with a capital :—

> In tener forte immagine di Pietra,

and so engrave upon the stone a lady's name, as modern editors of the "Inferno" are justified, in spite of the views of Dante's earliest commentators, in writing *feltro* with a capital F in the famous line in the first canto :

> E sua nazion sarà tra feltro e feltro,

and so embroider on the felt the name of an Italian town. Dante's idea in these canzoni is, of course, obviously based on the familiar text in the Vulgate, "Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram."

The four poems of which this thought is the kernel are the Canzone (No. IX. in Fraticelli's edition), *Così nel mio parlar voglio esser aspro* ("So in my speech would I fain be harsh") ; the sestina, which is quoted by Dante himself in the "Volgare Eloquio," and has been so exquisitely rendered into English verse by Dante Rossetti, *Al poco giorno ed al gran cerchio d'ombra* ("To the dim light and the large circle of shade") ; the Canzone (X. in Fraticelli's edition) or double sestina, also cited by Dante in the "Volgare Eloquio," and which is the one which first suggested to the Paduan writer already mentioned this love of Dante's for Donna Pietra, *Amor tu vedi ben che questa donna* ("Love thou seest well that this lady") ; and finally the Canzone on Winter (XI. ed. Fraticelli), from which the above lines are taken, *Io son venuto al punto della rota* ("I am come to the point of the wheel").

The only poem of these four in which there is no mention of the winter is the first (Canzone IX. ed. Frat.), which Dean Plumptre, who translates it under the title of the "Lover's Threats," seems to regard as of doubtful authenticity and would connect with that more famous canzone usually ascribed to Fazio degli Uberti (*Io miro i crespi e gli biondi capegli De' quali ha fatto per me rete Amore*—"I gaze upon that crisp and golden hair of which Love has made a net for me"), mainly apparently on account of what he calls their "wild sensual Swinburnian eagerness of passion." It is, however, quoted by Petrarch, but, as he does not expressly say that it is Dante that he is quoting, this cannot be taken as a very strong argument for its genuineness, although the context would certainly seem to point to Dante as the poet to whom Petrarch has recourse for the line in

question. In the fifth Canzone *in vita di Madonna Laura* he ends each stanza with a line from another poet, the last stanza ending with a line from another poem of his own; the first is from Arnaldo Daniello, the second and fourth are well-known lines from canzoni of Guido Cavalcanti and Cino da Pistoia, while the third stanza ends with—

> Così nel mio parlar voglio esser aspro;

and the place thus indicated in this little quotation history of love poetry most clearly can belong to no other but Dante Alighieri.

> Così nel mio parlar voglio esser aspro,
> Com' è negli atti questa bella pietra.

As Dr. Plumptre translates it, this runs—

> Fain in my speech would I be harsh and rough
> As is in all her acts that rock so fair.

But, upon the hypothesis of the object of this poem being a real woman, we might also translate the line—

> As is in all her acts this Pietra fair!

or at least understand this as a probable second meaning.

It is a bitter outcry upon his lady's hardness and the ruthless lordship of Love beneath which the poet lies prostrate. For this stone he is enduring in his heart the torments of the fiery lake, and there is a wild exaggerated burst of fierce fancy of violently grasping her golden hair, and, in spite of her, gazing his fill into those bright eyes; and so—

> Guarderei presso e fiso,
> Per vendicar lo fuggir che mi face,
> E poi le renderei con amor pace.

"I would gaze closely and fixedly to venge me for her flight from me, and then with love render her peace." But he will not disclose her name—or at least only in this mysterious enigmatic way—which would seem to imply that Pietra is but her name inasmuch as she is stone to him; for the poet says to Love:

> Perchè non ti ritemi
> Rodermi così il core scorza a scorza,
> Com' io di dire altrui che ten dà forza?

or, as Dr. Plumptre renders it:

> Why hast thou no dismay
> Thus to devour my whole heart bit by bit,
> As I to tell who gives thee strength for it?

This canzone, whether genuine or not, is far surpassed in beauty and in interest by the sestina. That Dante looked upon this latter

composition of his with very great favour (and with good reason too!) is shown from his twice quoting it in the "De Vulgari Eloquentia." Later on in the history of Italian poetry the sestina became a favourite form with Petrarch, and in its construction Dante seems to regard himself as a follower of that *gran maestro d'amor*, Arnaldo Daniello. For Dante a sestina appears to be essentially a canzone composed of unrhymed stanzas, that is, of stanzas in which there is no question of arrangement of rhymes, but which proceed throughout without the repetition of any musical phrase.[1] We have in each stanza the same words repeated at the ending of the lines, but in a different order, the whole composition "ringing its manifold changes like those of a chime of bells upon the six words which are chosen as a theme."[2]

It is in this sestina that a portrait is given us of the object of Dante's love—*La dura pietra Che parla e sente come fosse donna* —"the hard stone [? Pietra] which talks and hears as though it were a lady"—a portrait which can be compared with that of the Beatrice of the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia." Neither in the "Vita Nuova" nor the "Divina Commedia" are we told anything of the colour of Beatrice's hair, but Dante beholds her robed in the spotless white of Faith and Purity, or the subdued and goodly crimson of Love and Charity, or again in the Earthly Paradise clad in all the three mystical colours and crowned with the olive of Wisdom :

> Sopra candido vel cinta d'oliva
> Donna m'apparve, sotto verde manto,
> Vestita di color di fiamma viva.[3]

The divine air of May is around Beatrice at her coming into the poet's New Life ; she frequents those sacred places where words are to be heard of the Queen of Glory ; the roses and lilies of summer rain upon her apparition from the hands of Angels on the banks of Lethe. Green is the hue of Pietra's robe too—green the colour of Hope—but there are hopes that are of the earth besides that sacred Hope whose source is Revelation and whose object is Eternal Beatitude. Pietra's hair is golden, and crowned, not with the olive but with a garland of grass—grass that will perish, for has not Dante himself said—

[1] Plumptre, "The Commedia and Canzoniere," vol. ii. p. 261.

[2] A. G. F. Howell, Dante's "De Vulgari Eloquentia," translated into English, with notes.

[3] *Purg.* xxx. 31-33 : "Crowned with olive over white veil, a lady appeared to me vested under a green mantle in colour of living flame."

> La vostra nominanza è color d'erba,
> Che viene e va, e quei la discolora
> Per cui ell'esce della terra acerba.[1]

For her has Love shut the poet in "Among low hills faster than between walls of granite-stone." Winter is round her or at least coming on apace; the shadows of the hills over where she stands lie dark and the snows have already commenced to be thick upon them. Cold in the summer while yet the grass in the fields was fair beneath their feet, immutable now in the winter, she will not change towards her lover even when the springtide comes:

> Similemente questa nuova donna
> Si sta gelata, come neve all'ombra,
> Che non la muove, se non come pietra,
> Il dolce tempo, che riscalda i colli,
> E che gli fa tornar di bianco in verde,
> Perchè gli copre di fioretti e d'erba.
>
> Utterly frozen is this youthful lady,
> Even as the snow that lies within the shade,
> For she is no more moved than is the stone
> By the sweet season which makes warm the hills
> And alters them afresh from white to green,
> Covering their sides again with flowers and grass.
>
> (*D. G. Rossetti's Translation.*)

And still the poet's love is unaltered, still he sees her

> Sì fatta ch'ella avrebbe messo in pietra
> L'amor ch'io porto pure alla sua ombra,

"so beautiful that she would have wakened in a stone the love that I bear even to her shadow."

The double sestina (Canzone X. ed. Frat.), which has been mentioned already as the poem which first gave rise to this theory of a Donna Pietra, is also mentioned by Dante himself in his "De Vulgari Eloquentia." The whole structure being based upon only five rhymes results in an incessant cry of *pietra*, *Pietra !* throughout the poem. It is not otherwise of much interest or importance, its involved and artificial form depriving it of any real value. We have again the similes from nature in winter, the poet's protestation of never dying devotion, and his call upon Love for pity on him in his lady's ruthless cruelty. Apparently he would seek relief from his passion in forcing his mind to dwell upon the difficult task of this complicated form of composition; the whole poem is completely artificial and the *envoi* gives the pith of it. He will do for this lady, this cold

[1] *Purg.* xi. 115–117: "Your fame is like the colour of grass, which comes and goes, and hat discolours it through which it comes forth unripe from the ground."

rock, this Pietra, *la novità che non fu fatta in alcun tempo*, "the novelty which was never done in any time." We know from the "De Vulgari Eloquentia" what the *novità* in question is: it is the peculiar form of this Canzone or double sestina, the "nimia ejusdem rithmi repercussio," or excessive repetition of the same rhyme, which is to be avoided by the poet who would sing in the highest style—

> Nisi forte novum aliquid atque intentatum Artis hoc sibi preroget . . . hoc et enim nos facere visi sumus ibi: *Amor tu vedi ben che questa Donna.*[1]

In the last of these four poems (Canzone XI. ed. Fraticelli) winter is full upon us and around us, and it is a winter unusually cold and severe. Dante's natal star, the Gemini, rises at sunset, but the star of Love is veiled and Saturn reigns supreme in his chilling influence:

> E però non disgombra
> Un sol pensier d'amore ond'io son carco
> La mente mia, ch'è più dura che pietra
> In tener forte immagine di pietra.

"And yet one sole thought of Love with which I am laden does not leave my mind, which is more firm than a rock in holding fast an image of stone."

Snow and sleet are falling round him, the birds are fled or cease their song, all living things are benumbed with cold. The grass with which his lady had crowned herself at their first meeting is dead and withered now with the leaves and flowers of summer, only the laurel, pine and fir keep their green. Still the poet bears in his heart Love's *amorosa spina*, and, though all around is bound with ice and shrouded with snow, he feels vividly as ever the *dolce martiro* of Love's fire:

> Canzone, or che sarà di me nell'altro
> Dolce tempo novello, quando piove
> Amore in terra da tutti li cieli;
> Quando per questi geli
> Amore è solo in me, e non altrove?
> Saranne quello, ch'è d'un uom di marmo
> Se in pargoletta fia per cuore un marmo.

> What then, my Canzon, will become of me
> In the sweet spring-tide season, when, with showers,
> Love the wide earth from all the heavens shall fill;
> When, in this freezing chill,
> Love doth in me, not elsewhere, show his powers?
> 'Twill be the state of one as marble cold,
> If maiden fair for heart hath marble cold.
> (*Plumptre's Translation.*)

[1] "Unless perchance this expedient claim for itself the merit of being something new and before unattempted in the art [of the Canzone] . . . and this we appear to have achieved in the Canzone beginning *Amor tu vedi ben.*" Dante's "De Vulgari Eloquentia," translated by A. G. F. Howell.

The *dolce tempo novello*—the "sweet spring-tide season"—came indeed; but, if we may take as Dante's next poem the twelfth Canzone *Amor, che muovi tua virtù dal cielo* ("Love, thou that movest thy power from heaven"), it found Pietra forgotten and the poet once more at the feet of Philosophy. Love had ever been leading him

> Con sua dolce favella
> A rimirar ciascuna cosa bella
> Con più diletto quanto è più piacente.

"with his sweet speech to gaze upon each lovely object with the more delight the more beautiful it be," and, through this gazing, Love had brought him from and through the lady of the "Canzoni Pietrose" back to his allegorical lady Philosophy,

> A colei che fu nel mondo nata
> Per aver signoria
> Sovra la mente d'ogni uom che la guata.

"To her who was born into the world to reign over the mind of every one that beholds her." And this lady Philosophy, too, is but a step onward towards the glorified Beatrice of the Earthly and Celestial Paradise to which Love will yet lead him. The passion for Donna Pietra had been a short one: fierce and stormy indeed while it lasted flaming well nigh to the height of frenzy in the winter, but dying out with the return of spring. It has found utterance in four noble poems, but now Philosophy once more claims her votary.

Perhaps, had the work ever been completed, the Canzoni Pietrose would have formed part of the "Convito," and Donna Pietra, even if a real woman, would have been subjected to allegorical treatment. She may be a mere critical dream, but yet it is impossible not to sympathise with the view that regards all the allegorical meanings of the Canzoni as after-thoughts on the part of the poet—that the Canzoni were real love poems which Dante afterwards regretted and endeavoured in the "Convito" to represent as strictly allegorical. The concluding lines of the last stanza of the Canzone on winter

> Saranne quello ch'è d'un uomo di marmo
> Se in *pargoletta* fia per cuore un marmo,

recall the two better known Dantesque poems in which the word *pargoletta* appears—though not necessarily referring to the same object—and are echoed in the famous rebuke which Beatrice administers to Dante in the thirty-first Canto of the "Purgatorio" for his way of life after her death:

E se il sommo piacer sì ti fallìo
Per la mia morte, qual cosa mortale
Dovea poi trarre te nel suo disio?
Ben ti dovevi per lo primo strale
Delle cose fallaci levar suso
Di retro a me, che non era più tale.
Non ti dovea gravar le penne in giuso
Ad aspettar più colpi o *pargoletta*,
O altra vanità con sì breve uso.[1]

These *amori* of Dante, about which his biographers and early commentators write much and know little, may have been innocent enough, though afterwards exaggerated by his sensitive conscience. Literal or allegorical, we know from his own words in the "Convito" that his passionate canzoni were taken as literal by his contemporaries, and might have given rise to suggestions which he desired to repudiate, and which to some extent moved him to apply his allegorical method of interpretation to them in the "Convito":

"Temo la infamia di tanta passione avere seguita quanta concepe chi legge le soprannominate canzoni in me avere signoreggiato; la quale infamia si cessa per lo presente di me parlare interamente; lo quale mostra che non passione ma virtù sia stata la movente cagione" (*i.e.* not earthly love, but philosophical devotion).[2]

But how is this to be reconciled with his bitter repentance in the "Purgatorio," when he dares not meet the eyes of Beatrice in the Earthly Paradise? The very divergence and contradiction proves the existence of the basis of reality which for a time (before quite out of the dark wood) he would fain have denied in the "Convito." These poems were the passionate utterances of youth and early manhood; the matured man, the Florentine statesman and philosopher of the "Convito," would fain have repudiated one side of them, and thrown an allegorical cloak about them.

[1] *Purg.* xxxi. 52–60:—

"And if the highest pleasure thus did fail thee
By reason of my death, what mortal thing
Should then have drawn thee into its desire?
Thou oughtest verily at the first shaft
Of things fallacious to have risen up
To follow me who was no longer such.
Thou oughtest not to have stooped thy pinions downward
To wait for further blows or *pargoletta*,
Or other vanity of such brief use."

(Longfellow's translation, except that he renders *pargoletta* as "little girl.")

[2] "Convito," i. 2: "I fear the infamy of being held subject to such passion as those who read the above-named canzoni will consider possessed me; the which infamy will be entirely removed by my speaking now of myself, and showing that it was not passion but virtue which was their moving cause." (Miss K. Hillard's translation of the "Banquet.")

In such a work as the "Convito" there would be no occasion for a confession—the *desiderio di dottrina dare* (Conv. I. 2) would suffice. But in the "Divina Commedia" it is the Proclaimer of Justice, the supreme singer of Truth, that speaks; it is the man to whom Truth appeals from its changeless throne ("De Monarchia" III. 1). Not only are the souls of other men laid bare to him in Hell and Purgatory, but it is with absolute self-revelation and sincerity that he mirrors himself in the stream of Lethe, and makes full confession without reserve in the presence of Beatrice.

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift,

was the admonition of good Friar Lawrence to Romeo. There is no allegorical veil now; to Beatrice's accusation, Dante's own confession and sorrow are conjoined :

Piangendo dissi : Le presenti cose
Col falso lor piacer volser miei passi,
Tosto che il vostro viso si nascose.
Ed ella ; Se tacessi, o se negassi
Ciò che confessi, non fòra men nota
La colpa tua ; da tal giudice sàssi.
Ma quando scoppia dalla propria gota
L'accusa del peccato, in nostra corte
Rivolge sè contra il taglio la ruota.[1]

He is drawn through the mystical stream with its three paces, and the *pargoletta*, be she Pietra or another, real or imaginary, is with all else forgiven him in the reunion with Beatrice.

[1] *Purg.* xxxi. 34–42 :
Weeping I said : "The things that present were
With their false pleasure turned aside my steps,
Soon as your countenance concealed itself."
And she : "Shouldst thou be silent or deny
What thou confessest, not less manifest
Would be thy fault, by such a judge 'tis known.
But when from one's own cheeks comes bursting forth
The accusal of the sin, in our tribunal
Against the edge the wheel doth turn itself."
(*Longfellow's Translation.*)

EDMUND G. GARDNER.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

THE MENTONE OF ENGLAND.

THERE is possibly no country in the habitable globe—taking all its advantages, in the way of pleasure, scenery, and capacity for satisfying every requirement that a human being can reasonably demand—that can compete with England, and when one speaks of England one naturally means the British Islands as a whole. It is a country of strong men and fair women. Its climate makes them hardy, and its food—for it is a well-fed and prosperous country—makes them strong. There is scarcely a square mile in this land that has not from some date, from the time of Boadicea to that of our present Most Gracious Sovereign, sent out men who have founded empires; and as the Englishman, wherever he goes, carries freedom and justice with him, a third of the human race are benefited. Their bones lie in many a quiet churchyard that dots its seagirt shores, or in the National Pantheon at Westminster, where, sleeping their everlasting sleep, rest the warriors, poets, painters, and men of science who have made England what it is. Indeed, one may say that not only do these islands teem with places of undying interest, but that they furnish variations of climate which are suitable for almost every condition of life, both in health and disease, that the human system can require. After wandering in many lands, whether it be amongst the scented groves of Ceylon, under the shadow of the Himalayas, 'neath the ever-varying tropical flowers of southern Africa, or in that earthly paradise the Riviera, the wanderer will realise the truth of those well-known lines:

> 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

It is said that a prophet has no honour in his own country, and so I suppose for a similar reason we fail to appreciate the land we live in, its multitudinous luxuries and pleasures, its freedom of speech, and the justice of its laws—sometimes, it is true, a little too grand-

motherly—and we pine for other climes. We do not seem until we leave to realise the fact that there are spots in England that are of more historic interest, certainly to us, and of equal beauty, both of scenery and surroundings, than any abroad. The traveller when he visits a foreign country, for health or pleasure, seeks its most interesting places. He inquires what cathedrals there are worth visiting, what museums there are to be seen, what battlefields to be inspected, and so on, and then, hurrying over them as if it were a duty to do so, is only able to carry home the faintest idea of all he has seen. Still, within the British Islands there are neighbourhoods as romantic and as interesting as those that are looked at with such rapture, or it may be with feelings of awe or pleasure, abroad. There are spots hallowed by time and the records of two thousand years, and localities that have given birth to men who have made the history of the world and influenced the progress of civilisation for nearly twenty centuries, but being at home few people ever visit them. The Londoner really knows less of the interesting sights of London than the country cousin who comes up for a week or a fortnight every few years, and the average Englishman altogether knows less of the celebrated shrines of his own country than he does of those of others. Who ever in these days visits the field of Bosworth, or of Bannockburn, or of Culloden, or a hundred other places that are so associated with the history and destinies of the country of his birth, whose traditions in every way he ought to be justly proud of? On the other hand, who goes to Brussels without seeking the field of Waterloo or the Wiertz Museum? And the same applies to other places. It may be said that these are of more recent date; but what educated Englishman, journeying within a hundred miles of Marathon, would not wish to visit the spot, the history of which will last as long as humanity peoples this globe? The Pilgrim Fathers left these shores two hundred and fifty years ago, and their descendants, our kindred in blood, in language, and in feeling (long may they be so) across the sea, when they visit the "old country," seek out those landmarks over which time and history have thrown an undying halo. No American comes to England without visiting Stratford-on-Avon, for Shakespeare belongs to them as much as he does to us. Do we at home do so? It has become a custom of recent years that at certain seasons of the year those who can should take a holiday, and this means that the majority flock abroad to all sorts of places on the Continent, and for all sorts of purposes. As one who knows something of Continental life, I cannot help being surprised that so much travelling is done abroad, when there are so

many places equally enthralling, and in every way as suitable, as a change for the valetudinarian or for purposes of pleasure, in our own country. Continental habits, unless in the very first-class hotels, such as the Métropole at Monte Carlo or Cannes, where everything is perfect, or other hotels conducted by Englishmen or those who cater for English people, are anything but pleasant to those who are used to the decencies and conveniences of life at home. The sanitary arrangements of hotels abroad that are within the reach of the middle classes are in every way abominable. There is a want of cleanliness throughout, and the same applies to the railway stations and all places that for the different purposes of life the traveller uses. It seems incredible that at large railway stations on the Continent the conveniences should be as filthy as they are. Everyone must be familiar with the fact that Continental hotels expect the visitors to bring even their own soap to wash with. The same carelessness in the matter of sanitary arrangements must also necessarily prevail in the matter of food and water. It would be easy to enlarge on this subject if it were advisable to do so; but as Continental places throughout have to cater so much now for the educated and wealthy classes, one of the first and most important requirements to please them are proper sanitary arrangements. When will the foreigners learn this? It is true that those at home are not all that they should be in crowded towns and villages, but they are far superior to those abroad. It cannot be a source of wonder that English travellers who go for pleasure often go to places abroad simply to catch typhoid and other ailments that are due to the filthy condition of the houses or hotels that they stay at, and the utter deficiency of sanitary precautions they exhibit. In the absolute track of the tourist in all countries matters are rather better than in the less-frequented parts. It is, however, certain that millions of money are spent every year by the pleasure seeker on the Continent that might be spent with far more profit and entertainment at home, and from John O'Groat's to Land's End there are localities that are as suitable for every condition of the invalid as there are abroad. The man who lives to eat, instead of eating to live, seeks Homburg when he might possibly derive as much benefit at Harrogate or Cheltenham. The man whose nervous system is below par frequently goes to a relaxing climate that is utterly unsuitable for him, when he might find a more bracing and more suitable one at home. Indeed, for this purpose and every other, the subject of this article—Bexhill-on-Sea—is absolutely perfect. It is only in dealing with ailments more particularly connected with the respiratory organs that

possibly at one season of the year (December, January, and February) more suitable places exist than in England; though England itself, from the extreme end of Cornwall to the South Foreland, offers localities that are admirable even in this case. It is not every person who can seek in the winter the blue skies and sunny shores of the Mediterranean, and bask under the orange groves of Cannes or Beaulieu, Nice or Monte Carlo, and numbers of other places that really at certain months of the year approach as near a Paradise on earth as anything can.

Some time ago I wrote an article on Homburg showing its manifold advantages, and this brought down upon me a storm of abuse that I could not point out something nearer home in the way of a health resort—something, if I may use the hackneyed phrase, "not made in Germany," that would be equally enjoyable either for pleasure or for the valetudinarian. Undoubtedly there is no difficulty in doing this. Broadly, one might say of those who are seeking change, "If you live in the North go South, and if you live inland choose the seashore."

The south coast is the Riviera of England, and the characteristics of its climate are as various as may be found on the Riviera from San Remo to Cannes or Antibes. It is true that it has not the background of the Alps to break the keen northern blasts, nor the luxuriant foliage, even in the depth of winter, of such places as Cannes, Nice, Beaulieu, and Monte Carlo; but it has many advantages even over these favoured spots. The Riviera is only within reach of the very rich, it is far away, and though the railway communication and trains de luxe have made it very accessible, it is beyond the reach of the many. It therefore behoves the Englishman who wishes to be within reach of his business and within easy reach of those who, for motives of health, seek the genial and bracing spots that dot the south coast, to consider which is the most suitable in every way, either as a sojourn for pleasure or as a permanent abode. Of course it is a great desideratum to the Londoner that such a sunny spot should be within easy access by rail, and that at the same time it should possess every attribute that is conducive to health and long life. I do not myself think that the denizens of large towns like London should go to another large town like Brighton, but should rather choose an open locality where the soil is dry and the water and the sanitary arrangements are perfect, in fact, a growing place where modern requirements in the way of exercise and pleasure, such as golf, bicycling, cricket, &c., are within ready access, where facilities for building are easy and land not too

dear. The health resorts of the south coast are multitudinous, but I know of no one that, taken altogether, comes up in my opinion to the rising watering-place of Bexhill-on-Sea. It has unique advantages. The property that has been built over of recent years, and that will be built over, belongs to an enlightened English nobleman [1] (who has every reason to study its prosperity), and therefore is under his absolute control.

Every street has to be wide, and every house that is built has to be perfect in its sanitary arrangements as well as comfortable, and is, as far as human foresight can go, constructed to be healthy in every way. As those most important requirements of health, water, sanitation, climate and soil, have come to be considered essential matters, it is of great importance to look for a place where all these can be obtained in combination, and here they can. In looking over this interesting and rapidly-growing town, one cannot but reflect what possibilities it has as a permanent residence for those who wish to enjoy health and long life, or as a health resort for those who require a change of air after illness. The owner of the soil has evidently thought the same thing, for he seems to have catered for the enjoyment of the visitor and utilised all the advantages that the place offers. There is a splendid cycling track of asphalte, suitable in all weathers, and open only to cyclists; and I may say parenthetically bicycling furnishes the most exhilarating, healthy, and life-prolonging exercise I know. It is adapted for every age and every temperament.[2] There are golf links, and there is a wide and broad expanse of interesting country to be explored. Indeed, the coast on each side of this rising town teems with interest, Over eight hundred years ago the armed hosts of William the Conqueror landed here, and a few miles off was fought the battle of Hastings. The history of Bexhill-on-Sea and its neighbourhood dates further back than the time of the Conqueror, for the Castle of Pevensey was a Roman fortress. Being as easily accessible from London, it has many great advantages over Brighton and other large towns, and undoubtedly its climate is unique; and so absolutely suitable is it for all purposes of health that on some rising ground to the north of the town has been built a large Convalescent Home to accommodate, I believe, a hundred people. It has long been noted for the longevity of its inhabitants; and, indeed, it is a standing joke that a person

[1] Earl De La Warr.

[2] In no case can any harm arise from this exercise if a proper "saddle" is used, and the "Pattisson's Hygienic Saddle" is by far the best and most comfortable of all saddles, and cannot do harm.

may live there just as long as he chooses. There can be little doubt that the extreme healthiness is due to the purity and bracing character of its air. Its climate is different to that of Hastings—about four miles off; and if one looks around and notices the absence of such towering hills as environ the older town, he may ascribe this change to that cause. Facing almost due south, it is partially screened from the northern blasts, while, on the other hand, it is exposed to the invigorating south-west and north-east winds. It is, therefore, more bracing than the lowlands of Hastings; and, being considerably quieter than that resort or St. Leonards or Eastbourne, is a fine place to which "run-down" humanity, in search of rest, may retire to "pick up" waning health either as a permanent home or temporary change. When its central position between Hastings and Eastbourne and the "lions" of the district are considered, many may feel inclined to make it a permanent home in preference to the larger places mentioned, accessible in a few minutes when desired. Healthy and invalid alike are interested in the question of water and sanitation. In these particulars Bexhill-on-Sea reaps the full benefit of its recent growth, for the drainage is as good as the latest development of hygienic science can provide, and its water is excellent.

Chief among the attractions of the town is the grand promenade, which for the space of some two miles extends along the shingly shore, and the shore is mostly of shingle, save when the receding tide uncovers a stretch of beautiful sand. At present the place is only in the state of adolescence, but it has already added to its natural charms a pretty public garden—where an excellent band plays—amid the pleasant walks and trees of which will be found the now well-nigh indispensable tennis courts. The immediate country abounds with shady country lanes.

Of course, like many other sea-bathing places, it has hotels, and its accommodation for visitors, whatever their income, its Kursaal, with library and reading-rooms,[1] its cricket, splendid bicycling track, football and golf-ground, and other requirements for sports and pastimes. I have often thought that the man or the company who would build a large mansion, on the same principle as the Queen Anne's mansions in London, in a place like this would make a fortune, and be at the same time a very great benefactor of his species. This would yield a far safer dividend than bogus mining companies that spring up daily like mushrooms to swindle the public and enrich the promoters and brokers. There are a certain number of people who like, as it were, to have a house of their own for possibly a part of a week, or

[1] Erected by Earl De La Warr.

part of a year, as the case may be. A building of this kind within reach of London would enable the jaded City man to locate his family comfortably, and to run down from the Saturday to Monday or Tuesday each week, and when necessary for change or pleasure to put the key of his house in his pocket and take his family away without having the trouble of leaving anyone to look after his Lares and Penates. More than this, he would have the advantage of being able to live without the aid of servants, those awful plagues, I am constantly told, of English domestic life.

Thousands of people who live in the busy Midlands and towns of the North of England, as old age creeps on, and who by their industry have made a competence, as well as thousands who inherit one, who find that the Midland and Northern counties may be too cold in the winter for their health, would feel a change to the south coast improve this, and prolong life, and for such people a place like Bexhill-on-Sea offers all that they can desire. I have no doubt that there may be other places on the coast equally suitable; indeed, there doubtless are, as we all know, but for some reason or other, from time to time, all have fallen under the lash of censure for faulty sanitary arrangements, or for such important failings as a want of proper water supply, or a want of proper municipal government, to see that the health and well-being of the inhabitants was well looked after. When one has, from one's own observations, found a place such as answers all these requirements of health, it becomes a kindness and a public duty to point it out. I can truly say that Bexhill-on-Sea is such a place.

One must reluctantly admit that the Riviera cannot be brought to England or England be taken to the Riviera, but it would not be impossible to do the next best thing, and at such a health resort as Bexhill-on-Sea, where there is plenty of space, as I have pointed out, to construct a large winter-garden, or glass palace, as a place of recreation and exercise for visitors and inhabitants. This might contain almost tropical plants and be a miniature Nice or Mentone on the south coast. It would undoubtedly be an enormous attraction, and as there is so much open land in the town, more especially eastward, there would be no difficulty in finding plenty of space for such a novelty, and it need not necessarily cost a great amount of money. Large sums are spent in piers that are not half so useful or so conducive to health and comfort as a winter garden would be.

One of the most unpleasant attributes of the English climate is its variableness. How often does the pleasure-seeker or the invalid leave London, or, for the matter of that, any other place that may be

his home, for a day at the seaside, with the result that when he gets there he is drenched to the skin with rain, and wanders about bedraggled and miserable! How fortunate it would be for him could he find a place where, for possibly half a mile, under glass he might take his exercise in any weather, and be near the sea and its invigorating breezes without danger of rheumatism, colds, and other ailments, that are the usual result of such an experience. Shops, restaurants, exhibitions, might form annexes to it. As an investment, as piers are now made, such a place would pay. I have often wondered why new towns are not constructed like Chester, where one may wander in long streets under cover.

What the Riviera is to France, as a resort for those who suffer from consumption, weak lungs, and affections of the respiratory organs, the south coast is to England and Wales and Scotland. Indeed, one may go further and say that there is no more suitable climate for the gouty and the rheumatic, and for sufferers from these two ailments climate plays a most important part. Unsuitable surroundings, damp and cold, and improper dietary and drink, are almost invariably the cause of rheumatism as well as gout.

I am constantly consulted by sufferers from these ailments as to the best part of England for permanent residence. For such I say, choose a place with a bracing atmosphere and a sandy soil on the south coast, more especially between Beachy Head and Hastings. This applies with equal force to those who suffer from bronchial troubles, dependent on the gouty and rheumatic diathesis. Indeed, gouty affections of the bronchial organs are far more common than is usually considered to be the case, more especially at the close of middle age. Of course this in a great measure depends upon the facts that I have previously enumerated, and their alleviation and cure entirely hangs upon climate, soil, diet, and drink. Many suffer from ignorance as to where they should live, and how they should live, and others suffer from the fact that they will not do as they should. If the obese [1] or gouty of either sex are told that the foods they are taking are poison to them, and persist in eating them, of course they naturally suffer wherever they live; and if they drink wines that are sweet and adulterated, they naturally suffer still more. It has always been a mystery to me why people will drink bad wines and bad spirits and pay expensive prices for them. If they do take stimulants, why do they not take the trouble to find out whether they are pure or not? The filthy decoctions that are sold at the buffets and bars of places of amusement, and at public-houses, under the

[1] See *Dietetics of Obesity*, p. 53. London: Chatto & Windus.

names of claret, old Scotch, or brandy, should be prohibited by law. My experience teaches me that more harm is done by drinking bad wines and spirits than by anything else. If the law takes care that the dairyman does not adulterate his milk with water, it takes care on the other hand that the publican does not adulterate his spirits with water. (It would be a great deal better if he were allowed to.) The Legislature ought to prosecute the wine-dealer who sells wines or spirits that are adulterated (as most cheap wines and spirits are) with potato spirit "made in Germany," as it does the grocer or other tradesman who adulterates his goods. Of course the very wealthy can afford to pay for high-class wines of old vintage and for old and good spirits, but the ordinary Englishman has to buy a cheaper kind, and as he is usually ignorant of all but their exhilarating effects, he pays for the liquid poison a price that ought to procure pure and wholesome wine. To the expert in dietetics all this is a matter of everyday knowledge, and the harm done comes daily under observation, and I always advise a wine or a spirit drinker to seek some respectable wine-merchant and trust to his probity and honour. Possibly such cases come more under my observation in dietetically treating such diseases as obesity and gout than they do under many others. To me, in the treatment of these conditions, they are absolute adjuncts. I may point out that it is quite possible to get wines that are not only absolutely pure, but also cheap and palatable. The most healthy wines are those known as natural wines—that is, wines in which the fermentation has run through, and which have not been fortified by added *spirit* or *sugared* for the English market. It is true that this is perhaps a little digression from the original intention of this article, but I think it is an important one. Not only are natural wines better in flavour, but they are much more healthy than the fortified class of wines. Many people can scarcely believe that a sherry or a port can be procured absolutely free from sugar, but such is the case, and such wines as these may be drunk with impunity by the corpulent, the gouty, and even by the rheumatic or dyspeptic, to whom fortified and sugared wines are poison. There is not a headache in a bucket of them.[1] What an enormous amount of suffering and death there is through ignorance of the common laws of health, and when I say health I mean robust health. Even this latter is within the reach of everyone.

Climate has much to do with health, as I have previously pointed out, but eating and drinking have a great deal more, and it is simply

[1] Pure natural wines may be procured from "The Dry Wine Co.," 56 Pall Mall, London, who import them for dietetic requirements.

marvellous what an amount of ignorance exists on these points. A physician constantly sees people whose ill-health depends upon errors in diet; and though climate and surroundings may do a great deal they will not obviate the evils of excess in its different forms, or the evils that arise from over-eating and drinking, and under-working. The individual who gorges and guzzles himself into ill-health will seldom admit that he has done so, in fact, he seldom believes he is ill from this cause, and I suppose the family physician has not often the courage to tell him plainly that he is gorging and guzzling himself to death, or to pull him up as sharply as the London consultant will do when he seeks his advice.

The invalid who, in the heat of summer, goes to Torquay or Bournemouth makes a mistake; and the Northerner, a denizen, say, of Sheffield or Leeds or other large Midland towns, who, in the depth of winter, goes farther north makes possibly a greater mistake. Many cases where this error has been made have come under my observation, and constantly do under the notice of every busy consulting London physician, although, indeed, it is not every physician in London or elsewhere that takes an interest in matters of climate or the trouble to gauge what parts of his own country are the most suitable for the different and varying conditions that call for their employment.

The phrase change of air is a very common one, but still it must be remembered that there is very little indeed, if any, difference between the constituents of the air at Yorkshire and the air at Kent. It would be more correct to say change of climate, that is of soil, of water, and possibly of air as regards its *temperature* and *purity* more than its absolute constituents. Indeed, I often hear people say, when they have lived long at one place and changed to another, that the new place does not agree with them, when the reason, no doubt, is to be found in the fact that the sanitary arrangements of the new abode, or the purity of its water, or the situation of the house with regard to the sun, wind, &c., has a great deal more to do with its disagreeing with them than the air or climate.

The denizen of a large town, if he consults his health, would certainly not seek as a place for a change another large town. More than this, perhaps, old towns are not so healthy as rising ones. Drainage years ago was most imperfect, and the subsoil of many old towns is saturated with it. For instance, suppose we are dealing with the south coast. As a change of abode for those who possibly may have spent many years of their lives in the North of England, or damp and bleak counties, or in counties where, from manufactories

or other causes, the air is impregnated with impure substances, one would not advise a relaxing and damp atmosphere such as obtains in the more southern watering-places in Devonshire and Cornwall; and this undoubtedly applies with still greater force to those suffering from such ailments as chronic bronchial troubles, gout, rheumatism, and a lack of constitutional nervous stamina.[1]

As undoubtedly, on the one hand, the more northern parts would be too cold, on the other hand the too southern points might be too damp, and too impregnated with mists and the humid atmosphere of the Atlantic. There are many thousands of people, denizens of large towns such as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, &c., who for reasons of health, or for purposes of change, or who, as the Americans say, have "made their pile," desire to leave the town or the country of their adoption and move to other parts. Indeed, love of change is one of the commonest attributes of human nature. When such a change is decided upon, it is a matter of great importance that the choice of a locality should be made that will be beneficial to health. In this case climate and soil, temperature and rainfall, house and surroundings, are of the greatest importance. As Dr. Willoughby truly says, "Generally speaking proximity to the sea produces a temperate, equable, and humid climate, which is therefore described as insular, whereas great extremes are experienced in continental or inland districts. Thus in Germany the eastern provinces are far colder than the western, on account of their remoteness from the ocean, and the south is colder than the north from its greater elevation and the chilling influence of the Alps on what otherwise would be warm winds from the south; and throughout Germany the extremes are far greater than they are here. Mountainous districts are more rainy than the plains, even when remote from the sea. Forests check percolation through the soil, and in hilly countries favour the rise of springs. By diminishing terrestrial radiation they make hot climates cooler, and increase the rainfall. The destruction of forests, on the other hand, has reduced many fertile regions, as Palestine, to wastes." "Cæteris paribus," trees tend to make the days cooler, and the nights warmer, to moderate the heat in hot climates, and the cold in cold ones. Drainage of land tends to raise the temperature by reducing the amount of damp soil and of evaporation, and, combined with cultivation, is most efficient in prevention of diseases due to malarial fevers.

[1] See *Health and Condition, in the Active and the Sedentary.* By the Writer. Fourth Edition, 1896.

Stiff clay soils are cold and damp from the accumulation of water on the surface, and the evaporation of the greatest part. Chalk, sand, and gravels, on the contrary, by absorbing most of the rainfall, leave less to evaporate, and are warmer and drier, provided they are deep enough, or, by the inequalities of the surface, allow the water to run off and collect in rivers. Shallow, low-lying gravels, especially near rivers, may, however, be water-logged, and in such situations a house standing on clay may be drier than one on gravel. Indeed, Pettenkofer has wittily, but truly, said that "change of air means change of soil."[1]

In choosing a site for a dwelling all these considerations may be taken into account, as well as the obvious ones of exposure to the sun, to the east and north winds, or the reverse, but there are a few other special points that deserve to be mentioned.

Hollows, whether on high or low land, should be avoided, as well as the bottom of a valley between hills rising on each side, and too close proximity to the foot of a hill. Again, when a house is built on a hillside the ground should not be dug out so that a cliff rises immediately behind. In such a position the excavated soil should be used to form a terrace, leaving an interval in the rear of the building, and the soil around be drained. When a hill is composed of gravel overlying clay, it not infrequently happens that springs are found at the outcrop or line of junction, and a house built at that particular level will be damp, while those above on the gravel, or below on the clay, are dry.

Trees may afford valuable shelter, not only from cold winds but from fogs, but it is not generally advisable to have them close around a dwelling, at least in large numbers, since they impede the free circulation of the surrounding air.[2]

The same nature that in animals and birds instructs the creature to build its own nest, or its own abode, is very strong in man, and there are very few who at some portion of their lives have not the mania for building a house. Possibly this is a wise provision of nature, but as a rule instinct does not teach the man as well what to do as it does the animal, and the house is sometimes built under circumstances that do not give the occupant the health or the pleasure that he desires. There are, of course, many reasons for this. The climate may not be suitable, the locality may not be suitable. It may not have possibilities for mental or physical recreation, two things essential to continued health, if a busy man gives up his

[1] This may be witty, but is only half a truism.

[2] *Hygiene.* By Edwd. F. Willoughby, M.D.

business or profession at middle age for the ease he has possibly earned by his intellect or industry.

"Of the three requisites of a healthy house the construction is most completely in one's power. In the country one may choose the site, and in towns one may improve one naturally bad by drainage and by waterproof foundations; but as regards aspect we have mostly to take it as we find it, and the opposite sides of a street can scarcely enjoy the same advantages. In the country a house may be sheltered from the cold east or north-east winds by trees, if not already protected by rising ground, but otherwise the more open the situation the better. Exposure of each side of a house in succession to the rays of the sun tends to keep the outer wall dry, to warm it in winter and to aid the ventilation by the variations it induces between the internal and the external pressure of the air. The north wall may be made with advantage a dead one, and then drain, ventilating pipes and soil pipes may safely be carried up it. But chimneys on this aspect are warmed with difficulty, and are apt to smoke; if any must be carried up a north wall they should not project but be built inside the house. The north or north-east aspect is the best for larders which must be kept cool, and for libraries, laboratories, and workshops where a diffused light is desirable. Streets running north and south are preferable to those running east and west, since the latter do not receive the sun's rays through their whole length for more than six months in the year. In laying the plan of a town the greatest amount of sunshine would be enjoyed by the greatest possible number of houses if the streets ran obliquely, *i.e.* north-east and south-west and north-west and south-east. 'Cul-de-sacs' or streets with closed ends are objectionable, and courts with narrow openings still more so. Streets should be wider than the houses are high, twice as wide when possible, and frequently broken by cross streets opposite to one another. Squares in like manner should be perfectly open at the corners. If the price of land necessitates the use of basement rooms, it should only be by day, and even then the sill of the window ought not to be below the ground level. Attics, too, with slanting ceilings and dormer windows are cold in winter and intolerably hot in summer, and if without chimneys are most unhealthy.

"In conclusion, two general rules may be given which should never be neglected by those who propose making their permanent abode in a new locality, and to take or build a house: To visit the proposed site in the evening, when the conditions are most favourable to the production of common or radiation fogs; and, except where the

soil and configuration of the site are such as to allow of frequent natural drainage, always to drain the subsoil before building. To which we may add a piece of advice to dwellers in towns. If the site be advertised as gravelly, be sure that the gravel has not been dug out and sold, and the hole filled up with so-called 'made soil' —in other words, the emptying of all the dust-bins in the district."

Having said so much of the coast as a permanent residential district for those who are happy enough to be able to choose where to live, one may naturally ask what part furnishes in the greatest measure these requirements, that is, where is "Hygiea," a City of Health, to be found? At Bexhill-on-Sea.

In conclusion, it is no uncommon thing to find a man who works with his brains living on the food that he should use if he worked with his hands, and on the other hand the man who does physical work living on the food that he should use if he worked with his brains. The result is very apparent when the health breaks down, as it must sooner or later, and he has to seek the advice of the expert. To such a man a climate such as Bexhill-on-Sea means recovery to health as far as climate can assist to this end.

This article is not so much written to teach people how they should live as to teach them, under certain conditions of health, where they should live, and perhaps this digression may be considered a little out of place here.

I think I have shown that for the purposes of health and pleasure and long life there are localities in our own country, such as Bexhill-on-Sea, more suitable even in the winter than those abroad, if the suggestions I have offered were carried out. The winter season fills the Riviera, from end to end, with thousands of English men and women, either as votaries of pleasure or pilgrims in search of health, 'neath the sunny skies and balmy breezes that ripple the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Can one not say in the words of Naaman the Syrian, when speaking of his country, "Are not the rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel?" are there not health resorts in the "Riviera" of England equal to those of Cannes, Mentone, or San Remo, that have climate alone to recommend them, and this for the few winter months only? If the waves that beat on the southern coast of England are not as blue as those of the Mediterranean, they at least beat on the shores of a land that Englishmen are proud of. Have we not at home healing waters at Cheltenham, at Harrogate, at Bath, and at Buxton equal to those of Homburg, or Carlsbad, or Marienbad? Are there not hills and valleys in Scotland and in Wales as picturesque as those of Switzerland or Norway? Are there

not historic houses, in every English county, as interesting as the palaces of the Doges, and castles and cathedrals with legendary lore as famous as those of Milan and Genoa? The pilgrim may muse amid the ruins of Glastonbury, the cradle of Christianity in England, as well as amid the ruins of ancient Rome or 'neath the shades of the Vatican; and, if his tastes are military, reflect as he walks from Bexhill to Battle Abbey, along quiet lanes, through dells and valleys, that he is on the track of the mail-clad warriors of the Conqueror, and on hillsides that ran with rivers of Saxon blood on that memorable day eight hundred odd years ago.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

THE life of Sir Cloudesley Shovel is especially interesting just now, from the fact that it brings out the strong and weak points of our Navy two centuries ago, its superiority in open battle and its inefficiency in protecting our mercantile marine. Soon after his birth, in 1650, the Navy began its rough course of training at the hands of the Dutch, and for more than half his life it was engaged in active service, "battered by the shocks of doom to shape and use." At nine years of age the little shoemaker's apprentice went to sea; as "admiral's boy" he swam with the despatches in his mouth through the fire of the Barbary pirates; as lieutenant he burnt the Corsairs' fleet almost under the guns of their town; as captain he had desperate fights with the pirate ships *Half Moon* and *Flower-pot*, which he burnt, and stoutly repulsed the pirate armies from the ill-fated Tangiers, when he was badly wounded. A sturdy Protestant, he detested King James's religion as much as he admired him otherwise, for Shovel had a liking for men of his profession; but that monarch knew that he could trust to his sense of honour, and appointed him captain of the *Dover*. He was knighted by William for a gallant attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the day in an engagement with a much larger French fleet outside Bantry Bay, one of Herbert's wretched blunders. When the proud Frenchmen were hurried into James's presence with the news that they had beaten an English fleet, they only elicited the sarcastic remark—"It is then the first time." Sir Cloudesley transported his new master's army to Ireland with such dexterity that he was made an admiral; and he continued to distress his old master by capturing the provisions destined for his army and burning his one remaining frigate in Dublin Bay. By a stratagem he nearly succeeded in decoying a French convoy of thirty vessels into his hands at the mouth of Brest Harbour. Knowing that the French had intelligence that a small squadron of their fleet had made prizes of several English merchantmen, he ordered part of his command to put out French colours; but his intended victims quickly saw through the mask, and all but

half a dozen made good their escape. This device was afterwards employed by the enemy, and unfortunately with some success. No man ever possessed a kinder heart than Shovel, but his strict attention to the discipline of the service raised against him among the seamen the charge of austerity; this was a disguised tribute to his ability, for the sailors of those days were rude, brutish fellows, not devoid of gratitude indeed, but prisoners, not volunteers. The press-gang was not particular as to the men it collected, and it was difficult to get good seamen. The merchants secured all the willing hands by offering extravagant wages, and an Act of Parliament forbade the impressing of men from privateers, merchantmen, and colliers, which encouraged sick men, as soon as they could crawl from their quarters, to scramble up to London and enter themselves on a Newcastle voyage. To remedy this, regiments of marines were stationed at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, naval reserves, from which the ships' complements could be filled up; while "to encourage the fidelity of the seamen" William began to build Greenwich Hospital. In spite of this, the French fleets were always better manned.

While Herbert, now created Lord Torrington in reward of his services, was coolly watching the French crippling and sinking the Dutch allies off Beachy Head, Sir Cloudesley Shovel was at the other end of the Channel in command of a small squadron, and therefore had no share in the obloquy of that defeat. It is interesting to note, as an instance of historical accuracy, that when the triumphant enemy descended on Teignmouth and burnt three colliers, this was magnified by the French annalists into the destruction of four men-of-war, and eight "richly-laden merchantmen."

The battle of La Hogue, like the more famous one at Trafalgar, by destroying the French fleet, rendered useless the army of invasion collected on the coast. Tourville challenged a combat in the belief that he would meet only the English squadron, and that a half-hearted one. Apparently he was in a minority of sixty-three to ninety-nine, and after the action Louis had a medal struck representing himself looking on with complacency at the destruction of his fleet, with the motto "Ne Hercules adversus duos." As a matter of fact, part of the confederate fleet were unable to take any active part in the battle. The struggle began with a representative duel carried on within musket-shot between Tourville in the *Soleil Royal* of 104 guns, the finest ship in Europe, and Russell in the *Britannia* of 100 guns. The French guns were superior in quality, but the English aim was better, and they fired three broadsides to the enemy's two, and before

very long the *Soleil Royal* had to be towed out of action, and was afterwards burnt to the water's edge at Cherbourg. In the first act of the battle Captain Hastings, of the *Sandwich*, being mortally wounded, the command devolved upon Bernard Darby, the first lieutenant; but that poor wretch, who had been master of a small craft employed by "the libeller Daniel Foe," when he was a trader, flung himself down on his face on the quarter-deck and refused to perform his duties till the rest of the officers threatened to throw him overboard. As often happens, five hours of heavy firing caused a lull in the wind and a fog shrouded the combatants; but at six in the evening a breeze sprang up and presently several broadsides were heard to windward. This was Shovel, who with wonderful diligence had weathered the French squadron and now placed them between two fires. Tourville began to retire; in the pictorial language of the medals, the French cock fled to land before the lion and the marine unicorn. Fogs, calms, and shifting winds prolonged the pursuit, but eventually a third of his fleet escaped through the Race of Alderney and took refuge at St. Malo, as Browning brilliantly described it—

> Helter-skelter through the blue,
> Like a crowd of frightened porpoises, a shoal of sharks pursue,
> Come crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
> First and foremost of the drove in his great ship *Damfreville.*

Sir George Rooke offered £100 to any pilot who would carry fireships up the river, but no second Hervé Riel came forward. At this juncture Shovel had the bad luck to be taken seriously ill, and the honour of burning the seventeen ships at Cherbourg and La Hogue devolved upon Rooke, who gained a higher reputation in consequence. Russell was blamed by the foolish and ignorant Nottingham for not burning the ships at St. Malo, and withdrew in disgust from active service, leaving Shovel and Rooke as rival aspirants for the premier position. They were singularly equal in courage and ability and even in age, for Rooke was one year later than Shovel and died only two years after him. But while one was a sturdy Whig, the other was a Jacobite and the hero of the High Church party; and while Shovel was a rough bluff seaman, a seventeenth century Hawkins, Rooke was a man of great parts, and had more of a courtier's turn of mind. However, they did not allow political animosity to damage their friendly relations at sea, as the following events proved. Shovel with two others had arranged for the despatch of Rooke in command of the Smyrna fleet, bound for Venice, Scanderton, &c. Many of the merchantmen had waited eighteen and twenty months for a convoy, and they had grown to an

unwieldy agglomeration of 400 vessels. Off Cape St. Vincent, the French descended on them like a hawk on a tribe of ducklings, and having four times the strength of Rooke's escort, produced dire havoc. A Dutch cartoon represents the Smyrna fleet being taken in the distance and Sir Cloudesley on board his own ship with his hands tied behind him, one end of the cord being held by each of his colleagues, Killigrew and Delaral. Loud was the outcry, but he defended not only himself but his rival so forcibly at the bar of the House of Commons, that the most clamorous tongues were silenced.

After La Hogue the French confined their energies to these attacks on merchantmen; with the true spirit of "a nation of shop-keepers" they preferred this less glorious but more lucrative mode of warfare. To do them justice it was very difficult to bring together their two fleets from Brest and Toulon and deliver a great blow. The English on their side were in great need of a Malta in the Mediterranean, where they could refit and clean their ships; after an engagement they had to wander about the seas disabled and leaking, and a mere cruise of a few months made them so "foul" that they were easily outsailed by the privateers. Scarcity of provisions was another hindrance, until on the east coast of Spain they discovered the little bay of Altea, where the inhabitants were friendly and sold them food. In the Channel the *point d'appui* of French piracy was Dunkirk, the home of the notorious Jean Bart, often pursued by Benbow and never overtaken, who seized English vessels in Plymouth Sound, attacked men-of-war with an overpowering force and did the East India Company alone a million pounds worth of damage. In 1695, Shovel was sent to bombard this nest of pirates, with the help of a certain Mr. Meesters and his infernal machines, the forerunners of our torpedoes, vessels loaded with explosives such as had been used against St. Malo with the only result that they exploded harmlessly against a rock. But Dunkirk was too well protected by nature and art, by shoals and piles; still, though the expedition was unsuccessful, it is remarkable that not the smallest blame attached to Shovel, for he went himself in a boat within the enemy's works and became an eye-witness of the impossibility of carrying out his orders. "There never," said his supporters, "was heard of such an infidel as one who didn't believe that Shovel had both courage and sincerity."

Bombardments of Calais and Dieppe were more successful; into the former of these unhappy towns he threw more than 300 bombs and "carcases" or firebrands, and the old wooden houses of Dieppe were set on fire and destroyed. "These English are very devils

with their fire," wrote one distressed inhabitant. When the war ended in 1697 the English had lost fifty men-of-war and the French nine more, but double the number of guns: in the ensuing war the results were even better, the English losing thirty-eight to the French fifty-two. And now after some remonstrance Shovel took Russell's place at the Admiralty. "To put me into the Admiralty," he says, "is to set me up where I am pretty sure to be tumbled down, for if my Lord Oxford cannot stand, whose services have been so eminent, what can poor I expect?" The next war opened well with the destruction of the Plate fleet and its convoy in Vigo Bay by Sir George Rooke. The information which led to this attack, be it remarked, was gathered on shore by the acute chaplain of the *Pembroke*. Shovel brought home the bulk of the fleet and all the prizes with wonderful success considering that he had to encounter the storms of November. Next year he was sent for the first time in command of a fleet to the Mediterranean. Besides his own thirty-five ships, there were fifty protecting trade in the West Indies and forty-five more pursuing privateers in the Channel, 130 in all, manned by 40,000 seamen. His orders were to protect trade by convoying the Smyrna fleet, 230 strong, and to land ammunition for the Protestant Cevennois. The expedition started late, the Dutch as usual being extremely dilatory in putting to sea; other men besides Marlborough suffered from these torpid allies. The admiral was furthered hampered by a lack of cruisers and scouts, while the Comte d'Estrées employed an army of "advice-boats," which kept him informed as to every movement of the English fleet, when they set sail from Spithead, when they put in at Torbay, how strong they were, even how Benbow steered his course from time to time towards the West Indies. The Smyrna fleet reached in safety the desired havens, Malaga, Galipoli, &c., but on the French coast instead of Cevennois they found garrisons on the *qui vive* and firing signals. Further operations were stopped by the Dutch admirals pleading that they had orders to be home by November 20, and d'Estrées' advice-boats had soon the pleasure of seeing Shovel jogging back through the Straits. The English sailor of this period must have possessed a very inferior physique; we are not surprised to hear of West Indian squadrons becoming depleted, but on this cruise out of some 11,000 sailors no fewer than 1,500 died, and many more were sick and weak. To increase their misery, they had scarcely anchored in the Downs when a tornado drove the ships hither and thither. Sir Cloudesley managed to weather it by the sacrifice of his mainmast, but the unlucky

Association was carried away as far as Gothenburg. A more glorious year followed. Sir George Rooke from his station in the Mediterranean requested with striking generosity that Sir Cloudesley, the idol of the opposite party—and the virulence of party feeling in those days must be remembered—might be sent out with reinforcements. The joint fleet then laid siege to Gibraltar and easily captured it, the more easily because, the day being a Sunday, all the women were at their devotions in a little chapel about four miles distant from the town, and when a landing party cut them off from their husbands, the Governor was bound to capitulate. And now follows a battle which, like La Hogue, was to convince the French that privateering was the better policy.

Off Malaga, Rooke and Shovel came upon the Comte de Toulouse; he had fifty-eight men-of-war and twenty-four galleys to oppose to the fifty-three men-of-war and fifteen frigates of the confederates; his metal was heavier, and his fleet was richer in three-deckers. The French as usual received the attack to leeward, and tried to shoot away the spars of the advancing ships. Shovel led the war with such ardour that he left Rooke behind. The French, seeing this, inveigled him on by heading away to the south, the manœuvre so successful at Beachy Head; but Rooke was no Torrington, and crowding on all sail, he attacked the centre. It was the maxim of our seamen to fight at as close quarters as possible, and Shovel reserved his broadsides till he got within pistol-shot: he made short work of the weak wing opposed to him, and gallantly returned to the assistance of his admiral, who was in difficulties with his ammunition. After firing 15,000 shot against Gibraltar many of the ships had been reduced to twenty-five rounds, which only served for two hours and a half; not a few were forced to drop out of the line, and the Dutch were driven to fill up cartridges during the action. This was a serious handicap in combating the strong French centre, and Shovel's arrival was a great relief. "I escaped the best of all," he said afterwards, "though I never took greater pains in all my life to have been soundly beaten; for I set all my sails, and rowing with three boats ahead, tried to get alongside with the admiral of the white, but he shunned fighting." Being at length surrounded by enemies, he in his turn was rescued by Rooke. The galleys gave the French a great advantage; the *Sieur Chammestin*, for instance, attempted three times to board the *Monk*, and three times she was beaten off, but after each repulse her wounded were taken off by a galley and her crew reinforced from it. Two years before six galleys from Ostend, taking advantage of a calm, had captured a Dutch

man-of-war within a mile of her squadron. Though Te Deums were sung in the churches of Paris, Malaga was a drawn battle ; not a ship was sunk or captured on either side ; but the French retired, and finally disappeared when the English assumed a menacing attitude, both fleets being really too disabled to continue the struggle; for a private letter says, "All the time we were daring the enemy, we went on to careen by turns, to stop our shot-holes, so that had they engaged a second time, we must have engaged them board and board, and either have carried them or sunk by their side." Rooke's friends, the "addressers," magnified the action into a triumph, and regarded it as a set-off to the Whig victory at Blenheim, and toasted him by the title of "The Church admiral." Irritated by this, their opponents intrigued against him : he was laid aside, and Shovel was left supreme. At this time the question arose of leaving part of the fleet to winter in the Mediterranean. But at Mahon the men would starve, Naples had no defences, and Messina was too small, so they fell back upon Lisbon.

The following year Shovel took the Archduke Charles and the Earl of Peterborough to Spain, and in concert with the latter effected the capture of Barcelona, at one time deemed an impossibility with the forces at their command. He was the heart and soul of this expedition ; to him Charles applied when distressed by his wants or vexed by the Earl's humours, and to him also the Earl applied for advice in his difficulties. In 1707 he sailed for the last time to the Mediterranean. He was just coming out of the Tagus when the forts fired at his fleet and stopped it. They had previously served Sir John Leake in the same way as he was hurrying out to attack a Plate fleet. Of course it was a "regrettable mistake," but the spirit of the Admiral flamed up and he threatened that should another shot be fired he would not stop for orders from his mistress but would "take satisfaction from the cannon's mouth." At Leghorn he was again moved to wrath by receiving a salute of only five, instead of the royal salute of eleven, guns which he insisted upon. He next co-operated with the Duke of Saxony and Prince Eugène in an attack upon Toulon. At the river bar the passage was barred by a French fort supposed to be impregnable. However, Shovel made his way up the river, silenced the forts, landed Sir John Norris and a company of men, who climbed up the hill and "scampered" over the enemy's works. Toulon proved to be much too strong for them, but they had at any rate the satisfaction of knowing that the cautious enemy had sunk twenty line-of-battle ships in the harbour. Before the hopeless attack began, Shovel entertained the Duke and the

Prince on board his ship, and though no courtier like Rooke, his reception of them was so magnificent that the Duke said, "If your Excellency had paid me a visit at Turin, I could scarce have treated you so well." Somewhat chagrined at the failure of the siege, he turned his face homewards. The Scilly Isles were a great stumbling-block in those days. Only a short time before an obstinate old Dutch admiral, who was confident as to his course, had been within an ace of driving his ship upon the rocks. It was hazy weather and the wind was blowing strongly from the S.S.W. as Shovel drew near them on October 22, and he wisely brought to. But the officers and seamen were making merry with plentiful bowls of punch in honour of their safe arrival, and the large number of gentlemen volunteers on board did not conduce to the maintenance of discipline. At 6 P.M. Shovel set sail again, but at 8 o'clock the *Association* struck on some rocks known as "The Bishop and his Clerks," and in two minutes went down with every soul on board—900 in all. Sir George Byng's ship was only saved by the presence of mind of the officers and men, who in a moment's time, when the rocks were almost under the main-chains, set the top-sails and weathered the reef. Walpole quotes a pertinent saying of Sir Cloudesley's to the effect that "an admiral would deserve to be broken who kept great ships out after the end of September, and to be shot if he kept them at sea after October." According to one account, the more probable one, his body was found under the rocks of St. Mary's and robbed of a fine emerald ring by the fishermen; according to another, he reached the shore alive, but was murdered for the sake of the ring by an old woman. So perished at the early age of fifty-seven this fine old English admiral.

W. A. FOX.

naturally believes that the tale, already a very powerful one, will be placed beyond the pale of argument. Are such facts as I have mentioned proofs of a Darwinian theory of evolution, or are they the proofs of a Separate Creation? The evolution (or may be the extinction) of species is still advancing. It has been advancing through all time since the earliest age that we can recognise. Possibly what many of us have been regarding as the connecting points of the story are simply the truths of the interrelation of everything, and of a universal plan distributed over the whole creation.

We are forced to the conclusion that there was a period in the earth's history when existing species could not survive, that is to say, that the conditions then were incompatible with "life." No one can deny the workings of the laws of Nature. The laws of Nature are absolutely unvarying. The highest reasonings, the largest intellects that we have knowledge of, did not make these laws, cannot control or alter them. Some force, the immense power of which is outside our comprehension, does control them, and with unswerving decree. This potentiality is hardly to be expressed in a single name, yet it is what we mean by God, or for the matter of that, what some of us mean by Allah or Buddha, and what is vaguely meant by the Creator, and what even the dog worships through his master.

It is most unreasonable to assume that the Creator of all things would place organisms, species, amongst surroundings fatal to their survival. It is perhaps not unreasonable to suppose that species evoluted from a lower existence evolved into what they are through each other, as the surrounding conditions became favourable. We must accept then one of three hypotheses : A Darwinian evolution, or a single separate creation of species, or species being created at different periods together with the advent of suitable surroundings.

Before going into any argumentative details I would suggest consideration of such an axiom as this : *Our first real knowledge of animate existence is learned from the study of beings already stamped with their own permanent peculiarities.*

The paucity of man's remains, the fragility of his skeleton—these are very patent facts in the tale of our descent. This fragility explains why man's skeleton is indiscoverable at the earlier periods of his existence. His whole body, skeleton included, is made up of material too inflammable to resist for epochs the ravages of time. As the species evolved, I mean the species *homo*, his works appeared. The earth history shows his works without his remains : if he existed, as we know he did exist, in periods of time which retain proofs of his

works, but not of his remains, how can we say that he has not lived from the very first period of time that offered suitable surroundings? Through the immense periods of his earliest evolution his works would be recognisable no more than would those of many of the brute creation, during either the later or earlier epochs. It was only as his species evolved that his works became of such superior importance that they outlived his time. Not, of course, that the fact of men's doings outliving them is a proof in itself of men's position in the Creation—man, for instance, does not build up coral reefs. The difference here seems to be this, that the coral insect evolved quickly; its life work is, and always has been, comparatively simple, although the total results are so large and lasting: man, on the contrary, has evolved slowly; his life work is, and always has been, varied and progressive, and there seems no possibility of his reaching or finishing any of his labours. Man, then, may, from the commencement of his being, have been man, for aught that the earth history can tell us, and reasoning also guides us in such a supposition. Presently I propose to analyse in a little more detail what palæontologists have to say against such a supposition.

Repeating, again, that we apparently advance through the strata from the simplest to the most complex type, I emphasise at the same time a truth which stands out very prominently, together with this apparent advance from a lower to a higher grade—I mean that the simplest forms, many of them, persist through all recognisable time; from the absence of inflammable material they appear indeed to be practically indestructible. The adaptability of the lower types of ferns to their surroundings is most remarkable. Remove them into the tropical heat and care of the conservatory, and they flourish exceedingly; remove them after this treatment to the open ground, and they feel the effects of the change, but they survive, and in due time appear again bereft of none of their original characters.

"Living fossils" form the most tangible connecting links that the pure evolutionist has to glory in. Take in this connection the duck-billed platypus—it has webbed claws, it lays eggs like a bird, it is billed like a bird; yet it has mammæ, and is said to suckle its young. What is it—reptile, bird, mammæ, living fossil, or connecting link? It appears to be the duck-billed platypus, just purely and simply this particular animal and nothing else. It invariably reproduces its kind, nothing more reptilian, more bird-like, or more mammal than itself. And this leads me to still further discuss what I think may be one of the most convincing proofs of a separate creation. The affe, lion, rabbit, sole, man, reproduce themselves through generation

after generation ; no amount of caprice or strayed sexual taste brings forth any unlike animal capable of reproducing itself. Perverted sexual efforts may produce hybrids, but the hybrids cannot perpetuate themselves.

Just a word in passing to say that it is a pity that the terms hybrid and mongrel are so loosely applied. By hybrids I mean the numerous varieties produced by noticing and crossing the variations in species ; by mongrels, the actual crossing of different species. However, I think it is safe to speak of true hybrids (varieties of a species) and false hybrids (crosses between distinct species).

To return : Take all the startling and beautiful results of the floral hybridist—they produce no new species. The ordained plan is absolutely unalterable. Variety of the details of a fixed species is the only power possessed by the gardener and scientist. The laws of Nature provide for no relief—she is herself a hybridist, and even in this respect man is only copying her. In spite of all the fertilising agencies of the wind, no permanent change occurs, nothing new crops up to remain. Every variety of pollen is floating freely over our fields, hedgerows, and forests, the mass of it falling wide of any pistil whatever, another large quantity coming into contact with unlike pistillate organs, and a smaller quantity coming into contact with the like opposite generative organs reproduces its kind. A very few fertilising mistakes do occur in the life history of trees and plants, as they do also occur in the life history of animals. But it is the highest title that they deserve—"mistakes" ; they live and die mistakes, mistakes possessing no power of perpetuating themselves, impressed with no individuality. All other beings in Nature have to provide for a future race ; it is undoubtedly their greatest duty, but the poor false hybrid is born—to die.

It is impossible for us to have evoluted through reptiles, birds, mammals, &c., without the whole thing being wrought through the intervention of sexual union. The sexual law appears to be plain enough, and seems to forbid evolution except through the advance of a species. Is there anything in the evolution of parts of an animal's body? Undoubtedly various organs may from use and cultivation reach a high degree of development, and as a result of disuse may almost disappear. It has been stated that the giraffe's neck has evoluted on account of generations of giraffes having browsed upon the tree tops ; no doubt he has a highly developed neck, but the hare, rabbit, and deer have for generations strained their necks to the uttermost for the sake of eating the bark of young trees, but the straining has had no giraffe-like effect upon them. The

Taking again the carpal (wrist) bones and the metacarpal (hand) bones we discover only a confusion of the details of descent—for there is no other sort of confusion. Analogy shows us plainly that Nature allows of no confusion in her plans, and if we admit no confusion, then how are we to explain the finding of these details in all the oldest fossils of each kind, also in every living or recently dead creature, after its kind?—only by reference to atavism, to hybridism, to mongrelism, or perhaps to a separate original implantation of the characters of each individual species. The pelvis of any animal is a very important ossification, for it protects the reproductive organs, and the ultimate safe extrusion of the embryo depends upon its right construction. The three divisions of the human pelvic bone are united into a solid whole. The same remarks will apply to the pelvis of at least one member of the lowest class of the vertebrata—the angler fish. In birds, with the exception of the ostrich, we find no ventral symphysis. In man's class we do find it, but some of the insectivorous animals have an open pelvis. Therefore, as to the possession of a solidified bone and of a ventral symphysis, we find the great majority of the members of man's class agreeing with a member of the class fishes. Birds and reptiles are often linked together (Ichthyopsida)—in the great pelvic points that I have noticed they differ absolutely.

I think that I have pointed out sufficient facts. The interpretation of them is the important consideration. Personally, I do not take the Pithecanthropus erectus seriously, for the reasons already given; and apart from these reasons, I do not see why some of these remains should not have belonged to a dwarf, perhaps to acromegalic dwarf. Not long ago I listened to a paper by Mr. Gilford, F.R.C.S.; it was a descriptive paper, and dealt with some eight or nine dwarfs. With one of them I was familiar during life, and I also examined some of his bones after death. I could not help thinking, if he had lived and died ages ago, what a beautiful "missing link" some of his remains would now make, particularly if they had happened to be distributed in the neighbourhood of questionable ape remains.

My thoughts reverted to the same line when not long ago, in the *Badminton Magazine*, I read an account of "wolf children." I could not doubt that the description of these nurselings was on the whole correct; and, undoubtedly, their manner of progression would modify their limb bones in an animal direction. The method of eating, too, and the snapping movements, would naturally develop the jaw in a prognathous direction. Apparently they have not been so rare as to forbid their remains from ever being discovered.

We must remember also that human beings classing with the "bushmen" type probably migrated from the seat of man's first appearance. If we think of what these men are now, of what they may have been, of their possible lines of travel, and of what atavism would mean with such beings, surely here would be another possible source of the so-called "links." I think that the three sources I have just named might account for any "missing link" that has already been discovered, or for any other that is likely to be unearthed.

Dr. Dubois' discoveries are very interesting, and he has dealt with them fairly, but I fear with "Our Mutual Friend" that there are many of us always lying by ready to go wrong upon the next idea that may be broached. If I added anything further to my remarks upon the bird-reptile connection, I would repeat that I cannot understand why we have such a mass of pure reptiles left (living and fossilised), and why such a mass of pure birds left (living and fossilised), and yet no living, and practically no fossilised go-betweens.

I have tried to point out in this paper some reasons for a belief in a separate creation, and by a separate creation what I mean is this—that a something was created in the beginning, and that this unknown mass or atom was stamped at once and for ever with its permanent characteristics. This something meant species—a separate being. In its evolution it has shown itself capable of endless variation. It is varied, may be by natural laws, may be by man. It is incapable of reproducing permanently anything but itself, and for its race to run, its like sperm cells must come into contact with like germ cells.

In a recent issue of "L'Anthropologie," Tome vii. m. 5, there is a description of the Moï race—a race of tailed men. It is doubtful whether any observations of this race have yet been made by a trained scientist.

Finally, I would say that embryological study still further helps to strengthen the views of those who are inclined not to accept *in toto* the Darwinian theory of evolution. The whole question is really not one of dispute, but of degree.

W. T. FREEMAN.

deal nobly with my father when his enemies were stronger than he; and when thou wert a man and not a devil. And the third cloak covers me. Put back thy steel, Citheng; my mother's son has more to say yet, and anon thou canst slay me more slowly than by the knife. And under the fourth cloak my mother sends thee Una the second, and she bids thee love thy daughter well. And under the fifth cloak is my mother, whom thou hadst once, living, and whom my father sends to thy keeping, dead."

"And now remain," said Citheng, mocking. "The third cloak and the sixth—that which wrapped thee, young cockatrice, and that which lies empty yonder."

"The empty cloak is seven-coloured, and fit only for a king's wear," said young Aluinn. "My mother wove it for you, my lord—nay, feel and see it—there is no trickery in it; and once the fingers that wove it were dear to thee." Citheng took the cloak up, and threw it over his shoulder. "Well, and is thy message done, son of Brian the Fighter?" he said. "Hadst thou spoken less boldly, I had slain thee, perhaps; but because I am a fox I love a wolf and a wolf's cub, and thou mayst go back to thy valleys scatheless. Moreover, for a space of six years Brefny shall pay me no more tributes. And now—where are my Ollamhs, Miledh, and Cabham and Leabhar? Take up the Queen of Brefny, and bid my singing women come and lament her as if she were the high queen of Ireland, instead of"—he looked at Aluinn's listening face, and some devil whispered into his ear the next words that he spoke—"the fairest wanton that ever a high king tired of." Then Aluinn leapt forward again, and two stood quickly between him and the king, thinking that he had a knife in hand, but still he stood unarmed and his clenched hands were empty. "There yet remain two cloaks to complete the tale of six, lord," he said laughing lightly as he looked up into the king's mocking eyes. "The third cloak covered me—for all eyes to see, but the sixth cloak that ye wear now covered one ye saw not—nor any of your Ollamhs. Death, Citheng, lay underneath—the black Death that slew first my mother's beauty and then my mother—and now it shall slay thee, Citheng the king. Ay, kill *me* now, for my errand is done."

He held out his empty hands as if in welcome to the naked knives that shone around him: and was dead before the king had shaken himself free of the plague-struck garment: and it was on a dead man's quiet face that the king set his heel. And by order of the king they whipped the hills-man naked through the camp, and the slave girl they strangled in a noose of her own red-gold hair: and

IN SUBTERRANEAN CAVES.

THERE is a land of fairy waterfalls and subterranean caves in Yorkshire the like of which does not exist in any other part ngland. The falls can be seen by all men, but some of the gloomy and caverns baffle even yet the courage and the skill of the most rt and adventurous explorers.

n the neighbourhood of Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, raising its ive head above the clouds, the moors are pitted with the yawn- ulfs which the people know as pot-holes. Some of these are as t and mysterious as when primeval man lived near them, and for t we can tell, the waters that thunder down them when the rains from the hills may go through "caverns measureless to man, n to a sunless sea." In this region of Ingleton alone there are erranean streams that surge along in darkness, and of which the ed length can only be reckoned by hundreds of miles; and e are on the moorland everywhere great dismal gulfs, to look into h is to turn any but the strongest head and appal any but the test heart.

Men of iron nerve and thirsting for adventure leave England in reasing numbers for the countries of the Alps or the Himalayas. their own doors almost they can face descents which are as trying d as dangerous as any climbing in the hills of Switzerland or India.

The origin of these natural pits is simple. The pot-holes are the sult of the processes which have carved the carboniferous limestone nder the crust of the earth for some miles round Ingleborough into antastic shapes. The stones themselves are worn by the incessant ction of the water, but in the limestones the streams eat out the softer parts and leave the harder casings comparatively intact. The water is, therefore, constantly burrowing underground and scooping out channels, cavities, and caverns; and from time to time this natural sapping and mining causes the strata above to collapse, and so leads to the formation of pot-holes.

Within six miles of Ingleton there are a large number of these natural caves and pits, some of which up to this moment, in spite of

the greatest efforts of explorers, remain unknown. The names of several are clear indications of the awe which the pits have inspired in the minds of the dwellers of the district. There are, for instance, Gaping Ghyll Hole, the Boggart's Roaring Hole and the Boggart Holes of Ivescar. In the Craven district "boggart" signifies ghost or apparition, and no doubt many an awful story of spirits rising from the bowels of the earth at dead of night has been told by belated shepherds and farmers going home across the desolate moors.

One of the most persistent and adventurous of the body of men who have both the time and money to give to the work of fathoming these subterranean dungeons is Mr. Harold Dawson, of Bradford. He possesses a complete apparatus for the descent of these pot-holes, and has succeeded not only in making numerous descents, but also in getting photographs of the caverns that lie far below the earth's surface. Into one of the most important holes, Alum Pot, he has made half a dozen descents, and has by means of the flash-light obtained numerous photographs illustrative of this adventure. This descent may be taken as a good example in every respect of the risk and labour involved in work of this description.

Alum Pot is about 300 feet deep, 180 feet long, and some 90 feet wide. Two hundred yards westward there is an opening in the ground where the roof of a cave has fallen in. This is the Long Churn, and by this cavern the explorer makes his way to Alum Pot, and emerges into daylight about 80 feet from the surface. Previous to the descent of Alum Pot, Mr. Dawson and a friend of his had made an attempt to descend Long Churn without any appliances whatever, with the exception of a few ropes, but they found it impossible to go very far with safety, owing to the depth of some of the drops; so they determined to go over again, fully equipped for all emergencies.

The articles with which they provided themselves included an electric lamp of ten-candle power. This they found quite useless, inasmuch as though it gave a strong light, it was not penetrating, and did not illuminate the darkness in any way except in its immediate vicinity. Though it was especially made for Mr. Dawson, and was as compact and portable as possible, it was extremely inconvenient to carry, and more trouble than it was worth. There is nothing yet invented for cave exploring that can beat a good wax candle. The party had a wire-rope ladder, 42 feet long, divided into three sections of 14 feet, fastened and unfastened by means of dog-clasps, so that in bearing a great weight it was

utterly impossible for the clasps to come unloosened. This ladder was invaluable. It was flexible, and each member of the party had a section wound round his body, immediately under the armpits. The ladder was of such width that it rested on the hips, and required no fastening over the arms, thus leaving them quite free. It was carried this way, and when any depth of a drop was encountered, one, two, or three sections were unbound, and clasped together as the occasion required.

The explorers had about 60 feet of knotted rope, also some short lengths of rope for binding, and a fair supply of candles and matches. They went down Long Churn on Saturday, June 16, 1894. With Mr. Dawson and his friend Mr. Townend was Joseph Dean, a local innkeeper, who had shown a great interest in the work. The party began the descent, clad only in woollen shirts and knickerbockers, at 9 A.M., at the lower opening of Long Churn. There had been a good deal of rain during the week, and in consequence the explorers were on an average wading in water from two to three feet deep the whole time. The entrance to Alum Pot is low, but widens out soon after entering. The first part is comparatively easy, but very wet. The water, however, sinks about 40 yards from the entrance, and the rest of the journey until you get to Alum Pot itself is by comparison almost dry. Where the water sinks is a deep pool, and to avoid going through, there is a cross-channel to the right that you can pass over, and which brings you again back to the main passage after the pool has been passed. The bottom of the cave is here fairly level. After going some way you come to another chamber of fair height, but full of water—in some places eight or ten feet deep. It is a four- or five-foot drop into it, and you can avoid swimming or ducking by finding a foothold round the edge. The accommodation is, however, only slight.

There is a third pool in the next chamber, with about a four-foot drop into the hollow, but this pool is only four to five feet deep, and it is possible to wade through it. The passage from here turns and twists a great deal, but for the first and only time there is a good collection of stalactites. You then come to a very awkward piece of caving. You have, as it were, to drop through a hole at your feet. The hole is very narrow, and you have to work your way down, holding yourself in position by pressing your back against the side. It is about nine feet down. There is plenty of foothold after the first foot or so, but though not in any way dangerous, it is troublesome, and one of the party got hung up by his ladder, which wedged him fast with his feet in space.

The party then came to a large cavern, high and almost dry. This is the largest chamber in the cave, and a very fine one, too. They left the chamber by a hole on the opposite side, still descending rapidly. Shortly afterward they fastened the rope in position for a rather deeper drop, as they could find no foothold. The rope they left fastened, to enable them to return. After following a passage some way, they came to a longer drop which at first seemed to them impossible to get down, but at the bottom of it they saw daylight, and so knew that if they got there at all they would be somewhere in Alum Pot.

The explorers spent nearly an hour here, fastening the ladders together and making them secure. They found a huge boulder, and first fastened a strong rope round it, well wrapped with cloth to prevent it from fraying on coming in contact with the sharp edges of rock; and to this they fastened the rope ladder securely. They could not actually see the bottom of the drop, and as they did not know its depth, they thought, as security, that the man who descended first should in addition have a rope attached round his body, and be held by those at the top. Mr. Townend was the first to go down, and though the ladder did not quite reach to the bottom it was only a few feet off. Mr. Dawson followed, and Dean came last. They judged the full distance of the drop at 60 feet—about 46 feet to where they landed, and another scramble down, though with good foothold, of about 14 feet before they found themselves in daylight proper, on the floor of Alum Pot.

After this big drop, the others in broad daylight did not seem much. The picture was beautiful from this point. It was about high noon, with a clear sky and the sun beating straight down into the pot; and from the other side, opposite to them, a small waterfall descended from the top of the pot and came down almost in fine spray, owing to its rocky passage.

In consequence of the spray the whole place seemed like the heart of some huge rainbow, the colours beautiful beyond compare; but later on, when the sun had moved a little farther round, the party found the mist positively freezing, and being wet to the skin they were very cold, and their little stock of whisky was very soon exhausted in trying to keep themselves warm.

From the second to the third stage they had not much difficulty; though it was unpleasant on account of the large quantity of loose stones that people had thrown over the top from time to time. They scrambled to stage three with knotted ropes, and there Mr. Dawson had an ugly drop, letting his grip loose when halfway down, and falling

the rest of the distance. At this stage they went back to the bottom of the long drop, and Dean went up the ladder to the mouth of Long Churn, in order that he could let it down to his companions, as they could get no farther without it, the floor suddenly dropping again. He had to stay up till he came back to fasten the ladder to enable them to return. After they got the ladder they reached the third stage again without much difficulty; but here again they were in trouble, and needed some assistance, but there was nothing whatever to fasten a rope to, the available ledge being only small loose stones. They, however, threw their ladders down, absolutely "burning their ships," and so they had either to descend to the ladders or stay all night where they were.

The chasm here is considerably narrowed, and has been bridged by a huge stone which has got wedged across it at some remote date; and so they worked their way round the edge of the pot to the farther side, hoping to climb over the stone bridge which slopes rapidly downward to the lower level they wanted to reach. This, and getting over the stone, was the most uncomfortable work of the descent, as the foothold was not of the best round the pot, and underneath was a drop of at least 150 feet straight down. But this was their only chance of getting to the level where the ladders were. Mr. Townend led the way, and Mr. Dawson followed. They then cautiously crept down the stone, holding on by teeth and eyelids, and successfully bridged the chasm. From there they crawled and crept some distance along the sharp sloping floor. Once more they got the ladders into position. This—the south—end of the chasm (the end of Long Churn being the north), is the least drop. The bottom of Alum Pot slopes down very much towards the north, it being deepest underneath the exit from Long Churn. The bottom was then very wet, and as a further descent to the other end necessitated more ropes, which they did not possess, the party could not proceed.

There is one thing any one going down these pots should attend to, and that is to leave someone at the top to keep people from throwing stones down, as there is hardly any shelter. This the party did not do, however, and they were somewhat alarmed by the appearance of two fair-sized missiles. These, luckily, were thrown from the farther side. If the explorers had been standing underneath the tourist, the consequences might have been serious. The explorers waited and shouted for some time, and as no more stones came they went on their subterranean way rejoicing.

Such is Mr. Dawson's account of the first descent of Alum Pot.

with a telephone 600 feet long, and magnesium wire and candles. With the telephone he communicated regularly, reporting progress to the anxious crowd at the brink, in which was his wife. The preparations for the descent occupied three hours, and the ascent alone took twenty-eight minutes, so that the arduous nature of the upward climb can be readily appreciated. The total depth of the Ghyll was found to be 330 feet, and the chamber at the bottom 450 feet long, from 120 to 130 feet broad, and between 90 and 100 feet high. The Frenchman found that the water which falls into the Ghyll percolates into the soil, and that there are several main outlets which are so much choked up with sand and boulders as to be unexplorable without great labour. Perhaps these channels will, when cleared out, reveal wonders that are as yet undreamed of. They are, even now, the cause of hungry desire on the part of several Englishmen who wish to get to the very core of these subterranean mysteries.

Appended are interesting particulars of some of the chief pits within six miles of Ingleton. Rowen Pot is called by Mr. Harry Speight, the well-known writer about the beauties of Yorkshire, the most awful fissure in the dale. The circumference is 90 feet long by 12 yards wide, diminishing to 4 yards. An exploring party once descended to a depth of 351 feet, when, following a horizontal passage for a considerable distance, they met with a perpendicular opening, and lowering themselves by successive stages ultimately reached a depth of 600 feet; but this was not the bottom. Marble Pot has a drop of 90 feet, and much water is carried to a hole in it, the known depth of which is 50 feet. Juniper Pot is full of water to a depth of 80 feet, and no attempt has been made to explore it. Raspberry Pot is a deep rift with a long drop. Nothing is known of it, as it has never been explored. The Fluted Hole is of great depth, but nothing is known of it. The Pillar Hole is so narrow that one can stride over it. It has been plumbed to a depth of 150 feet, but has never been descended. The Long Kin Hole (West) is narrow at the surface, and shaped like the letter L. It has been plumbed to 300 feet; but this cannot with certainty be declared to be the full depth. Rosebay Pot, Fern Pot, Moss Hole, Mudfoot Hole and Cave Pot have never been descended, and nothing is known of them. They are very wet. The Boggart's Roaring Hole, which is full of water in wet weather, has a vertical drop of 145 feet. Jingle Pot has a depth of 48 feet, a length of 70 feet, and a width of 10 feet. It is generally full of water. Mere Ghyll is a gap 240 feet long. The water disappears in an abyss, the depth of which is unknown. There are other pot-holes without either names or known dimensions.

WALTER WOOD.

TABLE TALK.

A CALENDAR OF THE INNER TEMPLE RECORDS.

THE process of calendaring our national records, first started by my old friend Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy and continued with unabated zeal by succeeding Keepers of the Records, has spurred other custodians of important documents to emulative effort, and it seems likely that another half century or less will see all manuscript treasures of importance, if not placed beyond the chances of loss by theft, burning, or decay, at least rendered available for purposes of scholarship. Among the earliest of the great public bodies to calendar the more important of these documents is the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, the first volume of whose records has been edited by Mr. F. A. Inderwick, Q.C., and published by order of the Masters of the Bench.[1] Mr. Inderwick is a well-known antiquary, who in the pauses of incessant profession at labour has found time to write "Side Lights on the Stuarts," "The King's Peace," "The Story of King Edward and New Winchelsea," and "The Prisoner of War." The task of calendaring could scarcely have been entrusted to more trustworthy or competent hands. But one volume has as yet appeared, a herald of more to come. This deals with the period between 21 Henry VII. (1505), when surviving records begin, and 45 Elizabeth (1603). The records are ushered in by an historical introduction, which is to some extent a digest of what is most valuable in the contents, and a history, not only of the Inner Temple, but of the Temple as a whole. Not the earliest records are those of the Inner Temple, those of Lincoln's Inn going farther back. They are earlier, however, by some years than the records of Gray's Inn, and begin about the same time as those of the Middle Temple, supporting thus the idea which is borne out in other respects that the place in which the documents appertaining to both the Temples were originally kept was the same.

[1] H. Sotheran & Co.

THE HOOSIER POET.

SOME few years ago I had the privilege of meeting at a brilliant gathering Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the American poet, and of hearing him recite one or two of his short poems. So simple, touching, and pathetic were these, dealing generally with children, that his subsequent work has been followed by me with extreme interest. In England Mr. Riley is known to the few; in America he has won widespread recognition, and those who follow the best American magazines, *Scribner's* or the *Century*, look out in them for his sweet, homely, thoroughly human lyrics, ordinarily in what is known as the Hoosier dialect. Whence is derived the word Hoosier —unfamiliar, doubtless, to my readers as myself—I know not. It is now, however, in current use in the United States, and is applied to the supposed speech of the inhabitants of Indiana. Americans have reached a point at which interest in dialects and local customs is natural, and are beginning to look after their own antiquities. More than any living writer, Mr. Riley has popularised the dialect of his own state, and his Hoosier poems are among the most characteristic productions of the present day. Mr. Riley's writings are, however, not confined to dialect poems, or indeed to poems, since as a prose writer he is with some even more popular than as a poet. In the mingled humour and pathos of his prose narratives he comes nearer Dickens than any other writer. In his child poems he is chiefly noteworthy for the delicacy and fidelity of his descriptions, his insight into child life, and his sympathy with childish preconceptions and aspirations. Our own Robert Louis Stevenson has been happy in his treatment of child themes and his appeal to children. I doubt, however, whether his sympathy even is as full as that of Mr. Riley.

MR. RILEY'S VERSE AND PROSE.

THE latest volume of Mr. Whitcomb Riley's poems is entitled "A Child-World," and is published in Indianapolis and Kansas City.[1] It lends itself not very readily to quotations, which indeed to any adequate extent I may not attempt. A few lines, not at all the best, are all on which I venture. After giving a picture of an Indiana home, its occupants and visitors, the volume is made up of sketches and stories narrated to or by the children. The child-world itself consists of—

[1] Indianapolis, The Bowen-Merrill Company; London, Longmans & Co.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1897.

KAMBULA'S WAR-CLUB.

BY J. R. WERNER.

IT is light brownish yellow in colour, about two feet long, gracefully curved, with a round, smooth, and beautifully polished handle, at the end of which is a knob to prevent its slipping out of the hand. The club end is diamond shape in section, its thickest part being gradually worked off into the handle; the diamond-shaped portion tapers symmetrically off to a point, and the club is so beautifully balanced that it could be turned in mid-stroke and the blow given with the flat instead of with the edge. A blow with the flat would be bad enough, but terrible would be the edge-stroke given from the hands of a strong man. The weight of the club and its impetus would carry it crashing clean through the human skull.

What battles it may have seen I know not. What nigger's grandfather first took to smashing the skulls of other niggers with it, I can only imagine. But the tusk from which it was made must have been a large one to give a solid piece of ivory big enough to make my club, and it must have taken a long time to fashion it with the rude tools used by the Lomamis or Bahunga. Besides, it is beautifully polished, another operation requiring time, and the handle is worn smooth and burnished with the friction of many hands and constant use.

So some time ago, probably even as far back as the days when Clive was founding the Indian Empire, there wandered an elephant in the forests and swamps of Katanga. Wandering ever on, over miles of vast wooded solitudes, in unmolested grandeur, he grew, and his tusks waxed big. Living his life and fulfilling his part of the great work of creation ; breaking branches and pulling down

Many a fight did he come out of victorious, and many a skull did crack with his faithful club before he had got it nicely finished, oth and white. Then as time went on, exposure to the weather, l the palm oil from his hands stained it a bright yellow, and still mbula went to war and came home victorious with his favourite apon, till one sad and fateful day never to be forgotten by the cken Yaponga.

On the morning of that day news had arrived that the marauding hunga—a pirate tribe who lived by plunder on the banks of Nzali, father of all rivers—were ascending the Komami to avenge themves for former defeats by the Yaponga. Getting into his war paint l feathers, Kambula seized his trusty club, and assembling his war loes, prepared to give his enemies a reception which should be nembered and talked about for years to come.

Standing on the overhanging platform at the bow of his 80-ft. loe, with some dozen of his warriors by his side and as many re on the stern platform, he was borne up and down in front of village by 100 stout slaves, wielding paddles whose beautifully ved blades, nearly four feet in length, were topped by another ir feet of handle covered with coils of shining brass, copper and n wire, and surmounted with balls of ivory nearly three inches in ameter. Below these ivory balls were lashed two or three small n bells. Inside the gunwales of the canoe were ranged the shields d fighting weapons of the hundred slaves, and a crowd of warriors od between the two rows of paddlers. In the bow, close behind platform on which stood Kambula and his braves, was the band, nsisting of two huge wooden drums and several large ivory warrns. Every warrior was decked with paint and feathers, and had tring of bells round each wrist and ankle; while the slaves at the ddles were similarly adorned with shells or rattling ornaments of ge beads, and each had on his head a tuft of feathers. Truly ambula's war-canoe was a spectacle worth seeing, and exceeded in andeur all the other canoes of his fleet.

On the extreme end of the bow platform stood Kambula, a very ercules in form, towering up in all the pride and beauty of ccessful manly strength. Round his ankles were castanets of all iron bells, and on his head the tall black and white cap long-haired monkey skin, adorned with feathers and cowries. er his shoulders flowed the royal leopard robe—the beautiful tail aching nearly to the ground—forming a splendid contrast to the ep black and dazzling white of the monkey-skin cap, the long tail which was allowed to hang gracefully down across the yellow and

black spots of the deadly leopard. In his left hand he held his basket-work shield and a spear, on the lower end of which was an iron bell. On the under side of the shield were stuck several trumbatches, or throwing-knives, and in his right hand he held aloft his beautiful ivory club, with which he beat time to the rise and fall of his hundred paddles.

The other warriors were attired more or less in the same style, with the exception of the royal leopard-skin worn by Kambula alone. Amidst the plaudits and shouts of the whole population, the fleet of canoes moved up stream to the head of the village, and there turned and paused in deep silence—Kambula's canoe, with crocodile-heads carved on either bow, being a little in advance of the rest. Thus they paused in brave array, the paddles holding back against the strong current, while the parrots screamed overhead, and the palm-fronds, stirred by a gentle breeze, rustled and waved under the fierce noonday sun, while the dark-brown river-flood scintillated and sparkled with the reflections from hundreds of spear-blades, bright as burnished steel.

Suddenly waving his war-club above his head, Kambula stamped his foot on the platform of his canoe and gave forth a wild war-cry which instantly found an echo in a thousand dusky throats. Moved as by one impulse, every paddler in that fleet plunged his blade deep into the turbid flood; and with drums beating, horns blowing, bells and castanets ringing, they shot past the village at a speed which would rival the great white canoe of the "Tooca-tooca,"[1] which is moved by chained devils goaded on by fire. An impressive sight, indeed, and worthy of the prolonged shout that greeted it as it shot past. A brave figure was the chief, as leading the fleet by half a length, he stood, foremost of all, on the very front of his bow platform, over the snouts of the carved crocodiles, his leopard skin flying out behind. Aloft he waved his club and shield while stamping time for his men with his castanetted foot and shaking the bell at the end of his heavy spear. Crash go the stocks of the warriors' spears on the bottom of the canoe, drowning for an instant the deep boom of the war-drums and the loud bray of the ivory horns. Then Kambula, still stamping time, strikes up a fierce, wild, inspiriting ballad, which is sustained by hundreds of voices. The slaves, keeping splendid time, stoop lower to their work, plunging their paddles harder and deeper as the martial music sweeps over the fleet. The long rows of dusky forms sway alternately down and up on either side of the huge dug-out as the white foam rustles past, churned by hundreds

[1] Native name for white men.

of long paddle blades rising and falling in steady cadence to the deep diapason of Kambula's war-song—

> Camētē ionso Kambula iar,
> Kambula, Kambula, dokélé;
> Kambula shugua iartē iyo,
> Dokélé, dokélé, Kambula.[1]

Thus did the chief of Yaponga go forth to war!

Gaily down stream, with drum and horn and song, went that dusky army. Away round bend and down reach, and woe betide the Bahunga when they meet. After a time the song and music cease, and nothing is heard but the grunt of the slaves straining at their paddles and the swish of the water as it flows from the blades. Some miles below Yaponga they enter a long reach, at the end of which is a forested bend. Round this bend is the village of the chief Makuta,a friend and ally of Kambula. On entering this reach Kambula again struck up his war song, and the fleet dashed gaily on, expecting to find the canoes of Makuta ready and waiting to go forth in Kambula's train to fight the Bahunga. Faster and faster went the paddles as they neared the lower end of the reach, faster did Kambula stamp, and faster flew the dug-out fleet, as louder swelled the music, till, with a shout or greeting they swung grandly round the bend and came in sight of Makuta's village.

A-a-ah-h—the slaves dug their paddles deep and held firm as the huge dug-outs crashed into a disordered mass, the churned waters surging nearly to their gunwales. There, where Makuta's village had been was an open blackened plain, across which men dressed in white clothes were running and shouting. Ah—*they* were neither Makuta nor Bahunga! As Kambula paused and gazed, the white-shirted men gathered on the river bank with long shiny sticks in their hands. They lifted these sticks, which spit fire and noise, and Kambula saw several of his warriors fall dead, or shrieking with agony. What could it be? Shouting to his panic-stricken slaves, Kambula attempted to turn his fleet and paddle up stream, but again those cruel tubes vomited forth fire and death. As Kambula raised his arm to wave his war-club once more on high, he felt as it were a line of liquid fire pass through him, and fell to the bottom of his canoe with his life-blood spouting across his royal leopard robe. As warrior and slave continued to drop in quick succession, a dire panic

[1] Kambula's warriors all go forth.
Kambula, O hail, Kambula;
Kambula brave he leads them on,
O hail, O hail, Kambula.

Thus did Kambula's club pass into the hands of the Bahunga, while the Arabs, ascending the river, raided Yaponga and carried off the women and children into slavery.

So for some two moons a Bahunga chief kept possession of the ivory club, and it lay in his hut, unused. The Bahunga feared to go out marauding, for there were fearful and wonderful signs abroad—and who could tell what would happen next? There had been much fighting by the island of Wenya between the "Tooca-tooca" and the "Tamba-tamba," till one night the whole tribe of Wenya had been aroused by a great earthquake and thunder, and had seen the "Tooca-tooca" go up to the skies in a great mass of fire and smoke—big as the storm-cloud that drives along Nzali before the wild typhoon. The "Tooca-tooca" was reported to be in the forest preparing to come down on his enemies the "Tamba-tamba," and annihilate them with thunder, fire, and smoke, and an earthquake that should shake the land and cause Nzali to run dry. Wherefore the Bahunga remained on their palisaded bluffs in fear and trembling, waiting for the end.

About one moon after the great earthquake on the island of Wenya—otherwise the blowing up of Falls Station by Deane—I came toiling up river, slowly and painfully breasting the strong current in the great white canoe that vomited smoke by day and flame by night. An anxious time I had of it till poor old Deane was safe on board. Even after that, when we had rushed down stream and given the Arabs a dusting at Yaporo, we were not safe, and by Deane's advice steamed on late into the night till far past Bahunga's palisaded bluffs and the forested hills crowned with the villages of that pirate tribe. We had no quarrel with the Bahunga, marauders though they were, but rather desired their co-operation against the Arabs, so we kept our guns out of sight, and, as we passed them towards evening, held out cloths and shiny bangles to intimate that we were friends and traders to them, though enemies of the Arabs, and would visit them peaceably when we came again. We had no time to stop then. The Bahunga being pirates, this display was not wise, but ignorance is bliss. So we steamed on till we came to a good camp on a wooded islet, and there made fast.

The moon was very young and it set early. The night was still and very close and hot. While the men were getting in the wood for the next day's run, I sat talking to Deane in the after part of the launch, which was moored—bow up stream—at the end of a sort of small cape, so as to have a good view all round. Suddenly one of the

Houssa sentries came aft, and, saluting, said: "Master, *washensi* (savage), he die in canoe, canoe he come." Taking my revolver and going forward, I saw a small dug-out, containing the apparently lifeless body of a native, whose head hung over the side and whose arms drooped into the water—drifting down on us. Deane raised himself on his elbow and gazed intently towards the approaching canoe.

Silently the sentry and I waited. I with a pole to sheer off the floating coffin should it come too close, the sentry eagerly looking to see if there was any loot in the way of food in the canoe. Suddenly Deane's experienced eyes noted something wrong and he spoke just loud enough for me to catch his words, where I stood in the bow of the launch.

"Look out, old man! he's playing possum; no canoe would drift cross current like that."

At the same instant the sentry whispered.

"Master, Mafuta."[1]

"All right, Bunduki upesse,"[2] I whispered back.

Scarcely had the sentry raised his gun and pointed it at the recumbent nigger, when the canoe struck our stem and swung round; throwing myself flat down on deck I reached over and seized the canoe with one hand, pointing my revolver with the other. Before I well knew what was the matter, a towering black figure was swinging something over my head. Crack went the sentry's rifle and Deane's revolver, and the sable Hercules fell wounded in his canoe. Two pots of palm-oil and a beautiful ivory club were all that was worth taking out of that canoe. The other weapons were a rough dagger and a slight assegai, showing that the man had intended to rob and perhaps kill one or more of us. The Houssa took the palm-oil and I kept the club which now hangs over my desk. Of all the hundred and odd native weapons I have brought home from the Congo, this has always been my favourite curio ever since I picked it out of that treacherous dug-out on the dark reaches below the Komami. I called it "Inkosi Kaas" after reading Rider Haggard, some of whose books Deane brought out to me when he returned to Africa a year later.

[1] (There is) palm-oil (in the canoe).

[2] (Get your) gun quick.

CERAMIC ART AT DERBY.

IN all probability one of the first arts practised by man—prehistoric man—was that of the potter. Certain it is that the Phœnicians, Egyptians, and Persians understood it nearly two thousand years before the dawn of the Christian era. In the early Scriptures the work of the thrower is clearly set forth. We have no difficulty in proving that a large Etruscan manufactory, and smaller ones in other parts of Italy, flourished a thousand years before Christ, having been inaugurated by a colony of Phœnicians, who settled at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Two thousand four hundred years or more ago we know that the Japanese manufactured both earthenware and porcelain, and a very little later the Chinese were engaged in the same pursuits.

In the very earliest days of the habitation of this island, the days of the prehistoric period—the ancient Briton period; the period of savagery—vessels of simple clay were formed for sepulchral and other uses. Many hundreds of barrows which have been opened have furnished examples of grave-mound pottery, and, by the antiquary, these have been arranged in four classes: I. Sepulchral or cinerary urns; II. Drinking cups; III. Food vessels; IV. Immolation urns.

"The pottery" found in these barrows, writes the late Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, "exhibits considerable difference, both in clay, in size, and in ornamentation. Those samples presumed to be the oldest are of course clay mixed with small pebbles and sand; the later ones of a somewhat clumsy form, and perhaps a finer mixture of clays. They are entirely wrought by hand, without the assistance of the wheel, and are mostly very thick and clumsy. They are very imperfectly fired, having probably been baked on the funeral pyre."

Evidence is forthcoming that the Grecians learnt the art from the Phœnicians or Egyptians. It was extensively practised by the Romans, and other nations, during the Middle Ages.

Coming now to a consideration of that branch of pottery distinguished as porcelain, we find authentic record that this was made at

soda, and lead, some of which are fused in a kiln, and while in a molten state drawn off into water, the compound thus produced receiving the technical term of "frit." The other ingredients are added to the frit, and the whole ground together for use. This ware is subjected to a great degree of heat, and transparency is imparted to it during the first burning. The glaze is afterwards added, and being softer than the "body" is fused at a lower temperature; thirty hours go to the first fusing and fourteen to the second. Having made clear the distinction between earthenware and china, a word is necessary upon the clay used in the manufacture of porcelain.

An authority upon ceramic art states, that without doubt the best kind of china-clay is got in Cornwall, from the mines of St. Austell. The process for obtaining the clay is difficult, and cannot be easily set forth. Clearing away the surface of the ground to a depth of some twenty to thirty feet, which surface is called by miners the "overburden," little rivulets make their appearance. These are conducted to various parts of the mine, and receive the crumbling mass which falls down as the miners operate with their pickaxes. The water containing the clay runs off into large pits or "catchpools," in the lower part of the mine, and is from thence pumped up into huge settling tanks. From the tanks the water is drained off, and the clay is put on to pans and dried. The streams near the china-clay, or Kaolin mines, run white in Cornwall, and one writer says that "from their excessive whiteness they might be flowing with milk rather than water." But to Derbyshire.

Decidedly the most direct, and in every way the pleasantest, route from London to Derby, the busy county town of the shire, is *viâ* the Midland Railway. This main artery of the English railway system traverses Herts, Beds, Leicester, and the valley of the Trent, the traveller reaching Derby, the headquarters of the line, well within three hours. "It is the Midland Railway that has made the town," is the unanimous verdict of the townspeople, and this becomes at once apparent to anyone visiting the huge and well-conducted locomotive works of the Midland, where no less than 12,000 men are regularly employed.

At a distance within a quarter of an hour's walk of the Midland Railway station at Derby runs the Osmaston Road, parallel with the London Road, and at the top of the road on the right-hand side stands an imposing and classical-looking building, ornamented above the portico by the royal arms. This building is none other than the Derby Porcelain Manufactory, and it is from this building that there

wheel to give the mass rotundity. I thought this as ts species of power as making good verses in its species. ıs beautiful, but Dr. Johnson justly observed it was too t he could have vessels of silver as cheap as were here elain." Dr. Johnson was not to know that samples of in his days would sell a hundred years farther on for n gold.

ırs later than the draft of agreement between Duesbury, Heath, William Duesbury died, and his son, bearing the tepped into his father's place, and the King and the ıued their patronage. Services were made for the es, afterwards George IV.; William Pitt, the statesman; d Duchess of Devonshire, and other celebrities. So the second Duesbury devote himself to his art that he ealth, and died before he had attained the prime of life, being but ten years of age.

an advertisement appeared offering the Derby China e, and in 1810 or 1811 it passed into the hands of one . Of an energetic and commercial turn of mind rather ic, Mr. Bloor's aim seems to have been to render the mercial success, and a marked change is observable in roduced after 1811. He resorted to the sale of what is stinguished as "seconds ware," that is, pieces slightly t having passed the numerous turnings to which the cted satisfactorily. Never until Bloor's time had any ctions been offered for sale; the worst had always been once, and those slightly injured put on one side.

mulations of many years' "seconds ware" were in the by Mr. Bloor's direction quantities of this stock were us towns throughout Great Britain and Ireland. At first was a name to conjure with, and the imperfect pieces bought up by undiscriminating purchasers, and ready- d into the coffers of Robert Bloor. This short-sighted the decline of the works. The best artistic workmen, the public readily bought imperfect goods, became care- productions, thereby nullifying the excellent results their predecessors.

Mr. Bloor's health of mind gave way; he never recovered sixteen years the China Works were left entirely to a . James Thomson, who was as able as he was honest, the business clear of many dangerous rocks.

Spengler, Stephan, Coffee, Complin, Hartenberg, Duvivier, Webber, and Dear. The principal painters, according to the same authority, were Boreman, Billingsley, and Hill, famous flower and landscape artists; Brewer and his wife, Bernice Brewer, who painted both landscapes and figures; Pegg, a Quaker, who "surpassed in faithful copying of nature in single branches and flowers, and in autumnal borders"; Samuel Keys, a "clever ornamentalist"; Steel, a fruit-painter; Cotton and Askew, two "highly gifted" painters of figures; Webster, Withers, Hancock, Bancroft, and others, flower-painters; Lowton, "clever at hunting and sporting subjects"; and Robertson, at landscapes. The fellow-pupil of the celebrated portrait-painter Reynolds, Wright, of Derby, on several occasions supplied drawings and gave advice, in addition to others of eminence.

One of the Wedgwood family was at one time employed at Derby, having bound himself for three years to work at "the arts of repairing or throwing china or porcelain ware," for the sum of fourteen shillings per week.

We now pass on to consider the actual making and decoration of china, as it is carried on at the present time in the Royal Crown Derby Works.

The famous old Derby blue and the red, and the style of decoration and gilding are reproduced in all their original fulness. The true spirit of the old workmen has been caught by thrower and modeller, and the consequence is that, "but for a slight difference in the composition of the 'body' and the modern mark, the productions might almost be taken to be genuine old examples."

Passing through the works we arrive at the clay and stone yard. Here we are confronted by numerous pyramids of Cornish granite, flint, felspar, and clay. There is not the slightest connection, so far as an ordinary visitor can distinguish, between these very ordinary wayside-looking materials and the elegantly designed and elaborately coloured vases in the finished-goods department. Yet the connection is nevertheless very real. From the yard we pass to a large rough and ready building, the home of innumerable vats fitted with runners of Bakewell stone, ceaselessly running round and round, moved by centrifugal force.

The running and the roaring together—for they are not by any means noiseless runners—is not without due effect upon the material run upon or "run down." The vats contain water, and into the liquid proportions of dry china-clay, Cornish stone, flint, and ground

the late Charles Dickens in *Household Words* for 1852. He wrote : "In regard of the potter, popularly so called," says the plate, "you don't mean to say you cannot call him up before you, sitting with his attendant woman, at his potter's wheel—a disc about the size of a dinner-plate, revolving on two drums, slowly or quickly, as he wills—who made you a complete breakfast set for a bachelor, as a good humoured little off-hand joke? You remember how he took up as much dough as he wanted, and throwing it on his wheel, in a moment fashioned it into a tea-cup—caught up more clay and made a saucer—a larger dab and whirled it into a tea-pot—winked at a smaller dab and converted it into the lid of the tea-pot, accurately fitting by the measurement of his eye alone—coaxed a middle-sized dab for two seconds, broke it, turned it over at the rim, and made a milk-pot—laughed and turned out a slop basin—coughed and provided for the sugar? Neither, I think, are you obvious of the newer mode of making various articles, but especially basins, according to which improvement a mould revolves instead of a disc. For you must remember," says the plate, "how you saw the mould of a little basin spinning round and round, and how the workman smoothed and pressed a handful of dough upon it, and how, with an instrument called a profile (a piece of wood representing the profile of a basin's foot), he cleverly scraped and carved the thing which makes the base of any such basin, and then took the basin off the lathe like a doughey skull-cap to be dried, and afterwards (in what is called a green state) to be put into a second lathe, there to be finished and burnished with a steel burnisher."

Ancient as are the principles of this industry, the introduction of steam-power has aided materially in the improvement of the manipulation, the thrower being able to devote his whole attention to the formation of the ware itself. The delicate proportions, mouldings and bands, of many vessels fashioned on the potter's wheel, are outlined and cut by suitable tools upon the turning lathes after the clay has become about as stiff as cheese. The speed attained by an expert "thrower" is astonishing, a few minutes sufficing to turn out quite a handsome collection of bottles and cylindrical articles. We were informed that a good workman can produce many hundreds in a day.

The turner completes the thrower's work; he does for the outside what the thrower does for the inside. It is worthy of note that only plain and circular articles are thrown. All ornamental articles and those not quite circular are cast, that is, made in moulds.

There is a great deal to see and learn in the casting-room. Ranged on a long bench running the entire length of the room we saw numerous small plaster-moulds, and into them the "caster" was pouring from a jug-shaped vessel liquid china-clay, known in this state as "slip." "In a short time the plaster-mould will have absorbed the moisture, leaving the clay dry and in the requisite form. This one, I think, is all ready to be removed," and setting down the vessel the caster lifts the upper portion of the mould from the lower portion, and a finely shaped jug handle appears to view. "Over here," he says as he walked to the other end of the room, "we are casting elaborate vases. This vase," showing one designed to imitate the productions of the Renaissance period, "is made in sixty individual castings, and, of course, for each casting a separate mould is essential." When the castings are sufficiently stiff, they are dusted over with what might, for all that appears to sight, be white castor sugar, so smooth and white is it, but what is, in reality, ground calcined flint. It is trying to credulity to hear it asserted by those who "should know," that the snowy powder is the produce of the common black flinty-natured stones, as familiar to suburban pedestrians as road-mud in early spring. The object of this flint dusting is to prevent the clay pieces adhering, or soiling, when in the kilns. From the casting-room to the store-rooms to await the first firing the ware is carried. Before entering the kilns we peep into the "placing" shop, and here observe the "setters" at work. The labours of the setter are of the utmost importance, and he had need be an earnest and careful man, possessed of true hand and eye, and able to calculate size and distance to a nicety. Standing before a bench with pyramids of rough fire-clay cases piled near by, he draws one of the cases to him, fills it with the powdered calcined flint, in which, working his hands backwards, he "makes a bed," and, this completed, he "sets" the plate in the bed. Very true must be the setting, very nice allowance being made that the bed fit the plate after the baking, and not when first laid in.

The firing process follows the "placing." There is no need here to describe the shape of an oven, as every one knows that potters' ovens resemble the inverted bowl of a many-times-magnified tobacco pipe. Inside one of these ovens we step. It is stacking ready for firing. In it we count eight brick "bags," as the flues are technically termed, and note that arranged all round the "dome-shaped cavern are innumerable columns of an unearthly order of architecture, supporting nothing and squeezed close together." The pillars, upon

examination, prove to be constituted of vessels of coarse clay, shaped after the style of hollow cheeses, or even band-boxes. Each vessel is distinguished as a sagger, and the saggers, after being filled with various articles of pottery, are ranged tier above tier, the bottom of each successive vessel serving for the cover of the one below. When the whole kiln is filled up, the doorway, or aperture, is blocked up with clay and cement; and the gradual fire is kindled—the fire which is to work such wonders upon the unresisting clay. For sixty hours the fires do their work, the smoke passing out through the damper, an oval opening at the top of the kiln, or, should the damper be down, through holes in the floor, drawn thither by the "patent down draught." "Suppose now it were Thursday afternoon, and we had packed our oven, we should commence taking out 'trials' on Friday," says the guide. "The 'trials' are drawn out thus: At different points around the kiln a brick is left loose, some at the base of the kiln and some near the top. Inside, opposite each loose brick, a sagger, with a piece broken from the side, is placed, and inside the sagger are the small specimens of pottery which are to serve as 'trials.' Suppose then thirty to thirty-six hours to have elapsed, the oven-man would remove a brick and through the opening insert a long steel rod slightly hooked at its extremity. Bringing this carefully into position he feels about for the 'trial' piece, hooks it up and draws it out through the aperture. Having thus dexterously secured it, he holds it up to the light, and is then able to judge of the progress of his firing by the translucency of his 'trial.' Replacing it in the sagger, he proceeds to the next loose brick and repeats the action. In all probability he finds things progressing satisfactorily, and knows that the ware in the kiln will be ready for unpacking on Saturday. Meantime he allows the fires to slacken, until the allotted time when the temperature of the kiln is found to be almost normal."

It is at this point that we may appropriately quote again from that sympathetic writer, Charles Dickens. He asks: "Standing in one of those kilns,[1] nearly full, and seeing a free crow shoot across the aperture atop, and learning how the fire would wax hotter and hotter, by slow degrees, and would cool similarly, through a space of from forty to sixty hours, did no remembrance of the days when human clay was burnt oppress you? Yes, I think so. I suspect that some fancy of a fiery haze, and a shortening breath, and a

[1] Dickens was visiting the Staffordshire Potteries when he wrote this.

growing heat, and a gasping prayer; and a figure in black, interposing between you and the sky (as figures in black are very apt to do), and looking down, before it grew too hot to look and live, upon the Heretic in his edifying agony—I say, I suspect" (says the plate) "that some such fancy was pretty strong upon you when you went out into the air and blessed God for the bright spring day and the degenerate times."

The china-ware when taken out of the kilns, after the first firing, is of a beautiful transparent white, suggestive of a ghostly nature rather than a nature of earthy clay. The "biscuit" warehouse is always well stocked, it being easy for intending patrons to select from the pure white forms the shapes they require, and from the decorated pieces the designs they most appreciate; one or two pieces in each style of decoration is always at hand. It would be obviously unwise to advance farther than the "biscuit" state with a large proportion of the stock, prior to sale, inasmuch as fashion in art, as elsewhere, quickly changes, and hand-decorated work of a high order is necessarily expensive. We should have observed that before the "biscuit" is carried to the "biscuit" store-room it is scoured. The object of the scouring is to get rid of the superfluous flint from the "bed." This scouring is done by women, who, standing before fans, use small strong brushes. The Factory Act requires the workers to wear respirators while at the work, in order to protect the lungs from dust.

In pieces where the decorative work is done "under glaze," that is to say, when the painting and printing are accomplished before the glazing or enamelling, the "biscuit," in its Parian fairness, is handed over to the artists of the brush, who work out upon the clear "body" their innate conceptions of beauty.

Technical knowledge is requisite on the part of the artist, as well as artistic skill and design. A painter on porcelain must know the precise nature and extent of the change that the firing will effect upon his pigments. The artist must clearly be a bit of a chemist. He should know which colours to apply first, namely, those which require the "greatest degree of heat, in order that they may be well fused before he applies the delicate and tender tints in finishing his painting, as those would be, if not destroyed, seriously injured if submitted to the same high temperature required for those colours which he uses in the early stage of his work."

Brande says upon this subject: "When several colours are used they often require various temperatures; in which case, those which

bear the highest temperature are first applied, and subsequently those which are brought out at a lower temperature."

It would seem that all the colours are metallic oxides : the rose-colours and purples are made from gold ; greens from chromium and copper ; yellows from lead, antimony, and tin ; red from iron ; blue from cobalt. Combinations of different oxides produce a variety of colours. The famous Derby blue—a regal purple—is obtained from pure oxide of cobalt. Cobalt ores are found in Bohemia, Saxony, and France, but more abundantly in Germany, Sweden, and Norway. And here we cannot forbear quoting the following from the "History of Inventions," which is at once instructive, suggestive, and amusing: "The word *cobalt* seems to be derived from *cobalus*, which was the name of a spirit that, according to the superstitious notions of the times, haunted mines, destroyed the labours of the miners, and often gave them a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The miners probably gave the name to the mineral out of joke, because it thwarted them as much as the supposed spirit, by exciting false hopes and rendering their labours often fruitless; for as it was not known at first to what use the mineral could be applied, it was thrown aside as useless. It was once customary in Germany to introduce into the Church service a prayer that God would preserve miners and their works from *kobalts* and spirits." Miners now eagerly search for the ore and gladly welcome its appearance.

Opening the closed door of one of the studios our guide invites us to enter. We do so, and find ourselves in a veritable School of Art. The tables are bright with young faces, all intent upon the work beloved and revered by them beyond any other. Some are painting and others are burnishing.

In another studio every facility is allowed to first attempts, by way of encouragement of original work. It is instructive to watch the young designers portraying the forms and lines of beauty that represent the æsthetic world of the ideal. The ease with which the circles and many-sided figures are described with the skilfully managed brush, stencil and compasses, is not the least pleasing part of the work executed in this interesting department.

"Time goes," says our guide. "You had better come now into the 'glazing-room.'" We hasten to obey, but the obedience costs us an effort ; the studios being highly attractive. As we pass the gilding-room on our way to the glazing-room we look in for a moment. "Laying on the gold" calls for the most minute care. To each gilder a tiny "tot" of gold, equal in value to five

shillings, and appearing as a mere dab on the palette, is allowed at one time. It is expected that a certain amount of work will be accomplished with this allowance; nor do the artists disappoint expectations. Gold, before firing, appears black, and after baking of a dull yellow. It is the work of the burnisher to "bring up the gold," by rubbing the gilded surface with a bloodstone and agate. But now we are in the "glazing" shop. We have already given the constituents of the china-glaze, and as we peer into the wooden tub or vat containing the mixture we observe that it resembles, so far as its appearance goes, ordinary whitewash. Before the tub stands a man in white apparel, and to his right a pile of ghostly plates, waiting for immersion. Fixing on the thumb of his right hand a hook of some three or four inches, he lifts a "piece" with hook and fingers from the bench to the tub, and dexterously twirls it in the glaze, draws it out, wipes his fingers round the edge to remove any slight marks there may be, and places the plate upon a special support, where it remains until it is taken away to be scoured for the second time before the second firing. Of course it is no longer "biscuit" ware. The dexterous movement of the glazer appears as simplicity itself, but appearances are most unreliable. "I was years," says the glazer, "before I could dip a plate properly. I thought the action looked easy enough as I watched others do it, but I found it more difficult than I can tell you."

After glazing and scouring, the plates (other undecorated pieces are dealt with in the same way) are fired for ten, twelve, fourteen, or sixteen hours, as the case may be, in saggers rendered air-tight by clay pressed between each two, and the firing completed, the glazed articles are carried to the "glost" warehouse, and here they are rubbed smooth with sandstone or rubbing-stone, and then distributed to the various studios for decoration. This last applies only to articles decorated "over the glaze."

China printing is also in vogue at the Derby China Works, but there is less demand for printed articles than for hand-painted goods. To effect a high-class print the selected design is skilfully engraved on copper sheets, and these are filled with colour. A sheet of thin tissue paper is damped with size and spread upon each plate, and this again is pressed between flannel rollers. The pressure transfers the pattern from the copper plate to the damped paper which, in its turn, is caused to transfer its design to the vessel it is required to decorate. A fair share of patience and knack are requisite to the successful laying of the damped paper upon the plate or other article.

When it has been accurately placed, frequent measurements having been taken with compasses, dry tissue paper is rubbed over with a brush, until not a crease is visible. A soapy flannel is passed over the surface, and the reverse end of the brush is freely used to rub the pattern well on. A sponge and water remove the paper. The firing incorporates the colour with the glaze. The engraving of the copper plates is a costly undertaking, hence only in the execution of large orders is printing resorted to, it costing less to decorate by hand where a small order is concerned. A separately engraved plate is necessary in each case where the vessel differs in size or form from its predecessors—*e.g.* the plate used in printing a gravy dish or a meat plate would be useless for printing a vegetable-dish cover, or a gravy tureen.

As we left the ingenious printers, and their careful transfers, we turned in at the "ground-laying" workshop. "This ground-laying is very fashionable just now," observed our instructor. "You see how it is managed. The 'colour' is dusted on to the piece, after the latter has been oiled all over. This is followed by a 'firing,' and subsequently by another dusting of 'colour' and a second 'firing,' when the selected tint results."

In conclusion, we pass from an imperfect description of many interesting processes to the general statement that the productions of the Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Works are unsurpassed by any in the kingdom ; they are at once highly artistic and useful. Among the most beautiful of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the plastic art are the exquisite egg-shell-like cups and saucers, than which we have seen nothing superior. Professor Jewitt thus writes of them : "The 'body' is of a high degree of transparency, of marvellous thinness and of extreme hardness and tenacity, and on some examples, the raised gold-pattern is in the finest and most delicate of lines, and yet without flaw or fault. In whatever style, indeed, the decoration of these choice cabinet specimens is done, there is a studied delicacy and beauty that are in keeping with the apparently fragile body of which they are composed."

Amongst the most ardent admirers of Crown Derby ware are the citizens of the United States and Australia. Few of these who are true lovers of art return to their own country, after visiting England, without making a run into Derbyshire, and selecting trophies of excellence and beauty from the show-room cabinets.

The January of the year 1890 opened brightly for the Derby China Works. By the intervention of His Grace the Duke of

Devonshire, K.G., Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and Lord High Steward of the borough of Derby, the gracious permission of the Queen was accorded to the company to use the title of "Royal" in connection with their manufactures. When it is remembered for how many years royalty has patronised the ceramics of this factory, and that the manufacture of china was commenced here a year earlier than at Worcester, which has long since enjoyed the title, the permission accorded to Derby is no more than is befitting.

JAMES CASSIDY.

NOTES FROM THE SOUTH.

DON MATTEO, the incomparable host of the Cappucini at Amalfi, lies dead. The loveliest spot in Italy will henceforth lack one great charm for those who have known Amalfi as Don Matteo's guests. "Such a gentleman!" was the description oftenest heard of the courteous, graceful-mannered, lynx-eyed, ever-active old man. He was versed in all the ingenuities of kindness. Each guest believed himself the host's most favoured. To some one taking care of an invalid he said, "Tell the lady no dish goes up to her room that I don't inspect first myself." And the answer was, "You need not say so. I know that often you lend a hand in cooking for her." Long years ago, a titled Scotchman and his beautiful wife, whose rank was still higher than Milordo's, stayed long at Amalfi. They wanted other fare than that of ordinary travellers—even in those distant days when few but persons of importance made the *grand tour.* Don Matteo said, "Princes must dine well, even though they have not wherewithal to pay their cheer." Another of his maxims was, "Always give the most exquisite wine, whether or no you can make a profit upon it." His Milordo liked good wine, and a good deal of it. The great lady loved boating in the radiant southern nights. Boats were retained permanently for her use, and for her husband's fishing expeditions. Then there were mountain excursions, with guides and mules; shooting parties, too, in the hills, when sometimes tents had to be carried as well as provisions. Milordo told his host that he had had "some monetary difficulties." Don Matteo paid all the daily expenses. "Ah," he would say, "his lordship attracted me. I love him as one of my own—love the very recollection of him—*in spite of everything*!" Amalfi grew too warm. The foreign guests must depart. But the "monetary difficulties" continued in full force. Some of the hotel-keeper's family suggested that an embargo should be laid on the nobleman's valuables. But Miladi said, "You will let us go away, Matteo, still in your debt." ("She used to call me 'Matteo,' just

his honest heart, shedding salt tears to think the one-time gilded youth must now travel on foot, and win his way in the art-world among a host of common mortals!

Don Matteo described himself as *prepotente*, *i.e.* masterful. He has been seen to tweak the nose of a luggage-porter who shirked his work. He would box the ears of guide, cook, or boatman, who failed in duty; and a crew who refused to strike up *La Fata d' Amalfi* for a close-fisted stranger would bellow melodiously the four-part boat-song at his frown, or the least eloquent gesture of his cane. Certainly he was *prepotente*; but this did not interfere with his popularity among South Italians. He was, indeed, much beloved. The poor, the sick, the sorrowful, had everything to hope from the generous hand of Don Matteo. The telegram announcing his death lies before me, and well I know that to-day floods of heart-warm tears are flowing in Amalfi. The sorrow in that fair white city by the sea will find a response also among the cosmopolitan society which called Don Matteo "the most perfect of hosts."

A VAL SESIAN DRIVER.

They said, down at the *negociante's*, that there might possibly be a mule disengaged at the wine-shop; and, to my joy, there happened to be just one available beast. For I had walked a good many miles to Mullia, and the climbers' nails had pierced the soles of my mountain boots, making eight more kilometres of the highway far from an agreeable prospect.

"You must wait till they harness him," said the house-mistress. "It 'll take half an hour. Go into the shade."

I preferred a bench in a moderately sunny corner, but the *Padrona* was obstinate, and insisted on ushering me into a room furnished with bare tables, bare shelves, and empty benches. The only other occupants were my dog and dozens of lively, hungry flies. "You 'll like to drink," she said. "Shall it be wine or coffee?" I asked for milk, but, as usual in country places in Italy, there was none to be had in the daytime. The floor was one of a common Italian sort: the boards are well brushed, but never washed, and the boots of the *habitués* grind the dirt into them all the year round. It was a dull enough waiting-room, and I wished myself in the sunny seat by the entrance.

"Ready!" said the energetic house-mistress, suddenly popping in and out again.

I went to look for mule and trap. They were by the stable, and the *Padrona* was with them.

Well-chiselled features, mutely eloquent
  Of the great Master-workman's touch divine—
These were the parts that made a perfect whole,
The faultless temple of a spotless soul.

The *Padrona* was dressed in the costume of the Val Grande—a short, dark skirt; a dark bodice, like many Swiss bodices, but with blue side-pieces having folds that suggested lacing with a broad blue silk string; the local *camicia*, a wide-sleeved white home-spun linen chemisette, adorned with lace insertions and trimming of a charming kind only made in these regions; with silver hairpins and coloured head-ribbons in and about her plait of hair. All the *contadine* have a headkerchief—brown as to the ground, and bordered with woven red roses and green leaves. The pattern and colouring must be traditional, for all wear exactly the same kerchief, which serves equally well against heat or cold, and can be tilted cunningly, to make a shade for the eyes in the vivid sunshine. The little woman had shapely, expressive, small brown hands, and wielded a carter's whip with much adroitness.

After the usual series of questions incidental to first acquaintanceship in Italy—"Married?" "How many children?" "Parents living?" &c.—the *Padrona* threw this interrogation at me over her shoulder: "Walked *alone* to Mullia?"

"No, there was the dog," and then she brightened up.

"You're right. Animals *are* company. If people were only half as pleasant! Look at the beasts! They're never contrary. But *people*" (contemptuously), "you don't go far with them before they vex you! Do you see *me*? I'm forty-seven. Well, I've spent my whole life with animals, and I never found horse, or mule, or ass, or cow that would not do my bidding. *Ma, la gente!*—— Corri" (to her mule, and he fled uphill again)!

After a while: "'*Irlanda?*' You mean *Ollanda*, perhaps? No! What do you grow in your country? Hay, oats, cattle, and horses! Indeed! But horses are not to compare with mules for usefulness. With a horse you must keep your hand on the reins the whole time. Look! I throw down my reins when I want to chat. This is a very prudent beast—*tanto prudente.* See how he pulls up *all' incontro* (when we meet traffic)! The coachman on that pair-horse carriage was asleep. Very remiss! But now, about horses: They've no *resistance.* A mule goes for ever. And this beast keeps his little trip-a-trot ever the same. Then, what is a horse worth that has lost his shoe? A mule will go a journey wanting a shoe, and not suffer for it. Horses are soft things" (contemptuously). "I keep four mules and *only one* horse."

"Can you see Monte Rosa from Ireland? What! Too far?" (The *Padrona* seemed quite startled.) Yes; the world is very, very wide to us, here in the region of pedestrianism; and wheels, where there happens to be a "carriageable road" (a sufficiently rare circumstance!) Why, every place one wants to go to is a day's journey off! To creep round the ramparts of the great Rosa—that is, to encircle the empress-mountain, even at the height of this upper end of the Val Sesia—demands three days' walking. And such walking! Where there are mule-paths, it is often a case of scrambling. Beyond the region of mule-paths locomotion turns into regular mountain climbing. Six or eight English miles on a good road is a pleasant walk for ordinarily active folk. It is child's play compared to half an hour of the stony causeways that are the beaten tracks of these mountains. But perhaps the charm and freshness will be partly destroyed when these regions are traversed by roads. At any rate, "the human scenery by the way" will suffer. What tourist-ridden valley could show a character to match my *Padrona-cocchiere*? Mrs. Browning found, long ago, that most of Italy was "trodden flat by the travelling English." As we fared along, the *Padrona* was suddenly seized with a good business notion: "Since you come for your health, you would benefit by a stay at Mullia. We have excellent air—real mountain air! And I built an addition some years ago. The rooms have never been occupied. I would furnish them, if you would hire them—seven rooms for you and your friends. I cannot supply service, but you can engage some one."

Mullia is a charming place, *to pass through*; but it is too shut in by its mountains to respond to the requirements of a health resort; moreover, one has one's plans of travel. I tried to explain my position to the *Padrona* without seriously annoying her; but, alas! I soon became, for her, one of the *gente* with whom you "don't go far before they vex you." Her point of view was clear. There were seven nice new rooms wanting tenants; there were a certain number of people ordered to the mountains; why should they not hire the vacant rooms?

"At any rate," she said, "when you leave Casa Janzo you will have to pass through Mullia. I can bring mules to fetch you."

Another contrariety; I had engaged a Varallo coachman in advance!

The *Padrona* "could not see what on earth anybody wanted with Sacchetti" (the coachman)! She was seriously put out now. I began to perceive how it might be that she found "people" so contrary compared to her beasts. The fattest man in a crowd complains the loudest of the room that "people" occupy. The loudest talker

finds the company noisy ; and chatterboxes declare nobody can hold their tongue. Well, well, *la gente* are sometimes very provoking. We argued these matters of transport and halting-place as gently as I could, while we trotted up by the side of the brawling Sesia ("there's snow in that water," said the *Padrona*, pointing down with her whip, "it's white water"); passed a picturesque nearly "saddle-backed" bridge and several delightful *châlet* hamlets that cried aloud to be sketched ; and curious little churches, all glowing with external frescoes. The Val Sesia gave birth to a remarkable group of artists —with one Gaudenzio Ferrari at its head—just in the flowering time of Italian painting ; and to this day indigenous art faintly recalls the tender tints and Raphaelesque outlines of Gaudenzio and his school. Some of the frescoed fronts are but tasteless imitations of architecture and sculpture ; but others are graced with Annunciations, Visitations, or Last Judgments, in harmonious colouring, pale yet rich. St. Christopher is a favourite subject ; and one is thankful to be reminded of the lovely story, even by a saint, a palm-tree staff and a *Bambino*, a good deal out of drawing. In a Spanish church, where for many decades the vergers have been conducting tourists round, a St. Christopher canvas was explained thus to an English family : "The large figure is Christopher Columbus. The small figure is emblematic of the Gospel. The waves are the Atlantic, which Columbus crossed to carry religion to the new-found continent." The anatomically incorrect St. Kits of the Val Grande suggest more lovely thoughts than the Spanish verger's. When the travelling public overrun these valleys, will the Sesia country suffer a degradation corresponding to that of the beautiful old legend ? There is a risk—a great risk—that it will be so. Yet, for the sake of the tourists (and a little also for the commercial prosperity of these valleys), I wish the tide of travel to set this way.

"I dare say" (the *Padrona* put it interrogatively) "it takes *you* an hour to get up from Riva to Casa Janzo ?"

"Oh, about three-quarters of an hour," I answered.

"Well, *I* can do it easily under the half-hour."

That was a small triumph over an argumentative, "contrairy" stranger. It restored the *Padrona's* good-humour. We parted excellent friends, both wishing to meet again. The *Padrona* did her best to lift me out of the *calèche* as I prepared to lift the dog—that is to say, by the back of my neck. Then she jumped upon the box-seat, flourished whip and reins, the ends of her knotted kerchief and the loops of blue ribbon in her hair fluttering in the keen breeze that blew off the Sesia glacier, and disappeared—a nodding, smiling,

be-ribboned charioteer—at a rapid trot into the agglomeration of châlets that go to form picturesque Riva Val Dobbio, while I turned to scale the rocks between me and rustic Cà di Janzo.

A CORSICAN NOTE—THE VÓCERO.

The *vócero* is one of this strange island's strange customs.

A death occurs; and, in the presence of the corpse (addressing indeed, for the most part, the dead person), a woman improvises—praising, questioning, lamenting—while, at intervals, other women cry aloud, bewailing the dead, or sob and moan piteously. The custom recalls the *ululatus* of the Romans. It is like the function of the mourning women among the Hebrews; and the Arabs have a similar observance. I have read the words that were lately improvised over the corpse of a murdered man, and they reminded me of the dirge in Shelley's "Ginevra"; but they were, in parts, fiercely savage. The Corsican singer added, also, a fearful and dramatic interest to her plaint by unfurling the blood-stained garments of the dead man, and waving them, like a flag, as she cried aloud for vengeance. The death-song in Shakespeare's Celtic Cymbeline (the scene of the play is laid in the Celtic Principality) resembles the *vócero*, and so does the Irish Caoine. There is the wailing, which is *music*, if measured by its effect on the imaginations of those who hear it, though the sounds do not conform to any rules of counterpoint; and there are the songs which express the same agony of separation, the same pride in the loved dead, the same piteous, affectionate protests: "What ailed ye to leave us? Had ye not the best we could give to eat; to wear? Did we not give ye love enough, then?"

That is the burden of a well-known Irish death-song. It is near akin to the sentiment of one of the most admired Corsican *lamenti*; and Irish and Corsican songs of praise of the strength and adroitness of the dead hero, or the beauty of the beloved daughter, and her meekness and piety, bear a singular resemblance to each other, while greatly differing from any mourning verses that I know in English, French, Italian, or German. Corsican sorrow is, for the most part, restrained; but, at the time of a death, its outbreak is vehement. Mr. Barry mentions his surprise at seeing a comely, well-dressed girl, apparently about seventeen, flinging herself over and over again in the dust of an Ajaccian roadway, crying, "My sister is dead! Oh, my sister is dead!" and her fellow-townsfolk found nothing extraordinary in this demonstrative grief.

The Corsican "wake" is almost identical with the ceremonial

observances described in Balzac's "Médecin de Campagne," when death strikes down the head of a family in the Alps, above his "happy valley," near Grenoble.

The *vócero* originally took place in the house of mourning, but the governing powers now interfere. In the interest of the public health, it is forbidden that the corpse and the crowd shall be pent up for hours (and even days) together; therefore the uncoffined dead are now carried into the squares (*places*) of the townlets; and there, before a numerous company of friends, relatives, and more or less indifferent onlookers, the *improvisatrice* and the "wailing women" alternately lift up their voices.

Until quite lately, Ajaccio afforded the spectacle of the *vócero*. So did Bastiá and all Corsican towns. A pretty young Ajaccienne tells me she has been present at an out-of-door *vócero*, but that *Ajaccio est un peu trop civilisé maintenant* for such a performance. No picture could place the wild and pathetic scene so vividly before the eye as do the wonderful descriptions of Balzac and Mérimée; and Mérimée's "Colomba" is as true to other sides of the island's life as it is to this custom of the *vócero*.

SPAIN AND TYROL.

The Tyrol seems to me, from the scenic as well as the human point of view, as truly southern as meridional Italy; and there are two trifling incidents (but characteristic of the "lands of colour and of song") which always recur to my mind together. The Tyrolese ncident is merely the fact of a very old Meran veterinary surgeon, with a lovely pink carnation tucked behind his ear, coming to see a sick dog. Italian peasant-lads go courting with such an oral decoration. But I doubt if, even in unconventional Italy, a *veterinario* would think it quite professional to present himself before an employer with a bright blossom in the place where some clerks in northern climes carry their pens.

And the companion picture is of a Spanish housemaid (a man, of course), who had a latticed bower at the end of a balcony overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. His bower accommodated himself, a chair, pails, rags, brushes, and dusters. In some receptacle he kept his guitar, and when his work was done, in the balmy venings, he used to thrum his instrument most melodiously, accompanying it with a deep and mellow voice. The housemaid, too, was old. He shaved his cheeks and chin at rather long intervals, and generally wore a grizzled stubble. He was extremely fat, and his music was *delicious*.

A FISHERMAN'S FIGHT AT SESTRI-LEVANTE.

Some things can only grow in the sunshine. Of such is the characteristic Ligurian spectacle, a fight between fishermen. Even the mere thought of these southern sights brings a feeling of shine and glow into our grey north. This sort of duel is regulated, from beginning to end, by custom. The men, at the outset of a fight, drag off their heavy, woven sashes, and knot them at one end. Some sashes are three yards long, some longer. They are about a third of a yard wide. The patterns and colouring must be traditional, for they are rather artistic, with a look of old sampler work. Locally, sashes must be recognised as love-tokens, for many that are to be bought to-day in Ligurian shops have tender sentiments woven into them in something like cross-stitch: "To my best beloved;" "Love of my life, may all be well with thee;" "From a true heart," and so forth. Even without the hard knot, such a sash could give a formidable cut; and the blow, as the fishermen deliver it, gains much by the mighty swing of the arm. Each combatant has his semicircle of friends and supporters. They see to "fair play," and they minister to the one who most needs their assistance. When the fight has gone far enough, the friends of both parties dexterously swoop down and seize the man who has had the best of it, toss him into a boat, possess themselves of the oars, and push him out to sea as far as ever they can, there to await the cooling of his temper. The victor is generally placable enough. It is the vanquished who requires blandishments and tactful handling. An incautious word will set his anger aflame again. At last, when he is led away, protesting, threatening, and struggling in the arms of his partisans, the conqueror's boat has probably drifted upon the current some distance out to sea. His backers then attempt to float out oars or paddles to him, and if they fail in their attempts they launch a boat and bring him in triumph to the shore.

CLARE SOREL STRONG.

A BOOKMAN'S ROMANCE.

RAYMOND WEDDERBURN was a bookman of the old school. He wore clothes of an antique cut, carried a gold-headed cane with a hole through the handle, from which a tassel had long since departed; he took snuff, loved folios and old bindings, and attended book-sales with a short ivory rule to measure margins. He scorned the modern amateur buying through an agent. Dilettanteism was costly ignorance—a prey for the sharks—indeed, I have heard him pronounce the well-groomed collector a "chicken-brain."

He was a bachelor partly by temperament, but chiefly by circumstance. Women were part of the material system, and pretty faces did not attract him. Books took their place, they fascinated him, ruled his life, and were his only idols. But he had not always been insensible to the beautiful face of a pure woman. He had known love, had kissed the lips of a maid, and had had his life coloured with the passionate beauty of a maiden's vow. But that was many years since. His joy of love had given place to a crushing sorrow. The bitterness almost mingled with the sweet—the darkness had fallen so suddenly and so soon.

And on this bright summer afternoon of which I am writing, the ancient bitterness had been revived by a passing face in the street. It was a fresh, winsome face with a soft country bloom upon it, and its girlishness and innocence recalled all the romance of his youth. He had returned to his rooms in Bloomsbury somewhat shaken, perhaps, a little trembling, for he sought the comfort of his arm-chair with a sense of utter weariness and with a long sigh. He took his afternoon purchases from his great pockets and laid them aside without a thought, without a care; and yet they were the prizes of a true bookman. A vision possessed his brain. His love passage lay all before him. He looked up, and his eyes wandered round his library, where his beloved books stood all about him in open shelves with protecting wire doors—for he hated glazed presses—but the place appeared to have lost charm. It looked dismal and dull.

After thinking a little while he got up and went to the special corner where he kept his choicest treasures, and he took down a

book in an old-marbled calf cover. It was a little book, and not of any market value. Sixpence would have purchased a similar copy, and yet, year after year, it had stood with the valuable and the "exceedingly scarce." But it was a pretty book, and nicely printed, for it was Jones's edition of "Bacon's Essays." When he opened it, two small locks of hair tied together with a bit of blue ribbon, fell out. Dark hair and fair—his summer of love and his winter of despair, he mused.

He had not looked into the book for many years. It was a sacred possession, one that lived in the memory and not in the sight. And now a chance face had disturbed it. He stroked the silken hair tenderly, and the dark lock reminded him that the head from which it had been cut was now grey. There was no necessity to look into the glass. He knew it, and felt that his heart was grey also. But it was not too grey for him to kiss the mingled locks with the reverence of a weary palmer. He kept them and the book in his hand, and followed his life step by step through its steady course.

Fifty years previously, Raymond Wedderburn was a young man studying law in a solicitor's office, and passing examinations with a barrister's gown floating before him. He had taken his B.A. degree, and was working himself to a shadow to become in due course an LL.D. He looked at life seriously, lived much alone, and studied consistently; for his parents were poor, almost humble, and could ill afford the cost of his education, and it was his ambition to make himself worthy of their love. He took Labour for a wife and became her slave.

In the summer of his twenty-third year he spent part of his holiday in taking a walking tour through Sussex and Surrey. One hot afternoon he turned aside to rest in the cooling shades of an old-fashioned country lane. The place was truly arcadian, a deep sandy road with high banks on each side, and the tree tops meeting overhead forming a leafy aisle, with tufts of hay left here and there by the passing wains. The nettles, the sow-thistle, and the hedge-parsley grew to a great height, and the homely docks had leaves of immense size. The elders were quick in growth, and the hazel trees were loaded with bunches of green nuts. Raymond sat on a stile and watched the varied nature around with keen and pleasurable interest. Sometimes a blackbird would start out of the hedge with the short, quick notes of a frightened cry, a pheasant run down the centre of the lane to seek some well-known cover, and young rabbits come out to nibble on the borders of the adjoining wheatfield. He could see the spire of the village church through the trees, and catch glimpses of labourers building a haystack in a farm-yard.

Presently he heard a happy maiden singing. He knew she was happy, for her singing was so careless and free, and she was apparently unconscious of her song. The voice was sweet and musical. The singer was coming down the lane, but Raymond could not see her on account of a slight bend just above the stile. Sometimes she paused between the verses, sometimes between the lines, as though she had stopped to pluck a flower, or to take a closer peep at nature. It was a seasonable song, and simple—a song about a throstle teaching its young. Raymond made it out word by word, and line by line, and stored it in his memory.

Little throstle, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Little eyes that peep, peep, peep,
Gently close like this—like this,
Daisies now bright hours dismiss;
Little throstle sleep.

Little throstle, wake, wake, wake,
Little heart, the day doth break;
Throstles rise like this—like this,
Piping rapturous song of bliss;
Little throstle wake.

Little throstle, fly, fly, fly,
Little wings will soon reply,
If you float like this—like this,
Through the soft air's wide abyss;
Little throstle fly.

Little throstle, pipe, pipe, pipe,
Little song will soon be ripe,
If you sing like this—like this,
Soft as roses' petals kiss;
Little throstle pipe.

On catching sight of Raymond, the maiden started, and flushed a little, and Raymond, who was not used to the ways of a maid, flushed a little also; for such clear, fresh beauty he had never seen. The maiden was exceedingly fair, and wore a white flimsy dress, and a large straw hat trimmed simply with a twist of blue ribbon. Her wilful hair played about her brow like an airy cloud of glossy gold. She was swinging a basket of summer flowers—wild roses, poppies, ox-eye daisies, the scarlet pimpernel, sweet honeysuckle, the glorious yellow broom, and other simple wayside blossoms.

She had turned in at the stile as though to pass it, and Raymond had got down for her to do so, perhaps a little awkwardly, and she in her confusion stumbled against one of the many much-worn tree roots that showed above the path, and her stumbling jerked the wild flowers out of the basket and scattered them about her feet.

"How foolish!" she cried, as Raymond hastened to assist her in recovering them.

"I love wild flowers," he said laconically, as he picked up a sprig of honeysuckle.

And she replied, "I like no flowers so well."

Just then their eyes met, and a smile played about the faces of both. Their meeting and positions were so strange—so unlooked for.

The basket was soon filled again, but Raymond retained a scarlet poppy in his hand. "Perhaps, I may keep this?" he said inquiringly. And she laughed a little silvery "Yes," and then added, "I cannot help laughing, it seems so funny I should have slipped just there," pointing to the old worn root that had tripped her.

"I was fortunate," he rejoined gallantly, "for it is the first time I have been here."

"Walking tour?" she asked, at the same time nodding to the knapsack on his shoulders.

"Yes, country scenes are pleasant after the wearying streets of a town. I would rather look at your basket of simple wild flowers than see the finest building in the world."

"So would I," she replied, "but then," as if in apology for her sex, "I am a girl."

"That only proves that your taste is the more exquisite," he returned smilingly.

She saw he was neither mocking nor flirting, so merely blushed a reply.

"Search the wide earth through," he continued, "and where is there beauty or glory to equal the colour of this careless poppy?" and he held it toward her—"no artist can paint it, no poet sing it."

"That is what my father says. He is a painter—an R.A.—and he will not have poppies in his studio. He says they kill his pictures, and remind him too much of his deficiencies."

Raymond placed the poppy in his coat, and felt that life had much reward. These few moments of conversation were almost fairy-like to him.

"I came out here to rest," he said, after a short pause, "the lane looked so tempting and cool from the dusty road." And then, as though in explanation of his presence, he added, "I am going to the village inn to stay the night. I suppose this old lane is a nearer way than the road, for I can see the church spire just beyond the little farm in the next field."

"Yes, and I am staying at the farm with my father," she responded.

"I will show you the way," and moved down the lane with Raymond at her side.

At the bottom they came to a second stile, and having passed through a waving barley field, they came to a third. At this Florence Rygate—for that was the maiden's name—stopped, for on her right was the path which led to the farm. She pointed Raymond's further course out to him—and how well he remembered the words after fifty years. "Pass the mill, the pound full of little pigs, and the red-tiled cottages with their front gardens looking so fresh and peaceful with cabbages, potatoes, and scarlet-runners, and at the end of the row you will find the inn across the road and almost facing you."

That evening, Raymond, finding time rather wearisome, went to the ordinary mid-week service at the village church. The quietude of the churchyard impressed him. Generations had been christened within the ancient walls of the temple of peace, generations had been married there, generations worshipped there, and generations had been buried about his feet with God's everlasting skies looking down; and the sheep were now nibbling the grass from off their graves. And all the time that Raymond mused the little tinkling bell said "Come." And it seemed quite in harmony with everything around.

He took a place in one of the side aisles about half-way up, and on looking round he saw, in the body of the church, almost on a level with him, the pretty little maid of his afternoon adventure. But she did not notice his presence by any sign—did not even look in his direction, although she had seen him take his sitting.

The service went on with solemnity, and in due course the venerable rector took his place in the pulpit to give a short address. It was very simple, even commonplace, and not without parsonic prejudice. But the text was striking. Through the silence of the sacred building rang the beautiful words, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Both Raymond and Florence looked involuntarily towards each other. Their eyes met with a fleeting smile, and the glance was not without significance to their minds.

The service over, Raymond left the church somewhat hurriedly, and yet without a show of haste; for, however much he might have enjoyed the privilege of exchanging a few remarks with Florence, he would not obtrude his presence upon her by seeming to court her society.

However, resistance is not very strong when a man takes to

thinking about the subject of it, and especially if the subject be fascinating, and Raymond thought much of Florence Rygate. On the morning of the morrow he did not leave for another village, as was his custom.

"No, I will go this afternoon," he argued with himself. "A few hours will not matter much whether spent in one place or another; and I should enjoy lingering in that old-world lane again."

He had only one book in his knapsack, and he slipped it into his pocket, and went out into the lane and sat on the stile again. He read a little, mused a little, rose to look up the lane, strained his neck to look down the lane, and twisted his body to gaze across at the farm.

A wise man once said, "All things come to those who wait." And Florence Rygate came to Raymond. But she did not come up the lane, or down the lane, neither did she come from the farm; but along a field-path on the other side of the lane, where Raymond had never thought of looking for her. She got over a stile almost opposite the one he was sitting on. They exchanged the ordinary commonplaces of greeting, but soon drifted into serious conversation. They did not flirt, but talked rationally, and without restraint. She looked at the book in his hand, and said a little wonderingly, "'Bacon's Essays:' hard holiday reading."

"Wisdom mingled with pleasure," Raymond rejoined, with a smile; and during further conversation he unfolded all his life to her, and she felt strangely drawn toward him.

The morning was far advanced, for the sun was high in the heavens, and the birds had grown accustomed to their presence, and fed their young unafraid. They again moved down the lane together, and again parted at the stile leading to the farm. But Raymond did not leave the village that afternoon.

"I will go in the morning," he said musingly; and the afternoon found him again in the lane. He felt he was playing with fire, was acting foolishly, even wrongly, for life with him had to be fought and wrestled with. But a man's feelings are strange things to master, and Raymond humoured his will.

Florence went into the lane also. Not that she expected to find Raymond there. She even tried to stifle the hope. And they talked again, and wandered into the woods beyond, and all nature appeared to paint their hours with beauty. The afternoon flew by, and was gone; but, like a fallen rose, it left an odorous memory *behind it.*

Raymond did not leave the village "in the morning," nor for a week of mornings; neither could he find any argument to excuse his conduct. He condemned it, and yet delayed his departure. "Humble of birth," he mused again and again, "and nothing but my untried brains to earn my bread with. What have I to do with a rich painter's daughter? I am mad to stay." But he stayed, and saw Florence Rygate every day.

More than a week had passed since their first meeting. When over his modest dinner one day, Raymond decided resolutely to depart from the village that same afternoon; but first he would take a last farewell of the old lane he had grown to love. He went into it earlier than usual. "I will not linger," he murmured. "It is better I should not see her again;" and, firm in his resolution, he walked onward into the wood beyond. There he threw himself in a pleasant place on the mossy turf beneath the shade of the hazel trees. To prevent immediate thought of himself, he tried to read in "Bacon's Essays"; but the effort was vain. One sweet, fresh face clouded the page, and possessed his mind. He laid the book on the grass beside him, and abandoned himself to a fascinating reverie.

At the same time, Florence Rygate had been debating with herself also. She censured her foolishness, as she was pleased to call it, somewhat severely. She had no mother, and her father left her to follow her own fancies. His profession had given her more license than other girls, and most of his friends were her friends, and therefore men. They were mostly rich, and as the world goes—accepted gentlemen. Not that she cared for mere birth, neither did her father; but then, he liked a man who had done something to establish his position in the circle of genius or talent. She knew he would be angry with her present adventure, and had determined to see Raymond no more. She would not walk again in the lane while he was in the village, and so on that afternoon she walked round by the highway to wander awhile in the pleasant woods.

But Love plays havoc with resolutions, and laughs at human wisdom. Florence almost believed in Fate when she saw Raymond reclining in the shade of the hazel trees. Neither was he displeased to see his schemes overturned. But he determined to be firm in leaving the village that afternoon. He would take a last farewell, and end his romance for ever.

They chatted awhile on indifferent subjects, and after a few moments Florence sat on the grass at a little distance from Raymond, and Cupid, all invisible, sat between. Raymond talked of his hopes

and fears, with the future hanging mistily before him, and Florence proved a sympathetic listener. He wished for encouragement, and her ready goodwill gave him pleasure.

"I am an idle fellow," he said, after a lull in the conversation. "I have lingered here too long, and must say good-bye to these sweet scenes this afternoon, or I shall never complete my tour."

"So soon," she replied; "so soon," and turned her wondering eyes upon him.

"But I have already stayed more than a week, and my holiday is not for ever. Arcadian pleasures are always short, and," with a smile, "pleasant." And he moved a little nearer toward her.

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully, drumming "Bacon's Essays" with a bunch of green nuts. "This has been a pleasant place with me. But then, happiness does not last."

"Memory," he cried. "Is not memory sweet?" And after a short pause, "The joy of this visit will not end this afternoon. It will dwell in my mind with the freshness of these woods, and make my studies easier, my struggles less hard." And his hand laid upon hers and brushed it unconsciously. The brushing thrilled Florence through and through, but she made no movement.

"It is a strange world," she said somewhat passionately. "Here am I, a simple girl with nothing to do but be merry or sad, without a thought, without a care, wanting nothing; and you a man with a brave heart and large brain toiling up the steeps of life almost without a friend. It is a hard world that prevents such as I helping such as you."

Raymond crept a little closer, and replied with much feeling, "I would I were worthy of such a mind. Labour would be amusement, toil as sweet as the glad song of yonder chaffinch."

She lifted her head slightly, and exclaimed with some emphasis, "The world is all wrong, and we are foolish slaves chained to rusty customs."

"Nay," he answered very gently, "the world is right, custom is right. It is good that man should work, and"—in a subdued tone—"woman love."

Their hands quivered, and he continued, "Love is the key of life—woman is the helpmate of man. Till this week I have never known pure happiness, and even love is not for me."

She made no reply; indeed, was afraid to look up. "Will you call me Raymond before I go?" he asked a little tenderly. "It will be music to me in after days."

She lifted her eyes, and whispered his name blushingly. It burst

the passion in his heart, broke all his resolutions down, and all his waiting love flooded out in one impetuous exclamation—"Florence!" And their lips tied their hearts together with one long, glowing kiss. And the afternoon hasted away, and the shadows deepened on the grass, and all their moments blushed with utter love.

In one of the pauses of conversation, Florence asked somewhat shyly, "You will not leave to-day, Raymond?"

"No," he replied with a joyous voice, "I shall stay here for the remainder of my holiday."

"But what of our positions?" he inquired presently. "Is it right for me to remain? How can I, a poor man and humble, go to your father and say, 'I love your daughter!' He would call me a madman, and perhaps justly; but how can I prevent the madness?" he concluded with a roguish smile.

"Better not go to my father," suggested Florence seriously. "We will wait upon Fate."

"But Fate is a difficult master," he protested.

"Have you not brains?" cried Florence confidently. "And do not lovers live upon hope? My father loves brains. Work! and here is a kiss to encourage you;" at the same time pressing her lips to his with a sweet little laugh.

"Like a knight in the middle ages," he said with some amusement. "Win my spurs and then come and claim my bride. Love and ambition shall be my steeds," he proceeded, "and you shall pray for my success."

And they were merry and light with the joy of love, and feared not the future.

A few moments afterwards, Florence detached the tiny scissors from her châtelaine, and said, "Our hair shall bind us together till my knight wins his spurs." And she cut one of his dark locks away and gave him the scissors. And he severed one of her bright silken tresses. She gave him a few threads of each, and he put them in a little gold locket which was hanging on her watch-guard. The remainder she tied together with a bit of blue ribbon, and then inquired where he would keep it. "Ah, *Bacon's Essays*," she said, catching sight of the book. On picking it up, it opened at the essay entitled, *Of Wisdom for a Man's Self.* "This is a suitable place," she cried playfully, and read the title aloud. "And a favourite, too," she proceeded, "for what is this underlined—*Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others?* Bacon wrote that for you," she declared with a merry laugh. "You are to be a true knight, then you will not be false to me."

She kissed the hair and placed it against the words, closed the book, and returned it to her lover. "Keep it there till my knight comes to claim his bride, and if she be false, burn it, and forget the ıaithless maid."

The afternoon had slipped by unheeded, and they left the happy place, and soon afterwards parted at the stile leading to the farm.

Raymond watched Florence pass the little garden wicket, saw her go along the beaten path bordered with old-fashioned cottage flowers, and when she came to a large currant bush standing at the corner, she turned and wafted him a kiss from her pretty fingers, and the next moment she was hidden from his sight.

Raymond Wedderburn never saw her again. When Florence reached the farmhouse, she found her father waiting for her with some impatience. Everything was packed for instant departure. His only brother was dying in a distant part of England, and he was anxious to leave by the next London train. Florence had no time for thought, no time for writing; indeed, she could not communicate with Raymond through the medium of an ordinary farmhouse servant. That would reveal her secret. She would trust to the post, and explain her sudden departure to Raymond at the first opportunity.

Florence and her father arrived at their London home with only sufficient time to dine and repack, and catch the last train to the west of England. Florence scribbled a hasty note to Raymond in her bedroom, and ended with "many loves." She posted it, with other letters, on her way to the station. It was delivered at the old Surrey inn on the following day by the one o'clock post. But it was too late. Raymond had gone, and it never reached his hands.

That same morning he had gone out into the lane with a light heart to wait for Florence, and he could not understand her delay. He had been anticipating her sweet embrace, and his disappointment was exceedingly bitter. He returned downcast and somewhat wrathful to the village inn, and there heard one of the farm-labourers telling "mine host" that the great London painter and his daughter had left the farm last evening hurriedly, and taken all their luggage with them. This was sufficient for Raymond. "But why has Florence not written?" he murmured to himself again and again. That was mysterious and unkind, and in his dreary anguish he left for his home by the next train.

Florence's letter reached the inn an hour after he had gone. The

landlord kept it in his bar-parlour till it was yellow ; and when he died, his family opened it, and not understanding—burnt it.

Day by day went by, and week by week, and Raymond could not unravel the meaning of Florence's silence. It was strange, even painful, for he had given her his home address. He would not write, for he thought her hasty departure required some explanation. Indeed, they had made no arrangements about writing, and he did not wish to compromise her. And then, though humble, he was proud.

Day by day went by, and week by week, and Florence wondered, with a great swelling heart, why Raymond did not reply to her letter, for she had given directions how to do so. She would not write again—that would be overstepping the bounds of maiden modesty.

And so day by day went by, and week by week, and two hearts were sundered for ever.

Raymond continued his law studies, but not with such enthusiasm as he had imagined a few weeks previously. Still he worked steadily, and with a set purpose ; he would make himself worthy of Florence, if that might be, and some day claim her, if she still desired such a consummation. He was called to the Bar in due course, but his progress as a barrister was slow—so slow that he drifted into journalism for his daily bread ; but after a time he mounted from journalism into the higher walks of literature. He even became an authority in its most difficult branches. He understood books, men, and things thoroughly ; and his articles commanded a high price. He was much sought after by the leaders of fashion, but society did not tempt him. He had no taste for it, and he was only to be seen at the tables of a few choice friends—poets, painters, actors, and bookmen. He had even met Florence's father at one of these gatherings ; but that was many years after he had plighted troth with her in the scented quietude of a Surrey wood.

Florence had grown weary with waiting—had given up hope, and had learned to look at life indifferently. She grew fond of society ; went to balls, theatres, garden-parties, picnics, and became fascinated with her foolish life. Gaiety became a passion with her, and, after a time, she almost forgot Raymond, and some two years afterwards she married an officer in the Guards. Her romance ended, and her better mind was dead.

Not so with Raymond. He had not forgotten Florence, nor the kiss that was to make him a true knight. He still loved the memory of those honied days, and cherished Florence in his heart as a happy

dream that lingers until sunset. She was ever the fair Florence he had met in a Surrey lane.

And this bright summer afternoon on which we discovered him in his study, with "Bacon's Essays" open before him, the romance of fifty years past was recalled with freshness and vividity. He did not lose one little laugh or forget one blushing kiss. Again he saw her stumble at the stile, and once more assisted her to recover the scattered wild flowers. Again he saw her tie their hair together in the shade of the hazel trees; and now he stroked the mingled locks with tenderness, nay, with tears, for he was old and weary, and the romance of his youth was like the splendour of a fallen rose; it could be imagined, but not recovered. And through the vista of the long departed years he could hear the mellow music of Florence's voice laughing the underlined words—*Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others.*

"I have been true, Florence," he murmured, as though addressing her; "and you, not false; no, not false, but mistaken."

He did not burn the hair, but replaced it reverently, and returned the book to its place.

The little volume is now among my treasures, but Raymond Wedderburn has taken his long rest.

CHARLES LUSTED.

ROUND PEVENSEY MARSH.

A CHARTER of King John's reign empowered the "barons," or freemen, of Pevensel to build a town upon a headland which lay between the port of Pevensel and Langenie, within the liberty of the Cinque Ports, and with all the liberties which the men of the Cinque Ports enjoyed. This, we may believe, was the first formal incorporation of the town of Pevensey as a "limb," or member, of the more ancient Cinque Port of Hastings. The seal of the Corporation of the bailiff, jurats, and commonalty of Pevensey belongs to the same period, and bears the figure of an ancient ship and the inscription "Sigillum baronum domini regis Angliæ de Pevenes." The termination *el* in the name Pevensel appears to be the Norman equivalent of the Saxon *ig* or *ey*, "an isle," for we find a similar form Romenel for Romney. It is not easy to understand why the people of Pevensey should have wished to *build* a town, for the borough of Pevensey is referred to in Domesday book as having contained, during the reign of Edward the Confessor, twenty-four burgesses, who returned the sum of 35*s*. for harbour dues. Horsfield goes so far as to think that the town mentioned in this charter was either never built or that it is represented by the adjoining village of Westham; but, I take it, the charter in question is merely in the nature of a confirmation and enlargement of ancient rights and liberties already existing, and is intended to supply the place of that common legal fiction, a supposed lost grant. Strange to say, no historian has taken the trouble to chronicle the progress of those great natural changes in the coast line of Sussex that brought ruin upon the Cinque Ports and their "members"—towns which during the Middle Ages supplied England with all its navy and controlled all the fisheries of the south coast. We do not even know the date when the large island, a mile and a half in length, and shown in Norden's map of 1676 as extending along the shore opposite to where St. Leonards now stands, was washed away.

The sea is for ever wearing away the white cliffs of Beachy Head. The chalk of which they are composed is rapidly dissolved by the

action of the waves and carried away in suspension towards the German Ocean, but the masses of flint which they contain are removed much more slowly. The great flints which one sees ranged in horizontal lines along the face of the cliffs, and which geologists assure us are fossil sponges that once grew at the bottom of the sea, until layer after layer was successively encrusted with silica and buried in the ooze which helped to build up the chalk formations, are hurled about by the waves, and ground in the mill of the sea until they assume the form, first of rounded boulders, next of beach, then of fine gravel, and lastly of coarse sand. The prevailing south-west wind casts all this flinty *débris* upon the shore, and, as the flow of the tide up channel, backed by the wind, is more efficient than the corresponding ebb in the teeth of the wind, these masses of shingle have a constant tendency to travel, little by little, inch by inch, eastward along the coast, until they are finally arrested and diverted out to sea by the ever-growing tongue of beach at Dungeness. Anyone who has crossed the tract of shingle near Eastbourne known as the "Crumbles" must be amazed when he reflects upon the stupendous waste of chalk strata which that accumulation of flint *débris* represents. Even in the palmy days of the ancient Cinque Ports there must have been a constant difficulty in keeping the harbours clear of beach ; but there came a period when encroachments of the sea, or a new set of the tide, or some other cause, piled such a mighty bank of shingle along the flat shore between Eastbourne and Hastings that the entrance to Pevensey Haven and the mouths by which the land-water found an exit to the English Channel were completely blocked. The wash of the tides was thus excluded from the levels lying behind the foreshore, and the fresh water from the downs and uplands was pent in behind the barrier of beach, and deposited mud and sediment, until what had once been a shallow inlet of the sea was converted into dry land.

At Otham, near Hailsham, there once existed a small monastery, of which nothing now remains but a chapel, of late used as a stable. The monks found the land so unproductive that they removed to Bayham as early as the beginning of King John's reign, but their charters, which belong to a period anterior to their removal, give us a graphic picture of the condition of Pevensey Marsh when the levels lying between Eastbourne, Bexhill, Wartling, Hailsham, and Willingdon were to a great extent occupied by a tidal lagoon, from which emerged the isles of Rickney, Manxey, Horsey, Hidney, Mountney, Langney, Pevensey, and Northey. By one of the Otham charters, Ralph de la Water, the younger son of William de la Water,

of Wartling, gave to the monastery all the land which his father had held of the canons in villeinage. It is significantly the younger son who conveys the land, for the custom of "Borough English," or descent of land to the youngest son of the tenant, prevailed in this district. By another, a knight named William of Northiam gave "poor Will of the water," himself and all his family and chattels, together with all the lands which his born villeins (*nativi*) the said poor Will (named of the water), Peter le large, and William, son of Simon de la heche, held of him *in nativitate* at Rockland. This is by no means a solitary example of a grant to the abbey of Otham of Saxon villeins, who were considered to be so intimately attached to the spot on which they were born that they were incapable of quitting it, and passed with it to the grantees as naturally as did the cottages in which they dwelt. Wartling Hill formed the boundary of Pevensey Marsh, and poor Will of the water doubtless found employment of some kind on the swampy level at its foot. Simon de la heche is a very grandiloquent title for a villein to bear, but, when translated into English, it means nothing more than Simon with the hatchet or pick, and reminds one irresistibly of the metamorphosed footman of Thackeray, who figured as "Jeames de la Pluche, Esquire." The epithets given to these villeins are examples of English family surnames in process of evolution. Rockland is a locality in Wartling parish, where the monks of Otham enjoyed the privilege, granted to them in 1251, of holding a weekly market, and a three-days fair commencing on the day before the feast of St. John the Baptist. Another benefactor of the same abbey was Gilbert de Aquila, who died abroad in Normandy in 1205, and gave land upon the Dicker, near Wiske, above Pevenham (Pevensey), and sixty cart-loads of peat a year from his peat bog at Pevenham, as long as the bog should last, and afterwards a rent of two shillings and sixpence from the town of Pevenham. The Dicker, situate north-east of Hailsham, was originally forest-land denuded of timber by the local ironworks (so Norden informs us), and more recently an open common. A dicker of iron consisted of ten bars of iron, and a dicker of leather of ten hides of leather; and so we may conclude that the name "dicker" was applied to a piece of ground containing ten hides of land, though of course a hide of leather and a hide of land have nothing in common beyond the circumstance that one is produced upon the other. Wiske is probably a survival of the word *hiwisc*, applied originally to the "family" holding of a Saxon ceorl, and equivalent to a hide of land. People nowadays would scarcely dream of the existence of peat underlying the fertile

of the Charterhouse, a doctor of physic, physician to the King, and the original of all the "Merry Andrews" who haunted country fairs. His brother Richard was vicar of both Pevensey and Westham, and chaplain of Northey. The local authorities had held a "last," or court of the marshes, at Westham in the twenty-fourth year of Henry VIII., and had taken measures to prevent unauthorised persons from catching fish in Pevensey Marsh; and Borde thus ridicules their proceedings in his "Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," for Gotham is the name of a neighbouring manor, and Gotham Marsh, which forms part of it, lies hard by the town of Pevensey. "When that Good Friday was come, the men of Gotham did cast their heads together what to do with their white herrings, red herrings, their sprats, and salt fish. Then one consulted with other, and agreed that all such fish should be cast into the pond or pool which was in the middle of the town, that the number of them might increase against the next year. Therefore, every one that had got any fish left did cast them into the pond. Then one said, 'I have as yet gotten left so many red herrings.' 'Well,' said the other, 'and I have yet left so many whitings.' Another immediately cried out, 'I have as yet gotten so many sprats left.' And said the last, 'I have got so many salt fishes. Let them all go together into the great pond without any distinction, and we may be sure to fare like lords the next year.' At the beginning of the next Lent they immediately went about drawing the pond, imagining that they should have the fish, but were much surprised to find nothing but a *great eel.* 'Ah!' said they, 'a mischief on this eel, for he hath eaten up our fish. What must we do with him?' said one to the other. 'Kill him!' said one to the other. 'Chop him in pieces,' said another. 'Nay, not so,' said the other; 'but *let us drown him*!' 'Be it accordingly so,' replied they all. So they immediately went to another pond, and did cast the eel into the water. 'Lie there,' said these wise men, 'and shift for thyself, since you can expect no help from us.' So they left the eel to be drowned!" (Halliwell, p. 13.)

The drowning of the culprit eel is an allusion to the manner in which the bailiff, jurats, and commonalty of Pevensey put their criminals to death; for, if the latter were freemen, they were taken to the town bridge (or town pier) at high water and drowned in the harbour, but if they had not the franchise, they were hanged in the Lowy or Liberty, at a place called "Wahztrew." Any respectable person who had resided within the Lowy for a year and a day could become a freeman by paying scot and lot to the commonalty, and

one penny to the light of St. Nicholas, their patron saint. (Custumal of Pevensey, 1356.)

Commissioners were appointed in 1340 to hold an inquisition preparatory to levying taxes, called *nonæ* or ninths, that is to say, the ninth lamb, the ninth fleece, and the ninth sheaf; and their report gives a most deplorable account of the condition of agriculture in Sussex during the reign of Edward III., though it is only natural to suppose that the inhabitants invariably made the worst of their case. At Wartling and Hoo 600 acres of marsh and scrub lands, which had formerly been productive, were inundated by the sea, or covered with sediment by land floods. The same tale is told of all the parishes on the coast, and it has been calculated that, during the preceding half-century, some 5,500 acres of land had been entirely destroyed by the sea in Sussex alone. The people of Brighton attributed their losses to floods and murrain; those of Blatchington to the extreme dryness of the weather. At Eastbourne a great deal of land had gone out of cultivation. Seaford had been ravaged by the French, and many of its inhabitants killed and wounded, while at Friston and other parishes the people had been unable to sow the land from poverty and fear of the "Normans." At West Wittering the wheat had been devoured year after year by the Bishop of Chichester's rabbits, and the crops of Ovingdean by those of the Earl de *Warenne*. Is it possible that some wag had been making fun of the august commission?

The Sussex marshes were sometimes called "brooks," from the streams of running water which traversed them. The term survives in the names of many marsh fields at Eastbourne. The following examples are taken from the old map, dated 1758, of Mr. Calverley's estate at that place. The area of the same fields are thereon described with reference to two distinct standards of admeasurement, namely, the ancient "tenantry" computation, and the modern statute measure, thus :—

	Tenantry.	Statute.		
	Acres	A.	R.	P.
Cowbrook	6	5	1	0
Chawbrook	2	1	3	0
Horsebrook	3	2	1	3
Gosebrook	4	3	0	25

The estimated contents are here, as elsewhere, usually much in excess of the actual admeasurement, for the acre-strips of common d held "in tenantry" were frequently only nominal or reputed . Another local term for marsh land was "wish," which meant

a piece of ground washed, but not actually overflowed, by a river or stream. The "Wish Tower" at Eastbourne derives its name from a marsh which formerly lay behind it. There are fields at Glynde called "Lamp Wish" and "Rye Wish," and one at Berwick called "Wren Wish."

The arable ground upon the uplands and sides of the downs was called "laines," or "lanes," and these were divided into portions or shares called "yard-lands." It is necessary to explain that in feudal times a yard-land was the ordinary holding of a copyhold tenant, and consisted of a house in the village, and a "bundle" of thirty acre-strips of land, not lying together, but scattered far and wide in the open fields, and intermixed with the acre-strips which formed the component parts of other copyholders' yard-lands, and with similar acre-strips which made up the holdings of the freehold tenants or of the lord's "demesne," or home farm. The copyholder held his yard-land at the will of the manorial lord of the local "tun," or "ham," to which the same belonged, and according to the custom of the manor. We are apt to picture the manor of mediæval times as lying within a ring fence, and ruled out into distinct divisions of freehold, copy-hold, demesne, and waste land, but very often it was not so, for the respective holdings of lord, freeholder, and copyholder were alike intermixed in scattered strips, consisting usually of one acre each, and separated from one another, not by hedges, but by "balks," or borders of unploughed turf. This mode of agriculture, known as the "open field" system of husbandry, was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and helps to explain why it is that adjoining manors so often appear to overlap and intermingle one with another.

The old estate map before referred to gives the names of some marsh fields near the Bourne stream (thereon called "Broad Bourne"), which point to the former existence of such acre-strips in Bourne level, viz.: the names, "In six acres" (*i.e.* six acre-strips thrown into one), "In four acres," and "Susan's oakacre." Susan, the tenant of one of the old Eastbourne farms, is commemorated by "Susans Road."

Not only, then, were the laines or ploughlands occupied in common, but the "leases" or down pastures as well. We often meet with the expression "cow-lease," "ox-lease," or "bullock-lease." It is the Saxon word *lese*, meaning a pasture. In the parish of Berwick it was the custom of late years for the owner of every lease, or right of pasturage, to turn out upon the common pasture one bullock from May 12 to December 11, *i.e.* from St. Philip and St. James's

of the proceeds of sale was given to the labourers to spend on ale. These so-called hides were not always allotted to a single commoner, but sometimes to several in various proportions. For instance, the tenants of the parish of Telscombe, who had no marsh land of their own, nevertheless possessed the right of making hay in the marsh lands of Southease, and were accordingly entitled to participate in the annual trading of the North Wish, in respect of one of the fourteen hides or shares.

In a neighbouring parish, that of Kingston, the Drinker hide went to each owner of yard-land in rotation, and he had to pay eighteen-pence to supply drink to the other commoners at the trading of the wish. (Suss. Arch. Coll. iv. 305.) These common rights have now been abolished by means of inclosure Acts. Many similar customs are doubtless to be found chronicled in the old manorial records of the neighbourhood. They are evidence of that common or open-field system of agriculture which was once so general throughout the kingdom, but of which very few traces now remain. Those who have read Seebohm's work on "The English Village Community" will best understand their import.

The Pevensey and Bourne levels are all in permanent pasture, without a tree or hedge to break the monotony of the scenery, and are intersected by numerous broad ditches full of water, a happy hunting-ground for the naturalist who has a weakness for aquatic forms of life. The stock turned out to graze upon these marshes are superintended by persons called "lookers," who are intimately acquainted with every inch of the ground they traverse, much of which is far remote from any human dwelling.

We have encountered one of these lookers on his round, dressed in a "smock frock" and armed with a "bat." He had walked all the way from Bexhill to see after some of Maas (Master) Elphick's 'arses (horses), and remarked in his cheerful, high-pitched Sussex tone, "De zun be that arful 'ot in dis 'ere maarsh, and I be so *unaccountable* dry, I be, that there baint no gettin' along no'ows." The "dis," "dat," and "de" and the broad pronunciation of the vowel "a" betray the Teutonic origin of the Sussex peasants. Natives of the county may be easily recognised by their pronunciation of local names. Alciston is, or was, called "Ahson," Alfriston "Ahson-town," Litlington "Lillinton," Lullington "Linkun," Hailsham "Helsom," Selmeston "Simson," Chalvington "Chanton," Bodiam "Bodjam," Northiam "Norjam," and Pevensey "Pemsey"; while in such names as Eastbourne, Westham, Polegate, and Seaford the accent is thrown very heavily upon the *last* syllable, contrary to the usage in most other

GOETHE AND WEIMAR.

O Weimar! dir fiel ein besonder Loos!
Wie Bethlehem in Juda, klein und gross.
GOETHE, "Auf Mieding's Tod."

O Weimar! but thine is a singular fate!
Like Bethlehem city, so small, yet so great.

WEIMAR is a city of memories and of graves. The existing city is scarcely the reality: it dwells on the airy borderland between a dream and an actuality: but, nevertheless, very vivid and very dear to the imagination is the now torpid town, peopled vitally by the shadows of the mighty dead. It is the city emphatically of a genius and a prince; although round Goethe, like planets placed too near the sun, move the comparatively fainter spectres of Schiller, of Herder, of Wieland, and other minor stars; while the fair images of noble and graceful women—as the two Duchesses, Frau von Stein, Corona Schröter, and others—lend woman's charm to the group and complete the constellation. Yes; it is a city of the past, a city of the dead—but of the dead who are living yet; of the dead whose life and work posterity will not willingly let die. As you gaze upon the houses, and learn to know the dwelling-places of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, the men as they lived cease to be mere names, and become once more living personalities. Day by day, as you linger in quiet, quaint little Weimar, the impression deepens; and you realise clearly to the imagination the days and ways of the heroes of the *Glanz-Periode*. These were the streets they saw; these were the houses in which they lived. "Things seen are mightier than things heard;" and he who would care to image in his fancy these men as they lived, and moved, and had their being, must go to Weimar, and there, intensely receptive, must allow the Athens of the Ilm to work upon the mind. Creative criticism must visit Weimar. Of itself, the place would not greatly attract; but Weimar is pre-eminently the city of Goethe.

But for its galaxy of writers Weimar would be in no way great; but it is darkness which enables us to see the stars, and before we

study the little city as it now is, we should essay to look upon Weimar as it was when the men who have made it so great first arrived in it—that is, we must begin by trying to recall the Weimar of the last quarter of the last century.

It now contains 21,500 inhabitants. In the last five-and-twenty years of the eighteenth century—Karl August reigned, it must be remembered, from 1775 to 1828—Weimar contained 6,000 inhabitants, and about 500 houses. In 1851 Weimar was computed to possess 12,000 inhabitants, dwelling in 1,000 tenements. The old streets, narrow, winding, and dirty, the old houses, still exist; but the city walls, the old towers, the city ditch, which then still in part lingered, have disappeared. Weimar may now be termed a park, with a villette added to it; but at the time which we are now trying to recall, the park—which we owe chiefly to Goethe—had not been made; and Madame de Staël says, "*Weimar n'est pas une petite ville, mais un grand château.*" It was a great palace with a village attached to it. Schiller, writing to Körner, speaks of *das Dorf Weimar;* calls the place a village. The *Präsidentin von Schwendler* asked her postillion "when they were going to arrive at Weimar?" "Madame, you are now in Weimar," was the answer. At the gates, a *Thorschreiber*, a registering clerk, took down the names of all who in carriages passed into, or out of, the city, in order to report such names to *Serenissimo*. This regulation was in force in Karl August's time. Goethe writes to Frau von Stein, with whom he wished to take a drive into the country, and begs her, in order to avoid being reported at the gate, to get out of the carriage at the *Sternbrücke.* He does not like to prohibit the *Thorschreiber* from reporting names, because *das sieht kurios aus*—that would appear singular or suspicious. To the westward of the old esplanade, a new quarter, consisting of large, quite modern houses, has recently sprung up; but towards the end of the last century there were, in Weimar, none but old houses. The streets then were not lighted at night. The houses were dirty and discoloured; but now paint and white-washing, which add to cleanliness and cheerfulness, hide something of the aspect of antiquity. The pavement was then notoriously bad; it is not good now. Weimar to-day enjoys the reputation of being very free from *Räder-Gerrassel*, from the rattling of wheels; but when the men who made the place what it now is first saw Weimar, few indeed must have been the peasants' carts, or extra-posts, which disturbed the still serenity of its ever-quiet streets. The old market-place is (with the exception of a new town-hall) pretty much now what it was *then.* Old houses, some quaint and picturesque—especially that

house, date 1549, in which the two Kranachs, father and son, lived—surround the open space. The old *Schloss*, the Herzogsburg, was burned down in 1774, a year before Goethe came to Weimar; and while the present palace, erected under his superintendence, was being built, the ducal family lived in the *Fürstenhaus*. The new *Schloss* was first inhabited in 1803. The railway station is mercifully placed far from the heart of the city; but to attain to it, you pass the new museum, and observe several new houses and streets. Karl August did not become Grand Duke until after the Congress of Vienna: but Weimar, on the death of Wilhelm III., had passed, in 1482, into the possession of that Ernestine line to which the Duchy still belongs. In those old days Weimar contained no statues; not even one of Bernhard of Weimar, the successor in command of Gustav Adolf; but it now boasts statues of Wieland (a bad work); a good one of Herder, which still records on the pedestal his aspiration towards *Licht*, *Liebe*, *Leben*; and a double statue of Goethe and of Schiller, standing together before the theatre, which was built in 1868. Rietschel has succeeded better with Schiller than he has with Goethe. Schiller was easier to treat; he answered much more nearly to the popular idea of a poet; but Goethe was himself too ideal to be successfully idealised by a sculptor. Rietschel has given to his Goethe a *bourgeois* air and manner; and has half-subordinated the poet to the Philistine.

In trying to recreate in our fancy the dull little city into which Karl August attracted so much grace and genius, we can scarcely picture to ourselves any image which shall be too small, dark, and narrow. The citizens were poor, and their way of life may be mildly described as simple. All splendour, or even comfort, centred in the *Schloss*.

In our dream-walks through Weimar we always inevitably turn to the Park. Goethe, even as a mere gardener, worked for posterity; and time ripens all natural beauties. Seventy years have improved the trees which were planted, the walks which were first designed. There are no boundaries to the Park, and it seems, therefore, to be almost boundless. There are no railings, gates, fences. It begins just behind the *Bibliothek*, and five minutes bring you into it from the heart of the little city. It contains winding walks, with cool shade when the sun shines; it contains rocks, mosses, huts, houses, temples, monuments; and you can still identify Schiller's favourite bench. There is the Templar's house, and that *Römisches Haus* which the Duke built twenty years after Goethe's arrival in Weimar. The gardens give an idea of great space, so well are they designed.

fter the accession and marriage of her son, Karl August, lived and died the Dowager Duchess Anna Amalia; and the house, as regards furniture and decoration, is in the state in which the gay, genial, pleasure-loving Duchess left it. Occasionally the present Grand Duke gives a *fête* in the old palace, at which the dishes and drinks are all those of the day of Anna Amalia, while the plate and china used are those which she used. Ladies and gentlemen come to these unique *fêtes* in the costume of the end of the last, or the beginning of the present, century; and the servants wait in the liveries of the by-flown time. The effect is said to be illusion; but no Goethe is now among the guests. You see still in their quaint, old-fashioned condition the very rooms, the very furniture, that the Duchess and her friends used and knew. You see the wretched little bedroom, small and inconvenient, in which Anna Amalia, who was but thirty-six when her son came to the throne, slept and died. You see her small, delicate, high-heeled red shoes, which suggest coquettish charm; and on the walls hang, not only the portraits which she had collected, but the pictures which she possessed and loved. Like the paper on which an old letter has been written, the house is of a faint yellow colour, and its whole aspect suggests the forms of life of the day of powder, of patch, of wig, of feminine hooped dresses, and of masculine wide skirts. The ghosts of Weimar, in its time of glory, people these rooms, and live in, move in them; though in our vision of the past they move, and bow, and smile,

> With the splendour of a revel,
> And the stillness of a dream.

On the second floor is the room of the Duchess's memorable lady-in-waiting, Fräulein von Göchhausen. This little lady, short, and even somewhat deformed, was the wittiest woman at the Court of Weimar, and could attract all the great men of its brilliant period. There in that little room of hers they have all sat, have jested, and have talked. It is recorded of Fräulein von Göchhausen, under her bust now at Ettersburg, that "she was happy in that she was the favourite of all the muses, but happier yet in that she was the favourite of Anna Amalia." Goethe sported with her. At Tiefurt he walled up the door of her room, and he was ready to play kindly practical jokes upon her, but he admired her wit, and cared for her opinion. She is one of the distinctive figures of the *Glanz-Periode*. The present ducal *Schloss*, dating from 1803, contains *Dichterzimmer* or rooms in which grateful royalty

in 1832; and who has often seen, and has spoken to, Germany's greatest poet and thinker. "Time rolls its ceaseless course;" and those who have seen Goethe with living eyes are now very few in number. Not without interest does one look upon, and speak with, the polite and friendly old Herr Karl Grosse. He has also seen Napoleon. May he long linger in his *Bibliothek* as a living man who has seen, and has known, Goethe!

Not only in Weimar itself, but all round the city are haunts indissolubly connected with our memories of Goethe; and to look upon the very places in which he lived and worked (work and life were one to him) deepens our impression of the god-like man. Close to Weimar are the *Lustschloss Belvedere*, and the country palaces of Tiefurt and of Ettersburg. The two former places are each about three English miles from Weimar, but it takes two hours to drive to Ettersburg.

In all three places Goethe has dwelt, has written, has lived; in all three he has caroused with Karl August, has worshipped fair and gifted women, has talked with noble friends. In each place is *his* room—always plain, and simple, and homely. As we look at the dining-rooms of the three ducal palaces, we hear the clinking of glasses, we see the sparkle of Rhine wine, or the foam of champagne; we hear once more the now hushed voices, we see the figures, and we gaze upon eyes once so brilliant with frolic wit, or so calm in serene wisdom. Open-air theatres exist still at Tiefurt and at Belvedere. At Ettersburg he played Orestes, while winning Corona Schröter acted his own Iphigenia. The palaces, the theatres, are still there, though the actors are melted into air—into thin air—and are, like an insubstantial pageant, faded. These three places must be visited with reverence by every Goethe student. From a hill near Ettersburg you can see those Harz mountains, to which Goethe, as the landscape painter Otto Weber, once made his very memorable and charitable winter excursion.

The principal church in Weimar is the *Stadtkirche*, an old, if scarcely venerable building. Just behind the church is the house of Herder, and in this church he often preached. Beneath its pavement sleeps Herder; the hypochondriac *problematische Natur*; and there rest also Anna Amalia, and Bernhard of Weimar. There is another remarkable church in Weimar—the bald and dreary *Jakobskirche*, in the churchyard of which were interred Goethe's wife, and Schiller.

No stone, no record, marks the spot in which Madame von Goethe was buried, and no man now knows the place of her

dy had just been removed from the bedstead. The room is full of ics of him. There is his simple furniture; his writing-table, in a awer of which were contained those rotten apples which stimulated hiller and revolted Goethe. The room has two windows toward e street (then no street), and one window toward the little side-eet. There are manuscripts in his handwriting, the rather common-ace engravings of Palermo which he hung there, and a little spinnet s by a guitar (with broken strings) on a small sofa. Yes, these e the rooms—a small room, looking out upon the garden, was hiller's bedroom until he was seized with his last fatal illness, and as moved into the larger room—in which Schiller lived, and worked, nd died. The memorable house now belongs to the city of eimar, and is freely open to the public.

Turn we now to the night of May 12-13, 1805. By the dim ght of a single candle, placed on the landing-place of the stairs, e look into the room which we have just been visiting, and we see udolf, Schiller's servant, weeping as he watches by the coffin which ontains the dead poet. It was then a custom in Weimar that the ead were carried to the grave by the members of one of the trades' uilds, and the guilds took this office in turns. When Schiller died t was the turn of the Tailors' Guild, and the members of it were already in attendance, when Hofrath Schwabe, indignant at the thought that Schiller should be borne to the grave by hireling hands, brought eleven of the poet's friends and admirers who were willing to carry Schiller's bier. The night was dark and rough, the air was cold, and the streets were, near midnight, wholly empty and deserted. One mourner only, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, followed the procession at a little distance. This mourner was Schiller's brother-in-law, Wilhelm von Wolzogen. Goethe was ill, and was confined to his house.

Into a common vault in the churchyard of the *Jakobskirche*, a vault which already contained ten or more coffins, the remains of Schiller were turned. Hofrath Schwabe afterwards possessed himself of the skull, which was for a time exhibited in the *Bibliothek*. On November 17, 1827, the remains, or such remains of Schiller as could be found and identified, were collected together and transferred to the *Fürstengruft*. When they searched the vault in which Schiller had first been buried they found that thirteen coffins, which had been piled the one upon another, had all burst, so that the bones of their inmates were huddled together almost indistinguishably. The skeleton of Schiller was pieced together by the anatomists, and was found to be complete, with the exception of one bone of one arm.

his house was very near to the dwelling of the Frau Oberstallmeister, Charlotte von Stein. Above his garden door is a little summer-house: and, if you issue from this gate, a very private little street (then hardly a street), which runs along the *Ackerwand*, leads to the house in which Charlotte resided. She had a key of his garden-gate. The house of the Frau von Stein still stands, and still looks over that *Ackerwand*, which is a part of the Park. Before the house stands a row of orange-trees, in green tubs, and there, too, is still the bench on which, on sunny days, the old Court lady sat, in almost the privacy of her own private garden, and looked upon the quiet greenery of the near Park. The distance between her house and the garden entrance to Goethe's house can be easily traversed in two or three minutes, and there were, at the end of the last century, no houses to overlook, no crowds to observe. Communication between the residences of lover and of lady was easy, and was private.

How vividly, as you look upon their houses, do their loves seem an actuality which is yet happening! The mist of years rolls away, and you fancy Goethe in his youth, and Charlotte nearly young, but both living and loving in that still, old Weimar. When first they met she was thirty-five, and he was twenty-seven. When he returned from Italy he was the Apollo of Trippel's bust, and she was almost fifty. He first entered Weimar at 5 A.M., November 7, 1775. She was then graceful, refined, self-possessed, a woman of the world, and lady-in-waiting to the Grand Duchess; married to a neglectful husband whom she did not love, and she had gradually become the mother of seven children.

She died January 6, 1827, being then over eighty-five. She had burned letters and poems of Goethe which had been addressed to her. Some sentiment must have lingered in her to the last, for she left orders that her funeral procession should not pass Goethe's house—orders which were not complied with. The regrets of life are often the legitimate offspring of its ideals.

Madame von Stein was, emphatically, Goethe's great Weimar passion, and as such she deserves special mention here. Owing to the atmosphere of sexual glamour which surrounds them, which seems to show an ideal while it hides the actual woman, women are often mistaken even by the greatest and the best of men; and it is doubtful whether Charlotte von Stein fully deserved the love of Goethe. She was cultured and intelligent; she was an *Anempfinderin*; her sympathy with the greatest genius of her land and time was partly real, partly simulated; and a man easily trusts a woman that he idealises, a woman to whom he ascribes all the qualities that

he desires to find in her. In his youth, Goethe, the poet, longed ardently for a woman to whom he could give his whole confidence, for a woman who could understand his plans, and share his ardent life. Charlotte was a coquette, and was vain of the adoration of so great a lover. She knew well how many women of her land and day envied her her relations with Goethe; and yet she remained married to a husband whom she scorned, while she encouraged Goethe as a lover. He wanted to marry her, and it would have been easy for her to have obtained a divorce; but yet, while she could, she would not marry him. Possibly, she distrusted herself, and her power of retaining the husband as a lover. Perhaps, too, she keenly felt that she was so much older than he was; and she knew that he would remain so much longer young. Goethe lived to find that his love for Charlotte von Stein was a *Krankheit*, a disease, which affected mental health, and the flight to Italy had, for a part object, the severance of the *liaison*. While idealising, he had over-estimated her, and he resented the unhealthy fluctuations of her capricious rule. He is always the humble and unselfish Titan, subjected to the changeful, wilful moods of a variable woman. One German writer compares her to Beatrix Esmond, who, in love, would give nothing, but who required from her lover all his life and all his passion.

In Weimar there exists still much oral tradition about the heroes of its brilliant time; a tradition derived by descendants from contemporaries who lived close to facts which were known to them; a tradition which has not yet been exhausted even by German writers. Weimar was then fuller of life than it now is. It is now, despite its material growth, a city of shadows; it was once a city made very much alive by Goethe, and by his great contemporaries. One tradition that I find in Weimar is that Frau von Stein did not yield to her lover's passion until she became jealous of Corona Schröter. Poets cannot be judged in their relations to women by quite the ordinary standards. It is to them a necessity to find the ideal woman who could, as they fancy, render life as noble as happy. Of course, they generally fail. They do not, and cannot, find the ideal woman; and then, as Goethe did, after the sadness of vain tentative, they subside upon an inferior nature, which gives content if it cannot rouse enthusiasm. There is a magical attraction between the poet and women. The poet is an ideal of humanity, and noble women love ideals. By force of temperament, and by vividness of imagination, such a poet as Goethe is irresistibly attracted by the grace and charm and sympathy of woman; and women are subjugated and spellbound by the gifts and personality of the poet. Take Goethe

in his youth. With a splendid physique, which was in itself a fascination; with fire and with force; with gentleness and with dignity; with noble manners and personal witchery; with a fervour of eloquence, and with dark, brilliant, piercing eyes of passion and of light; with versatility, veracity, glory, genius—he was born to exercise over all lofty and charming women an influence which was little short of magical.

In his fiery youth he was easily attracted and captivated; but it is noticeable that none of his amours were excited by base or unworthy women. He was no seducer, or wronger of women. He fled from temptation. He did marry Christiane Vulpius; he would have married Charlotte von Stein. His irresistible impulses may not always have been free from error; but then "best men are moulded out of faults"; and his age survived into the noblest dignity of wisdom and of virtue.

His wife would not have suited the strenuous idealism of his soaring youth. Only the disillusioned man could sink down upon this gay, soft, submissive, lively, sensuous little creature, who charmed him by deferential sympathy and devotion, who held him by serviceable sweetness, who made no pretensions, and urged no claim, and who was more than contented with that love which the great man could give to her.

On his return from Italy, the jealous and querulous von Stein became intolerable in her complaints and exactions. She drove him into the arms of Christiane.

When, in February 1774, Karl Ludwig von Knebel introduced in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Karl August to Goethe, the Duke was seventeen, the poet was twenty-five. When he was eighteen Karl August began his reign in Weimar, in September 1775. The Duke gained, at almost the same time, a wife and a friend. He married Luise, a Darmstadt princess, whom Goethe, when he first saw her, termed an *Engel.* When Goethe first arrived in the duchy, Luise was something jealous of his influence over her husband, and believed that the poet led the Duke into wild ways. They had, in their youth, many frolic days and gay adventures; but temptation came mainly from the more sensual and pleasure-loving young prince. It may be fearlessly maintained that the influence of Goethe upon Karl August was exercised for the Duke's good. Goethe was his friend, but never a flatterer. Attached to Karl August alike by friendship, loyalty, and gratitude, he loved the man, but he was not cordially contented with Court life.

He says (1781): "A great part of the good-humour with whic

I suffer and work arises from the thought that all my sacrifices are voluntary, and that I have only to order post horses"—in order, if necessary, to escape. On June 11, 1776, Goethe was made *Geheimer Legationsrath*; and on September 3, 1779, he was raised to the rank of *Geheimer Rath*, and became President of the Council. He was Finance Minister and War Minister, Director of Mines, and adviser of the Duke on almost every subject; and he discharged all these offices with activity and enlightenment. He often opposed Karl August; he always advised the Duke for his good. "No one knows what I do, and with how many enemies I have to wrestle, in order to do a little good." The wonder is that, amid the pressure of so many avocations, he should have found time to live to himself, and to write so much. "In the smallest village, or on a desolate island, I should, in order merely to live, have to be as active as I am here." His many-sided activity in Weimar was also, in part, helped by the small distances, and the nearness of his house to the Palace, or to the dwelling of Frau von Stein. He records, on May 13, 1780: "The theatre is one of the few things in which I find at once the delight of an artist and of a child."

To judge of life in Weimar about the end of the last and the beginning of this century, it is necessary to know something of the morals and manners which then obtained, of the ideas which guided the lives and actions of women and of men, especially in their relations to each other. A wave of moral, or rather of immoral, influence spread from France to Germany in the days of Louis XIV., and this wave had not dispersed itself in the earlier days of Goethe. The French may have had more sentiment, the Germans more sentimentalism, in their amours, but the amours existed in both countries, and the marriage tie was a Gordian knot which could easily be cut where it could not quite easily be untied. Schiller says: "The Weimar ladies are astonishingly susceptible; there is scarcely one that has not had an affair"—*i.e.* a *liaison*. Gallantry and coquetry were lords- and ladies-in-waiting at the gay little Court.

Take one curious instance of German morals and manners. After the birth of her last child, the Duchess Luise saw herself compelled, under the advice of her physicians, to live apart from her husband. He desired, and she desired with him, that he should obtain a compensating *Häuslichkeit*, or domestic arrangement. Karl August fell in love with Caroline Jagemann, a young, and clever, and beautiful actress (though of very obscure extraction), then playing at the Ducal Theatre in Weimar. The lady at first declined to become the mistress of the Duke; but the Duchess Luise wrote, with her

own hand, a letter to the actress, in which she begged the fair player to accept the appointment. The application was successful; and in after years the children of the two families—the legitimate and the illegitimate—gambolled and grew up together in sweetest amity and concord.

The actress, ennobled under the title of Frau von Heygendorf, acquired influence over her ducal lover; but she was always jealous of Goethe. Schiller she liked better, but she was the means of preventing the production of his "Jungfrau von Orleans" on the Weimar stage. She would not accept a part so ostentatiously virginal. Her intrigues embittered the relations between Goethe and the Duke, and nearly drove the poet from Weimar. Eduard Devrient, in his "History of the German Stage," tells the story of the intrigue which the favourite carried on in order to bring upon the Weimar stage Karsten's dog, in the drama of the *Hund des Aubry*. The object was less to please the Duke than to annoy Goethe, who, as anyone could foresee, would not suffer a dog to appear in *his* theatre; and who, after a very painful correspondence with Karl August, retired from the management of the Weimar theatre.

The *Rechtsanwalt*, Dr. Robert Keil, of Weimar, is the enviable possessor of a large and valuable collection of the manuscripts and the relics of Goethe, and this collection he was courteous enough to show me when I was in the German Stratford-on-Avon. These manuscripts have been inherited by Dr. Keil from Rath Kräuter, the friend and last secretary of Goethe.

There, in Goethe's own bold and massive handwriting, are the manuscripts of many of the immortal lyrics; and there, too, is a portrait, drawn in part by Goethe himself, but finished by one of his many artist friends, of the fair and delicate young Milanese lady who so strongly attracted Goethe during his stay in Rome. Her name is not recorded. Goethe fled from her, as he had done from Lotte in Wetzlar, when he found that she was betrothed. Dr. Keil also possesses in original, and has published, Goethe's *Tagebuch*, or Diary, of the years 1776 to 1782; and this diary is of singular interest to the Goethe student. The *Genie-Periode* extends from 1775 to 1782, and is almost covered by this diary. Goethe makes use of astrological symbols to indicate persons. Thus the sign of Jupiter, ♃, stands for Karl August; the sign of the moon, ☽, for the Duchess Anna Amalia; the sign of the star, ✱, for the Duchess Luise; the sign of Venus, ♀, for the Gräfin Werther; and the sign of the sun, ☉, for Frau von Stein. For Corona Schröter [illegible]es no sign, but he terms her Crone or Cronen.

In the language of the Weimar of the *Genie-Periode*, to make love was *miseln*, and pretty girls, or darlings, were called *Misels*. This caressing title would apply alike to a peasant girl or to a young lady of the Court; and both Karl August and Goethe used this "little language," which appears frequently in the diary.

Corona Schröter was a Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit. She was actress, singer, painter; and her portrait shows us a woman of great vivacious charm, with a voluptuous, laughing expression, and with a flash of quick, sensitive feeling and intelligence. She had not enough depth of character to hold Goethe permanently, or very long; but still she is one of his lighter loves of the *Genie-Periode*. Apart from a poet's joys and sorrows, the diary shows how Goethe was learning to rule himself, to rise step after step to noble, pure clearness and harmony. He already desired to wean himself from living in the half of life, in order *im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen resolut zu leben.*

In the January of 1776 began Goethe's passion for Frau von Stein, the wife of a contemptible and neglectful husband, and on April 30 we find the entry "with Madame von S., *Le Maître en droit*." On May 17 he is "bey Stein zu Nacht." "Mit Miseln gekittert" is another entry. On November 16 he records: "Nachts Corona!" On January 15, 1777, we find "bey ⊙ gegessen. Neuer Streit."—Quarrels have begun . . . but on the 17th there is a note of reconciliation with ⊙. The fluctuations of his love for Charlotte are well reflected in the brief entries in this laconic diary He would seem to have been calmly happy with her only by snatches; but when she was kind and tranquil she fascinated him thoroughly. She could alternately attract and repel him. It would appear that Goethe was at one time jealous of the Duke in connection with the Schröter. Thus, we read, January 10, 1779, "a radical explanation with ♃ about Crone," the result of which was satisfactory. He was then living in his narrow nest (*enges Nest*) in the *Gartenhaus*, waited upon by the *alte Dorothee*. He had already begun *Wilhelm Meister*, and on February 14, 1779, he made a beginning with the dictation of *Iphigenie*. On July 13, 1779, he thinks that "his relations with Crone are firmer and better." As regards himself, we read: "*Anhaltend in stiller, innerer Arbeit, und schöne, reine Blicke . . . Stiller Rückblick aufs Leben.*"

> Gäbs nur keinen Wein
> Und keine Weiberthränen,

he would have been happier. Sometimes he feels like a bird entangled in a net, which knows that it has wings but cannot use

them. All his reflections upon life, and on himself, are deep and true. Then, again comes "Nachts Missverständniss mit ⊙." In October 1780 he begins *Tasso.* In the same year, Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" first appeared. The diary closes in March 1782, when he was settled in his new town-house It contains suggestive pictures, rapidly dissolving views of his loves, his pleasures, his struggles, and his sorrows; of his acting and writing; of his Government work and Court life; of his inner growth and development, and of the upward progress of his many-sided nature. One noteworthy, distinctive characteristic of Goethe's mind is the wide range and the activity of his interests and pursuits; his intense receptivity, and the ready warmth of his sympathy with all intellectual effort.

That high, abstract thought, which goes deeper than passion, and rises above incident—which floats in the fine air which spreads between earth and heaven—is, perhaps, the chiefest glory of the chiefest poets. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, and it becomes well such poets as Shakspeare and Goethe. Among the thousands of *Sprüchen*—of teachings, of proverbs—which the latter has recorded for us, I refer to one, not because it is the best, but because—though we may scarcely care to learn its lesson—it contains a truth of moment to our literature. His avowed principle is, to give to the Real, poetic form; and he ever teaches that the true Ideal is based upon the Real.

Some of the old hotels in Weimar are interesting on account of the guests who have resided in them. I stopped in the *Hôtel zum Erbprinzen*, which has given refuge both to Schiller and to Goethe. The first fortnight that Schiller spent in Weimar was passed in the *Erbprinz*, and tradition states that he occupied the room No. 4. Goethe was several times in this hotel, and tradition assigns to him the room No. 7. In those days of slow travelling on horseback, or in a carriage, men could not easily reckon upon the exact time which a journey would occupy, and thus Goethe, when he returned from Italy, found that his house in the *Frauenplan* was not ready for his reception, and stayed at the *Erbprinz.* Bettina von Arnim afterwards lived there; and many great Englishmen—as, for instance, Carlyle—have lodged in it. Close to Goethe's house is the old inn *Zum weissen Schwan*, in which many Goethe pilgrims—for instance, Zacharias Werner—have lived. Weimar has long been remarkable for the character and quality of its visitors.

Our next walk must be to the *Friedhof*, or cemetery which contains the *Fürstengruft*, or Prince's Vault, in which sle[illegible] members of the ducal race, but also the two royalties [illegible]

Schiller and Goethe. It seems strange to find two poets in a vault otherwise occupied solely by members of a German ducal house.

It is a popular belief that Karl August rests between his two poets, but this is an error. Karl August occupies the place of honour among the members of his race, and Goethe and Schiller repose together, side by side, apart from the royalties.

A circular opening in the floor of the chapel gives admission to the dead into the vault, into which you can descend, and stand among the coffins which contain the earthly remains of poets and of princes. You can touch any of the coffins. On those of the two poets lie flowers, ribands, wreaths. The Duchess Maria Paulowna (died 1859) wished to rest beside her husband, and yet to be buried with the consecration of the Greek Church, so that over her remains rises a Greek chapel. On one side of the vault repose the poets; on the other many princes and princesses, who are, comparatively, of but little interest. I thought of Preller's admirable and noble drawing of laurel-crowned Goethe lying on the bed of death; and of Jagemann's picture of dead Schiller; and here they lay, the poets whom, thanks to art, we have looked upon in death.

The cemetery contains many whose names and memories belong to the life-records of the two poets. Madame von Stein, Eckermann Alma von Goethe (the grand-daughter of the great Goethe), and now his two grandsons, beside many others, rest in this Weimar cemetery. All the life of that great time has passed into the death of that which was mortal. This *Friedhof* is now almost the most truly living part of the little city of the Muses.

Our delight in Goethe's writings leads us first to seek to know the man; and fortunately we possess the fullest record of that fullest life. Of no man so great does there exist a record so ample and so trustworthy. In his correspondence, as in his diaries, he has depicted himself, and many memoirs add to our knowledge of Goethe. A thorough acquaintance with Goethe, alike in the events of his life, in his workings and strivings, is attainable, though it cannot be attained easily or quickly; and how supreme is the interest in knowing fully the greatest man, short of and after Shakspeare, that has lived upon the tide of time!

Hence the study of the manifold "Goethe literature" becomes one of the most fascinating of all studies, and we wish regretfully that we could know as much of Shakspeare. We find a subtle harmony between Goethe the man and Goethe the writer; and in both qualities he has unfolded himself completely. He is as genuine as he is genial and full of genius. Schiller said with true modesty,

Er hat weit mehr Genie als ich; "he has far more genius than I have"; and Goethe is incontestably the greatest thinker and writer of his land and of his century. In him there is no shadow of antagonism between that which a man is and that which he does. His works are the essential outcome of the man; and we can know the man as well as we know his works. The man is one to be loved and revered. His power of will is always set to high aims, and he became sovereign over life as over himself. He is full of all fine and noble courtesies; he works ever in the good, the beautiful, the true; he rises always on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things, until his age seems to be an incarnation of noblest, serenest wisdom and goodness. He is full of dignity and sweetness, of nobleness and sympathy. He is always generous, helpful, magnanimous; and he is devoid of any taint of jealousy or hatred. He lived down the early envy of Schiller, the rancour of Herder; he despised enmity, and never descended to antagonism. He conquered enemies by wit and patience, by tolerance and love. His character is so great and lofty that we rise, as we contemplate it, to the glow of a generous ardour of admiration and delight; we cease to look for the blemishes of mortality, and are elevated to an ideal sympathy with the heights to which humanity—in rare cases—may attain. The only difficulty in the study of Goethe arises from the altitude and the complexity of the subject—though the mass of material requires labour to master it—but the study is its own exceeding great reward, and uplifts our conception of humanity.

As a poet, his one want was the impulse of a nation behind him. *Im eigentlichen Volke ist alles stille.* Not Weimar, not even Germany, in his day was a nation.

He belongs to the few greatest poets; but he is not only poet. His studies extended over the whole range of human faculty; and he is a man of science, of art, of politics, of learning, of criticism; while he knows well, and discharges fitly, the duties of a ruler of men. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did with the hand of a man, and not of a phantom. Learning itself may be rendered comparatively barren where there is an absence of those developed mental qualities which alone can put learning to vital use. Goethe used learning itself to elevate his life itself. His qualities and faculties are singularly balanced. His physique is of rare force and beauty; and his genius is supreme. The fire and fervour of his t[illegible]
were impelled by a glowing imagination, and he was [illegible]
lover. He was the idol of wom[illegible] acter[illegible]
contained a strain of idealism, a[illegible]

he never found the one woman who could obtain and retain his entire constancy; he was too full of gifts, of grace, of genius for that; but he gave in love more than he received—though he received much. Those who judge him by the standard of to-day, mistake him grossly. Lili, who was not fully worthy of his love, was yet ennobled by it. Christiane played contentedly the part of *Bayadere* to Goethe's *Gott*. Frederike was happier in having loved and lost than she would have been had she never loved him at all. Frau von Stein was *grande dame*—elegant, aristocratic, coquettish, capricious, heartless. He deceived himself in her. At the beginning of their amour she may not have fully recognised the greatness of her immortal lover; but she was yet proud of his homage, and exacting in her demands upon it. She tortured and ultimately repelled him. She was not genuine, not unselfishly devoted enough to hold him. But for her coquetry and desire to retain her empire, she might have married him. The *naïve* Christiane suited him better, as a wife, than the fantastic great lady would have done. A poet, and such a poet—could he help loving women? Women are born hero-worshippers; and a poet must needs love the loveliness of women.

Our race is created infirm and erring; not one is perfect; no, not one; but after making all allowances, Goethe impresses us as having been one of the greatest, wisest, best of men. We regard him, if we have really attained to knowledge of him—and we regard him especially in his calm and kingly age—with a loving awe and with a reverent wonder. In so short an essay, I can only hope to reach to imperfect suggestion on such an infinite subject. The greater part of his long life was spent in the city of his adoption; and this is why I have here tried to picture Weimar—as a background to Goethe.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF CALCUTTA.

OF all the many visitors who in yearly increasing numbers spend a few bright weeks in Calcutta, the brilliant capital of British India, it is only now and again that one leaving the beaten track turns aside from the round of gaieties, and stands for awhile in the old cemeteries among the tombs where lie the illustrious dead of the early years of English occupation. And yet in these quiet cities of the dead lie the men who were makers of the Empire that to-day rises firm and strong, a finished work; and passing on from tomb to tomb the thoughtful visitor may read in the long roll of names an epitome, as it were, of England's history in the East. Here they lie, a great company of men who toiled and died for England's sake, and with them lie their wives and little ones.

> Man, or woman, or suckling;
> Mother, or bride, or maid,
> Because on the bones of the English
> The English flag is stayed.

The oldest English tombs in Calcutta are those to be found in St. John's Churchyard. The church was built under the auspices of Warren Hastings, when Governor-General, by public subscription, aided by a grant from the Court of Directors of the Hon. East India Company. It was completed in 1787, and remained the Cathedral Church of Calcutta till St. Paul's Cathedral was built in 1847. The ground which now forms St. John's Churchyard was used as a burial-ground by the English from the time of their first settlement in Calcutta in 1690, and it has been surmised that it was in use from an even earlier period, and that several persons who died while voyaging up or down the river Hooghly were interred on this spot. However this may be, the first interment of which we have record is that of Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta, who died on January 10. 1692, less than a year and a half after he had

established the little settlement which was destined to become the chief city of India.

This remarkable man spent thirty-six years in Bengal in the service of the East India Company, and was held in the highest regard by the Directors, his employers. His marriage was the romance of his life: his wife was a Hindu widow, and the story goes that she was about to be burnt on her Hindu husband's funeral pyre, when Charnock, moved by her youth and beauty, led his own body-guard of soldiers to her rescue, and, dispersing the Brahmin priests and her relatives, carried her away to be for twenty-five years his companion and the sharer of his many trials.

The old records show that many of the English in the early years of their settlement in Bengal were married by the rites of the Roman Catholic Church to native women who became converts to that faith, and the probabilities are that Charnock was really married to the Hindu lady who was the mother of his children, two daughters, who both married Englishmen.

It is not certain when and where Charnock's wife died, but it has always been popularly believed that she died at Chuttanutty, the name by which Calcutta was first known; that Charnock buried her in the burial-ground of the settlement, and was himself laid in the same grave, over which a monument was erected by his elder daughter Mary and her husband Charles Eyre, who succeeded his father-in-law in the agency. The Charnock mausoleum still stands in excellent preservation, and is the oldest piece of masonry in Calcutta. It was one of the earliest masonry buildings erected by the English, as they lived in houses built in the native style with clay walls and thatched roofs till they obtained a grant of land on which to build, and the monument was probably erected at the same time and with the same materials as the fortifications of the original Fort William, begun in 1696, four years after Charnock's death.

The old burial-ground remained in use till a new cemetery was opened in 1766; up to that date it has been estimated that, with the terrible yearly mortality among the English in the then pestilential climate of the settlement, over twelve thousand bodies must have been buried in that small plot of ground. Under such conditions, monuments can only have been erected over a few of the number, and by 1802 most of these had fallen into such a ruinous condition that they were taken down and such inscription slabs as remained in good preservation were arranged in the form of a pavement round the Charnock mausoleum. There they remain to this day, the long and often quaint inscription in raised lettering as clear and fresh as

though newly cut, in spite of their having borne the burning sun and the torrential rainfall of Bengal for nearly two hundred years. One of these old tombstones, which occupies a place of honour within the mausoleum, is to the memory of William Hamilton, who did as much for the city as Charnock, the "Father of Calcutta," himself.

William Hamilton was surgeon in the service of the Hon. East India Company, and in 1715 he was appointed surgeon to an embassy which was sent from Calcutta to Delhi by the Company to complain to the Emperor Farrukh Syar of the exactions of the Nawab of Bengal. The embassy, which carried presents for the Emperor valued at £30,000, reached Delhi after a toilsome journey, and were graciously received by the Emperor, who accepted their presents, but refused to listen to their petition till his marriage with a Jodhpore princess, for which arrangements were proceeding, should have been celebrated.

The ambassadors were obliged to remain at Court trying vainly to match their English straightforwardness against Oriental intrigue, and they would have had ultimately to leave Delhi without gaining any concession but that the Emperor fell ill on the eve of his marriage, and the ceremony had to be postponed. The English surgeon, Hamilton, now came to the front; he undertook to restore the royal patient to health, and so successful was his treatment that in a few weeks the Emperor was completely cured, and received the congratulations of his Court in public Durbar. Mr. Hamilton was now in high favour; the Emperor loaded him with valuable presents, and desired to retain him permanently at his Court. Hamilton, however, strenuously refused the proffered honour, and after numerous delays, and when the embassy had spent nearly two years at Delhi, they were allowed to depart, and by Hamilton's influence were granted all the concessions they desired, including the Emperor's confirmation of the Company's purchase of the *zemindarie* rights in the three villages of Chuttanutty, Govindpore, and Calcutta, which had been permitted by a previous Nawab, but forbidden by his successor. By this purchase the English were able to establish themselves in an assured position as landholders, collecting rents and administering justice under the Mahometan laws within their own boundaries, and no longer mere adventuring traders dependent on the caprice of the reigning Nawab.

Hamilton died very shortly after his return to Calcutta, on December 4, 1717. On news of his death being sent to Delhi, the Emperor refused to believe it, imagining it to be a subterfuge that Hamilton might avoid returning to Court as he had promised to do,

and an officer of rank was sent to Calcutta to confirm the report. A tablet, bearing the following inscription, was placed on Hamilton's tomb:—

Under this stone lyes interred the body of William Hamilton, surgeon, who departed this life the 4th December, 1717. His memory ought to be dear to this nation for the credit he gained the English in curing Furrukseer, the present King of Indostan, of a malignant distemper, by which he made his own name famous at the Court of that great monarch; and, without doubt, will perpetuate his memory as well in Great Britain as all other nations in Europe.

A Persian inscription was added, which has been translated as follows:—

William Hamilton, physician, in the service ot the English Company, who had accompanied the English ambassadors to the enlightened presence, and having made his own name famous in the four quarters of the earth by the cure of the Emperor, the Asylum of the World, Muhammed Farrukh Siyar the Victorious, and with a thousand difficulties having obtained permission from the Court, which is the refuge of the Universe, to return to his country, by the Divine decree, on the fourth of December, 1717, died in Calcutta, and is buried here.

In the crowded state of the burial-ground, Hamilton's tomb was early obliterated; but such was the high opinion of the valuable services which he had rendered to the East India Company that when—more than sixty years after his death—his tombstone was uncovered by the workmen who were digging the foundations of the church, Warren Hastings expressed a strong wish that the lettering of the inscription should be gilded, and the tablet placed in the centre niche of the east entrance of the church. By the time the church was completed Hastings had left India, and the stone was placed in the Charnock mausoleum, where it has remained ever since.

Near Charnock's tomb is that of Admiral Watson, who, with Clive, recaptured Calcutta from the Nawab's forces in January 1757, and died in August of the same year, after a brilliant career, at the early age of 44. A monument by Scheemakers, in Westminster Abbey, commemorates his services in recovering Calcutta and capturing Chandernagore.

There is one other tomb of more than passing interest in St. John's Churchyard, that of Mrs. Frances Johnson, or Begum Johnson as she was styled by her contemporaries. At a period when the lives of the English in Bengal were remarkable for their shortness rather than their length, this lady attained the great age of 87 years, having spent the greater part of her long life in India, and passed through

trials and adventures such as fall to the lot of few. The epitaph on her tomb gives her history in brief, and reads as follows:—

Beneath are deposited the remains of Mrs. Frances Johnson; she was the second daughter of Edward Crook, Esq., Governor of Fort St. David, on the coast of Coromandel, and was born on the 10th April, 1725. In 1738 she intermarried with Parry Purple Templer, Esq., nephew of Mr. Braddyl, then Governor of Calcutta, by whom she had two children, who died infants. Her second husband was James Altham, of Calcutta, Esq., who died of the small-pox a few days after the marriage. She next intermarried with William Watts, Esq., the Senior Member of the Supreme Council of Bengal, by whom she had issue four children: Amelia, who married the Right Honourable Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, by whom she had issue one child, Robert Banks, now Earl of Liverpool, &c. &c.; Edward, now of Hanslope Park, in the county of Bucks., Esq.; Sophia, late the wife, now the widow of George Poyntz Ricketts, Esq., late Governor of Barbadoes; and William, who died an infant. After the death of Mr. Watts, she in 1774 intermarried with the Rev. William Johnson, then principal chaplain of the Presidency of Fort William, by whom she had no issue. She died on the 3rd February, 1812, aged 87, the oldest British resident in Bengal, universally beloved, respected, and revered.

Mrs. Johnson's third husband, Mr. Watts, was chief at Cossimbazar, an important factory of the East India Company in the neighbourhood of the Nawab's capital Murshedabad, in 1756, when Suraj-ud-Dowlah attacked and proposed to exterminate the English in Bengal. Cossimbazar was taken by the Nawab on his march to Calcutta, and Mr. Watts and his family were made prisoners, as were all the English at the different trading centres; among others, Warren Hastings, then a young writer, who, with one or two others, was released on the French and Dutch merchants at Cossimbazar becoming bail for them. Mr. Watts was less fortunate, for, as the chief of the English factory, he was kept prisoner, and with another Englishman, Mr. Collet, was carried in the train of the Nawab in his march against Calcutta. Mrs. Watts and her children were sent to Murshedabad, and there the Nawab's mother, the Begum, with whom Mrs. Watts had been on friendly terms before, treated the family with every kindness, and ultimately sent them down the river to the French settlement at Chandernagore, where they were received and sheltered with hospitality. The Begum, at Mrs. Watts' entreaty, interceded with the Nawab on his return, and obtained Mr. Watts' release, so that he was able to rejoin his wife and family.

When Clive's conquering arms had recovered Calcutta and taught the Nawab the strength of the English, Mr. Watts returned to Murshedabad as the English Agent or Resident at Court. Here, when it was found that the Nawab was plotting against the English,

Mr. Watts carried out the dangerous negotiations with the dissatisfied nobles which ended in the Battle of Plassey and the deposition of Suraj-ud-Dowlah in favour of a Nawab of Clive's creating. In 1760, when the English were securely established, Mr. Watts returned with his family to England, where he died. Mrs. Watts went back to India, in 1769, to arrange her husband's affairs, and, having married the Rev. William Johnson, she, on that gentleman's retirement from India in 1788, elected to remain behind, and she continued to reside in Calcutta till her death, a leading member of society. She was popularly known as Begum Johnson, possibly, we may surmise, from her frequent reference to her whilom patroness, the Murshedabad Begum, and also, no doubt, from an appropriateness of the title to the dignified lady whose hospitable house was a fashionable rendezvous for Calcutta society. The old burial-ground of St. John's Churchyard had been closed for nearly half a century when Mrs. Johnson died, in 1812, but she had some years before her death obtained a promise from Lord Wellesley that her remains should rest in that ground, and she had herself selected the spot where her grave was made. Her funeral was attended by the Governor-General in his state coach drawn by six horses, and attended by his body-guard, and also by the Members of Council and all the *élite* of Calcutta society.

After Clive's victory at Plassey, by which the English were at once firmly established as a power in the land, Calcutta began to grow and to expand from a settlement and factory to a city. Strong enough to guard their own, there was no further need for the English to gather together for safety, and the houses fast spread to the east and south of the old Fort. It was then felt that a cemetery further removed from the town was desirable, and a site was selected in what was then an outlying district, though it is long since the city came up to and spread far beyond it. A road was made to the new ground, and was called Burying Ground Road, and up this road passed many a sad procession bearing to their last resting-place, "the homeless grave in lone, barbaric land," many a one who "died for England."

A writer of that period, Sophia Goldborne, in a lively book entitled, "Hartley House, Calcutta," published in 1789, wrote :—

> Funerals are indeed solemn and affecting things at Calcutta, no hearses being here introduced or hired mourners employed, for, as it often happens in the gay circles, that a friend is dined with one day and the next in eternity, the feelings are interested, the sensations awful, and the mental question for the period of interment at least, which will be to-morrow's victim? The departed one of

whatever rank is carried on men's shoulders (like walking funerals in England), and a procession of gentlemen equally numerous and respectable from the extent of genteel connections following, the well-situated and the worthy being universally esteemed and caressed while living, and lamented when dead.

The same writer, describing the cemeteries, of which there are two, one on either side of the broad tree-shaded road, the old Burying Ground Road, now Park Street, wrote :—

Obelisks, pagodas, &c., are erected at great expense, and the whole spot is surrounded by as well turned a walk as those you traverse in Kensington Gardens, ornamented with a double row of aromatic trees, which afford a solemn and beautiful shade ; in a word, not old Windsor Churchyard, with all its cypress and yews, is in the smallest degree comparable to them.

Time has dealt hardly with the old Calcutta burial-grounds, and it would not be easy to find a spot of more saddening and melancholy interest. The immense obelisks and pagodas, weather-stained and marred, rise dark and gloomy in endless succession; they shoulder each other in crowded ranks, and where the larger structures have left the least space a small tomb has been edged in, till it is often impossible to approach a particular monument without climbing on its neighbour.

The cemeteries are surrounded by high walls and tall trees, and the sound of the traffic of the busy streets beyond comes in a subdued murmur, while faint and sweet may be borne to the listening ear the soft, far chimes of the distant cathedral clock. The burning Indian sun forbids a visit to the cemeteries during the day, and it is usually in the sad evening hour that the stranger paces the quiet walks, with the level rays of the golden sun casting long shadows across his path, and a faint aromatic smell rising from the brown earth and the thick coarse grass, to greet the cool evening air after the fierce heat of the day. The shrill voices of the little brown children at play in the neighbouring native homesteads come softened by distance; the brown kites wheel in the evening air, and the gaunt form of a jackal may skulk away among the tombs : no other sign of life disturbs the precincts devoted to death.

Down the long Burying Ground Road, on a sultry April morning in 1794, moved a procession of all that was highest and best in Calcutta society, paying the last tribute of honour and respect to one who had won honour and respect in a fuller measure than is granted to most. Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, was laid to his rest in the South Park Street Burying Ground on April 28, 1794. Far away in his native land his monument stands in St. Paul's Cathedral, but the lofty obelisk that marks his grave towers up to

the brazen Indian sky under which he carried out the great labours of his life, and bears the following noble inscription, written by himself :—

> Here was deposited the mortal part of a man who feared God, but not death, and maintained independence, but sought not riches; who thought none below him but the base and unjust, none above him but the wise and virtuous; who loved his parents, kindred, friends, and country with an ardour which was the chief source of all his pleasures and all his pains; and who, having devoted his life to their service and to the improvement of his mind, resigned it calmly, giving glory to his Creator, wishing peace on earth, and with good-will to all creatures on the twenty-seventh day of April, in the year of our blessed Redeemer, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four.

On a separate tablet is the simple record :—

> Sir William Jones, Kt., died the 27th April, 1794, aged forty-seven years and seven months.

Although a century has elapsed since Sir William Jones died, the following extracts from an unpublished private diary of the time bring vividly before us the almost passionate sorrow that was evoked among his fellow-countrymen in Calcutta by his death in the prime of life and in the midst of his labours, which, as Dean Milman has said, "first opened the poetry and wisdom of our Indian Empire to wondering Europe." It may be premised that Lady Jones had been obliged to leave India for her health, and Sir William was living alone in his house at Garden Reach at the time of his death. Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, was Governor-General, and had a "garden-house" at Garden Reach.

> *April 27th*, 1794.—Received the news that Sir William Jones was no more! I confess it struck me severely, and, in the bitterness of my grief, I almost cursed my own existence to think that such really great and good men as he should be snatched away, whilst the wicked and ignorant are permitted not only to walk this planet, but to commit their depredations upon it! Whatever is, is right!
>
> *April 28th.*—Arose at 5. W. and I rode on horseback to the west of the Fort, round by the eastward to Chowringhee, where we waited upwards of an hour to see the funeral of Sir William Jones pass by. All the European troops in garrison were there with clubbed arms.
>
> *April 30th.*—Had a conversation this day with R. about Sir William Jones, whose lamented death lays uppermost in my mind. He told me he had been ill for about a week or ten days (or rather complained of being ill about that period) before his death. That Dr. Hare . . . found a tumour as big as his fist; inquiring when this came, he said it appeared about four or five months ago, but that, as it came of itself, he imagined it would go away in the same manner, and had taken no notice of it, only by way of exercise had walked every day before his carriage to and from the garden (to attend Court), upwards of four miles. On being asked if it had not been very painful, he replied that it had been so very severe that he would not go through such another period for all the riches and honours in the world! On hearing this, one is tempted to cry out, "Oh! the *weakness* of a *strong* mind!" He said he thought it beneath him to let the mind bend to the

pain of the body. He must have been delirious much longer than they think, as he would not let anyone approach him, not even his favourite slave boy, Otho. Sir John Shore had even offered to sit up with him, but he answered he was better, and his mind quite easy. On Saturday night the doctors thought him better, and had recommended him to go home either on the *Boddington* or *Sugar-cane* (Botany Bay ships), by which time they hoped to have him able to undertake the voyage, proposing first to salivate him. Early on Sunday morning the *consomah* ran over to Sir John Shore's and said his master was "mad," by which he understood he was delirious, and accordingly went there accompanied by Sir Robert Abercromby, the General. Just as they came to the premises, another servant came out and said that, since the *consomah* had left the house, Sir William had called for a dish of tea, drunk it, and died! On their entrance, they found him reclining on the couch, his head against his right hand, and the fore-finger upwards towards his forehead, his usual attitude; his extremities were warm. Thus ended the mortal career of that truly great man, Sir William Jones.

Just eleven months before Sir William Jones' death, a very different type of man, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Kyd, was laid to rest in the same cemetery. Colonel Kyd was a devoted and eminent botanist, and it was due to his exertions that the Royal Botanic Garden, Calcutta, was established by the East India Company in 1786, with a view to the introduction into Bengal of plants and trees of economic value. Colonel Kyd was Military Secretary to Government, and resided at his garden-house at Shalimar, on the opposite bank of the Hooghly to Calcutta. He appears to have been very fond of the place, for in his will, dated a week before his death, he gave detailed directions for the up-keep of his garden and establishment until the return of his relative and heir, Major, afterwards General, Alexander Kyd. Colonel Kyd also desired, in earnest and pathetic terms that show how his last thoughts clung to the place where he had no doubt spent many days of quiet happiness, that his remains should be committed to earth in his own garden at a spot which he indicated, privately and without military honours. This wish was, however, disregarded; it was probably felt that it would be improper to allow so distinguished and honoured a servant of the Company to be laid in unconsecrated ground, and his funeral, which was ordered by Government, took place with military honours in the South Park Street Cemetery. Possibly as a concession to his expressed wishes, neither monument nor tablet was placed over his grave, which, left thus unprotected, was soon obliterated by the destructive agencies ever at work in the Indian climate. In later years a well was sunk on the very spot, and the dead man's last wish for an obscure grave has thus been granted.

A handsome monument, a funeral urn, sculptured in white marble

by Banks, occupies a central position in the Botanic Garden, and keeps in remembrance the name of the founder.

There are three tombs in the Park Street cemeteries which are closely associated with English literature; they are those of Miss Rose Aylmer, of Lieutenant-Colonel James Achilles Kirkpatrick, and of Richmond Thackeray.

It was Rose Aylmer's early death which inspired Walter Savage Landor's beautiful lines:—

> Ah! what avails the sceptred race?
> Ah! what the form divine?
> What every virtue, every grace?
> Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
> Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
> May weep but never see,
> A night of memories and of sighs
> I consecrate to thee.

Rose Aylmer went to India to her aunt, Lady Russell, wife of Sir Henry Russell, one of the judges of the Supreme Court at Calcutta; and it was while living in their house in Chowringhee that she died on March 20, 1800, at the early age of twenty years. The event was announced in the *Calcutta Gazette* in the following terms:—

> On Sunday last, at the house of her uncle, Sir Henry Russell, in the bloom of youth, and possession of every accomplishment that could gladden and embellish life, deplored by her relatives and regretted by a society of which she was the brightest ornament, the Honourable Miss Aylmer.

The monument over Miss Aylmer's grave is symbolical of the beautiful young life cut short—a graceful tapering pillar, wreathed with drooping roses, joining inverted torches. The monument has been recently restored, and is in excellent preservation.

The other two tombs are in the North Park Street Cemetery, which is on the opposite side of Park Street to the South Ground. Here, in 1805, was buried Lieutenant-Colonel James Achilles Kirkpatrick, the brilliant soldier-administrator of Hyderabad; but the closest search among the crowded and time-worn tombs has failed to identify his monument. As Resident at the Court of the Nizam of Hyderabad, Colonel Kirkpatrick rendered most valuable services to the Government under the Marquis of Wellesley, and firmly established the British authority in that State. At Hyderabad, Kirkpatrick contracted a marriage with a beautiful young Begum who had lost her heart to the handsome young Englishman, and who threatened to take her own life if he refused to listen to her suit. A full account of Kirkpatrick's romantic marriage, from the pen of Sir Edward Strachey, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* some

three years ago, and gave many interesting details. There were two children of the marriage—a boy and a girl—and in 1805, when they were three and five years old respectively, Kirkpatrick sent them to England to his parents. He and his Princess accompanied the children to Madras, where they placed them on board the homeward bound ship, and Kirkpatrick then proceeded to Calcutta to confer with Lord Cornwallis, the new Governor-General. In Calcutta, Kirkpatrick's long failing health broke down, and he died there on October 15, 1805. A handsome monument was erected in St. John's Church to his memory by his father and brothers, bearing the same inscription as was placed on his tomb.

To the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel James Achilles Kirkpatrick, of the Honourable East India Company's Military Establishment at Fort St. George, who, after filling the distinguished station of Resident at the Court of Hyderabad upwards of nine years, and successfully conducting during that period various important negotiations, died at Calcutta, 15th October, 1805, aged 41 years. This monument is erected by his afflicted father and brothers.

The poor young Begum returned to her splendid home, desolate at once of husband and children, and died a few years later. The children grew up under the care of their relatives in England, and the girl was the beautiful Kitty Kirkpatrick who made so deep an impression on Carlyle, and of whom he wrote in his reminiscences describing his first sight of her when on a visit to Edward Irving and his wife :—

Dash of a brave carriage driving up, and entry of a strangely complexioned young lady with soft, brown eyes, and floods of bronze-red hair, rather a pretty ooking, smiling, and amiable, though most foreign bit of magnificence and kindly splendour, whom they welcomed by the name of "dear Kitty." Kitty Kirkpatrick, Charles Buller's cousin or half-cousin, Mrs. Strachey's full cousin, with whom she lived; her birth, as I afterwards found, an Indian romance. Mother a sublime Begum, father a ditto English official, mutually adoring, wedding, living withdrawn in their own private Paradise, romance famous in the East. A very singular "dear Kitty," who seemed bashful withal and soon went away, twitching off in the lobby as I could notice, not without wonder, the loose label which was sticking to my trunk or bag, still there as she tripped past, and carrying it off in her pretty hand.

Again Carlyle wrote :—

Mrs. Strachey, Mrs. Buller's younger sister, took to me from the first nor ever swerved. It strikes me now more than it then did she silently could have liked to see "dear Kitty" and myself come together, and so continue near her, both of us, through life. The good, kind soul! And Kitty, too, was charming in her beautiful Begum sort, had wealth abundant, and might perhaps have been charmed, none knows. She had one of the prettiest smiles, a visible sense of humour, the slight merry curl of the upper lip (right side of it only), the carriage of her head and eyes on such occasions, the quaint little things she said in that

kind, and her low-toned, hearty laugh were noticeable. This was perhaps her most spiritual quality, of developed intellect she had not much, though not wanting in discernment; amiable, affectionate, graceful, might be called attractive, not slim enough for the title pretty, not tall enough for beautiful, had something low-voiced, languidly harmonious, loved perfumes, &c., a half-Begum in short, an interesting specimen of the semi-oriental English woman.

Close to where Kirkpatrick was laid in his soldier-grave is the tomb where, ten years later, was buried the civilian Richmond Thackeray, the father of the great English novelist. The son of an earlier William Makepeace Thackeray, who had also been a Bengal civilian, Richmond Thackeray came out to India in the Company's Civil Service, in 1798, when he was sixteen years of age. Some ten years later he received an appointment in the Secretariat in Calcutta, and there he married Miss Becher, daughter of another old civilian family, whose name is found, like that of most Indian families, in station burial-grounds all over the country. In July 1811, William Makepeace Thackeray was born, tradition says, in the house that is now the Armenian convent; and before the child was a year old his parents left Calcutta for the pleasant suburb of Alipore. There they lived in the house which was then, and is still, the official residence of the Collector of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, and which, though altered and enlarged, is substantially the same house that was the garden-house of Phillip Francis during the seven years of his Indian career. In this house Richmond Thackeray died in September 1815, when his little son was only four years old, and from there his funeral procession passed down the oft-trodden road to the Park Street Burial-ground.

A heavy masonry monument marks the grave, and bears this record :—

To the memory of Richmond Thackeray, Esq., late on the Bengal Establishment of the Honourable East India Company, who expired on the 13th September, 1815, at the premature age of 32 years, 10 months, and 23 days. To the best endowments of the understanding, and to the purest principles in public life, he united all the social and tender affections; under the influence of these moral and intellectual qualities, he ever maintained the character of a public officer with the highest degree of credit to himself, and discharged in a manner not less exemplary the duties which devolved upon him in the several relations of private life. To transmit to posterity a memorial of these virtues, the present monument has been erected by those who had the best means of contemplating the habitual exercise of them in the varied character of a son, a brother, a husband, a father, and a friend.

Standing back against the brick wall of the cemetery, and hemmed in by other monuments all dark, and grimy, and time-stained, is the tomb of William Jones, who in the early years of the century was

known in Calcutta as *Guru* Jones, the teacher, the wise man. Arriving in Calcutta, in 1800, a friendless adventurer, Jones spent the first years of his life in India as a mechanic, from which circumstance he has been supposed to have been a man of poor origin. His attainments, however, show him to have been no common mechanic, and give colour to a romantic story which identifies him with the lost heir to an Irish dukedom. The tale runs that William Jones was the youngest son of the last duke, who left his home on account of family quarrels; that he sailed for India, then the Land of Promise to every bold young adventurer, and there he consistently concealed his identity and made his own career. His father's and brother's deaths made the truant son the heir; but, even if he knew the fact, he made no sign, and, failing his return, the title lapsed, the missing heir dying in Calcutta, honoured and mourned for his own sake, his high lineage unknown and unsuspected.

As the discoverer of coal in India, Jones has strong claim to be remembered. As an engineer, mechanic, and architect, he did good service, and it was his professional skill, joined to his clear judgment and sterling worth, that won him the title of *Guru* among his friends. In 1820 Jones undertook the building of Bishop's College at Sibpur, near Calcutta, now the Government Engineering College, and it was while superintending the work, in which he took a deep interest, that he was struck by the sun, and died September 23, 1821, aged 44 years. Bishop Middleton, the founder of the college, who himself died the following year without seeing the completion of the work, preached a funeral sermon on the death of William Jones, when he spoke of the beautiful college as being a noble monument to the memory of its architect.

Just by *Guru* Jones' tomb is a little wicket which leads to that portion of the cemetery known as the Mission Burial-ground, and here is the heavy and hideous masonry structure, painted a vivid dark blue, which is the vault of the Kiernanders, where sleeps the founder of the family, the Reverend John Zachariah Kiernander, the first Protestant Missionary to Bengal, who preceded by thirty-five years the Baptist Missionary Dr. Carey.

Kiernander was a Swede by birth, and went to India, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, in 1740. He was for eighteen years employed in the Mission in Southern India, from where he, in 1758, proceeded to Calcutta, with the approval, if not at the invitation, of Clive, to establish the first Protestant Mission in Bengal. In Calcutta, Kiernander worked for twenty-eight years chiefly among the degraded descendants of the

Portuguese, who had come to Bengal in large numbers in the seventeenth century, who were sunk in depths of ignorance, superstition, and vice far below the heathen. Altogether, Kiernander, during the years of his mission work in Calcutta, baptized two hundred converts from Hinduism and three hundred Portuguese and other Roman Catholics.

Kiernander was twice married, and both his wives had money and were in full sympathy with him in his work; he also received a legacy from his brother. With the means thus acquired, he built a church for his mission congregation, to which he gave the name of Beth Tephilla or House of Prayer, but it has always been known as the Old or Mission Church. This church was completed in 1770, and is the oldest Protestant church in Calcutta, the second oldest sacred edifice, the oldest being the Armenian Church of St. Nazareth, built in 1720, which escaped destruction during the siege and Mahometan occupation of Calcutta in 1756, when the English Church of St. Ann was utterly destroyed. Kiernander fell into financial difficulties in his old age, due to the recklessness and inexperience of his son, to whom he entrusted his affairs during his temporary blindness from cataract. The church, as private property, was attached by his creditors, but was released on the payment by Mr. Charles Grant, of the Civil Service, of a sum of ten thousand rupees. Mr. Grant lodged the property thus acquired, which included church, school-house, and burial-ground, in the hands of trustees, by whose successors it is administered to the present day.

Kiernander died in Calcutta, in 1799, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, having had the happiness of seeing the Mission he had founded prosperous and flourishing.

KATHLEEN BLECHYNDEN.

A BROAD-CHESTED SOUL.

MOST of us owe our first acquaintance with Fuller to those few pages of Lamb's commonplace book reproduced under the title, "Specimens from the Writings of Fuller." His unerring judgment has seized on the very choicest morsels from Fuller's variously-stored sensorium; but one who cares to glean, not in the stubble, but in a field from which only the fullest ears have been gathered, will have over-measure for reward. Surely no other writer, divine or profane (Burton and Sir Thomas Browne not excepted), ever dug so deep for conceits without coming on water! Could anyone with a head less entertainingly fitted have thus rebuked the rigid joylessness of the Puritan—the *Histrio-Mastix* Puritan?

The Lord alloweth us sauce with our meat, and recreation with our vocation.

Bating a love for such fearful wild-fowl as antiperistasis, prolepsis, and catachresis, his style, in its incisive homeliness (that homeliness which, as Lamb says of Defoe, "comes home to the reader"), is full of charm. Fuller and tomatoes, at first tasting, may beget dislike rather than attraction; but to the potential follower of either the aversion is so leavened that further tastings are necessary to fix on a demeanour. These additional gustations decide it, and the doubter becomes an absorbed disciple. Keeping pace with his text, there ever runs a comment with perhaps more than the text's charm, for "Fancy will quickly blow a drop in history into a bubble in poetry, yet never does the latter overpower or overlay the former." Catholic in his taste, yes, omnivorous; nothing, from the correct quartering of a coat-of-arms or the existence of the unicorn, to the discovery of bottling ale or the derivation of "Bean belly Leicestershire," escapes him. The beam of his trawl has been through all seas, ancient and modern, and gathered something everywhere. From a Cornish idiosyncrasy to a peculiarity of the crocodile's is a Sabbath day's journey with Fuller.

The Cornish tongue affordeth but two natural oaths, or three at most. The worst is, the common Cornish supply this (I will not say defect) not only with swearing the same often over, but also by borrowing the oaths of the English.

Essex saffron leads him gently to the saurian.

The sovereign power of genuine saffron is plainly proved by the antipathy of the crocodiles thereunto; for the crocodile's tears are never true save when he is found where saffron groweth (whence he hath the name of χροκό-δειλος, or the saffron-fearer), knowing himself to be all poison and it all antidote.

Not even *Democritus junior* had a keener nose for a cunningly flavoured story.

A beggar, being demanded how he could go naked, returned, "All my body is face."

Nor had the author of "Vulgar Errours" a happier knack of springing upon one a wholly unexpected deduction.

Indeed, I could instance in some kind of coarse venison, not fit for food when first killed, therefore cunning cooks bury it for some hours in the earth, till the rankness thereof, being mortified thereby, it makes most palatable meat. So the memory of some persons newly deceased are neither fit for a writer's or reader's repast until some competent time after their interment.

How he revels in the life-story of a divine to his palate, greatly preferring his St. Peter's with a tang of saltpetre—clerics had need be militant in the seventeenth century—as John de Kirkby, Bishop of Carlisle, with whom mitre and helmet were interchangeable, for he routed the Scots in 1345. The whimsical twist in his brain allows him to make picturesque use of even Mary's dropsy.

Bloody Bonner had murdered many more, had not that hydropical humour which quenched the life of Queen Mary extinguished also the fires in Smithfield.

He puts aside playful tilting for a genuine exultation as he recounts the shaving of that wolf Bonner, "This Herostratus who burnt so many living temples of the Holy Ghost," and summarily disposes of the difference of opinion as to that prelate's last resting-place.

So long as Bonner is dead, let him choose his own grave where he will be buried.

On the other hand, he can mourn right feelingly with the shorn lamb. His brief note of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., is sympathetic and impressive.

The hawks of Norway, where a winter's day is hardly an hour of clear light, are the swiftest of wing of any fowl under the firmament, nature teaching them to bestir themselves, to lengthen the shortness of the time with their swiftness. Such the active piety of this lady, improving the little life allotted her "in running the way of God's commandments."

Fuller would have been pleased with the conceit of the broken prison-bars expressed in the monument erected to her memory in Newport church, Isle of Wight, by Queen Victoria. What he said of another who died from grief, "the working soul broke the cask of the body," may fitly be applied to this princess.

Out from the causeways of London and Westminster and the sleepiest hollows of rural England, he ferrets fact and fable with tireless, "painful" ingenuity, his wit, like sunshine, gilding the dustiest motes of tradition. An antiquarian to his finger tips, he is never a trouble-tomb like that one (let him be nameless) who defaced the burying-place of Shakespeare. Good material came to him in vast quantities, but so mixed with rubbish he was forced to exclaim :—

It is as impossible to find antiquity without fables as an old face without wrinkles.

Monkish tales of the good, incredible pattern he certainly refuses to believe, but lovingly plays with as if he wished them true.

Quenrid, daughter of Kenwolfe, King of Mercia, killed her brother Kenelme, he standing in her way to the crown. So far from getting that crown, she is said to have lost her eyes, which fell out of her head and bloodied her primer.

To this he may add, "No doubt the first founder of so damnable an untruth hath long since received his reward."

Haphazardly he glances hither and thither, apparently as irresponsible as a cat chasing autumn leaves, but what seems devious chatter leads up to and adorns a precise purpose. He wrote, he bluntly tells you,

To gain some glory to God and to procure some honest profit to himself.

Be sure the glorified helped him who so well helped himself. That he took a positive method of helping himself, the introduction to his "Worthies" abundantly shows. Therein he forestalls criticism, much as Moore afterwards did in "Lalla Rookh," by criticising himself in a series of "Cavils" with accompanying replies. He at the same time discounts possible adverse critics.

As a left-handed man hath great odds in fencing against one that is right-handed, so cavallers, with their sinister inferences from men's frailties, have a vast advantage over those who are of candid and ingenuous disposition.

That he was a very bomb-shell amongst divines, we have plenary evidence. His light-hearted, happy treatment of grave themes frightened duller pates. Full of this fear, Dr. Peter Havlin assailed his "Church History" in 1659, but Fuller replied in the "Appeal of Injured Innocence" with silencing effect. As late as 1714, Bishop

Nicholson complains (demi-culverin bombarding demi-cannon), "he lacks the gravity of a historian," and is too fond of "quibble' and "pretty story." Of a verity it would be too much to expect a cleric of the sealed-pattern order to understand so diverting a Christian.

His portrait shadows forth the man, for "the inn of his soul had a fair sign." Something of the melancholy it contains so frequent in the man of wit, while the full eloquent eye, mobile lips, and dominant nose, with delicately shaped nostrils, are set in a face redolent of kindliness. "The lineaments of gospel books" would describe him as faithfully as Sidney.

With the fierce fires of Smithfield, and countless other places which caught heat from there, still warm on the cheek of England, it is scarce to be wondered if this so rarely prejudiced man strikes heavily and often at things papal. That "pope, king, and monks are three cords seldom twisted in the same cable" must have been to him a comfortable assurance. The papal throne he tickets "that skittish place," while Popery makes "piety pageantry." Of the standing quarrels between Dominicans and Carmelites he dryly advertises how—

> Henry VIII. made them friends by thrusting *both* out of the kingdom.

The carking cares of a nameless Jesuit are recounted in the best Fullerian manner.

> Coming over into England to angle for proselytes, it seems his line broke and he was cast into prison.

For the "gay hat" of the cardinal he has but thin reverence.

> As medlars are never ripe until they are rotten, so few are thought fit to be cardinals but such as are extremely in years.

From the Papacy to martyrdom is, to him, but the few paces from vestibule to atrium.

> Anthony Persons, being fastened to the stake, laid a good deal of straw on the top of his head, saying, "This is God's hat; I am now armed like a soldier of Christ!"

For those who but narrowly escaped the martyr's ordeal and crown, he has a ready simile.

> They were soft wax, ready chafed and prepared; but the signature of a violent death was not stamped upon them.

Many and fervent are his eulogies of Charles II. Indeed, one panegyric is as perilously near blasphemy as Milton's address to a singing girl. This ardour is natural in a devoted Royalist who for the Stuarts' sake had felt the heavy fist of Cromwell. Of Charles' birth he prattles like some old gossiping midwife who dealt more

in marvels than obstetrics. "The star Venus was visible all day long," and thus quotes a contemporary, every whit as entertaining as himself:—

> To behold this babe, Heaven itself seemed to open one eye more than ordinary.

A plain layman, no astrologer, might say that born under Venus he cannot be charged with ever deserting his tutelary planet, but this is prophesying after the event.

Fuller's range of subjects is only bounded by the globe itself, nor could anything he touched upon complain of ungenerous treatment; given a great theme, he has spacious language to fit it. He was not of those who draw a net through the remains of dead tongues to piece out a vocabulary with gathered fragments. He did not, with Sir Thomas Browne, hie him to the Latins for an increased nomenclature; when he built, it was with good Saxon ashlar for the most part. The beauty of diction, conciseness, and direct force of expression so noticeable in Tyndale's "New Testament" is apparent in everything he wrote. It is characteristic of the man that, in an age when "taking tobacco" was looked upon with no friendly eye, he, though no smoker, could chat pleasantly of the Indian weed, leaving the settling of its merits and demerits to the lips that had tasted it; himself, he was neither for blast nor counter-blast. His silhouettes, or more properly thumb-nail sketches, of common objects are not the least interesting of his exhibits, for they, too, are kept alive by the dancing red corpuscles of his wit. He describes the lamprey in a few odd words.

> A deformed fish, which, for the many holes therein, one would conceive nature intended it rather for an instrument of music than for man's food;

and thus quaintly decks out an undeniable truth:—

> Epistles are the calmest communicating truth to posterity, presenting history unto us in her night-clothes.

Of the ambition which o'erleaps itself, he gives an example in Roger of Chester, a very Jack-o'-lantern amongst historians.

> He wrote a "British Chronicle from the Beginning of the World." This was the fashion of all historians of that age, running to take a long rise (from the Creation itself), that so they might leap the further.

Wool, butter, tapestry, pipes, knives, and pins scarcely seem to lend themselves to whimsical treatment, but Fuller apportions them a word or two each from his fantastic store.

> *Wooll* (*sic*) must needs be warm, as consisting all of double letters.
> *Butter*, it was half of our Saviour's bill of fare in his infancy.
> *Tapestry* is a kind of gardening in cloth.

Pipes are chimneys, portable in pockets, the one end being the hearth thereof.

Knives are the teeth of old men, whereof the bluntest, with a sharp stomach, will serve to cut meat if before them.

Pins fill up the chinks between our clothes, lest wind and weather should shoot through them.

That the stress and ruthlessness of the Civil War left a deep impression upon him is plain by his frequent turnings to that all too painful of struggles. Some allusions crop up in the most unlikely places. Speaking of the discontinuance of copper mining in Cumberland—

I would willingly put it on the account that the burying of so much steel in the bowels of men during our Civil War hath hindered the digging of copper out of the entrails of the earth.

A discourse on bagpipes is flavoured by the same theme.

I behold bagpipes as most ancient, because a very simple sort of music, being little more than the oaten pipe improved with a bag, wherein the imprisoned wind pleadeth melodiously for the enlargement thereof. Most persons approve the blunt bagpipe above the edge-tool instruments of drums and trumpets.

In the succeeding he leads directly up to the war, and illuminates a sorrow by a brief homily:—

Sir Richard Hutton, so pious to God and charitable to his poor members, was dissolved about the beginning of our national misery. Thus God, before he new plougheth up a land with the furrows of a Civil War, first cutteth down his old crop, and gathereth them like ripe sheaves into his barn.

The exceeding virility of Elizabeth's reign was not lost on him.

God set up a generation of military men, both by sea and land, which began and expired with her reign, like a suit of clothes made for her.

He exults in our English ships, and the English oak that ribbed them; names merchantmen and men-of-war "tame" and "wild ships," and titles God "the first shipwright."

For I behold the ark as a bird, wholly hatched, but utterly unfledged; without any feathers of masts and tackling, it could only float and not sail; yet so, that therein was left pattern enough for human ingenuity to improve it to naval perfection.

When he comes off his airy stilts to view things mundane on their own level, he is both entertaining and pertinent. He can speculate pleasantly on the office of Lord Treasurer.

It might be worth some thousands of pounds to him who, after death, would go instantly to Heaven; twice as much to him who would go to Purgatory; and a *nemo scit* to him who would adventure to go to a worse place.

Lamb, amongst his cream of extracts, quotes: "Seeing we are

civilised Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk;" but, strangely enough, omits this :—

To say "Hosanna" is as soon learnt by children as "Go up, thou bald-head," if it be as surely taught unto them.

To his account of Northumberland, we owe this Border vignette :—

Moss-troopers dwell in the bounds or meeting of two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the calendar.

Cheshire nursing in his time must have been a thing to remember.

They make the sick man a posset, and tie a kerchief on his head; and, if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him.

Like King Louis' orchard close in Lang's ballade, Tyburn Tree had many a bitter cluster in those days. Thus Fuller—

More souls have gone to Heaven from that place than from all the churches and churchyards in England.

Shakespeare he dubs *hasti-vibrans*, and considers him a combination of Ovid and Plautus. Ovid, because he was "most natural and witty," and Plautus, for he "was an exact comedian, yet never any scholar."

His learning was very little; so that, as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the art which was used upon him.

He then proceeds to weigh him against his greatest rival.

Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow. Shakespeare, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention.

Although he unfairly dockets the author of "Every Man out of His Humour" "solid, but slow," Jonson, the scholar, was plainly a man after Fuller's own heart. In fact, "a most pure Latinist, no hair hanging to the nib of his pen."

A too great fondness for punning was one of Bishop Nicholson's objections to him as a historian, yet surely, when Puritan Milton stooped to that form of word-torture, and in "Paradise Lost" of all ill-advised places, it may be palliated in easier-going Fuller. Judged by Lamb's elaborately drawn principles of punning, his quibbles are of the worst.

Pope Urban, suspecting treachery in some his cardinals, put five of them in sacks and sank them into the sea. Oh, most barbarous Urbanity!

Wm. Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, began Brazen-nose College, but died before he had finished one nostril thereof.

The discovery that ale was improved by being kept in bottle has at least simplicity to recommend it.

An angler, leaving a bottle of ale when fishing, in the grass, found it some days after; no bottle, but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof; and this is believed—casualty is the mother of more inventions than industry—the original of bottled ale in England.

Affluent of imagination and full of consequence as his word-pictures always are, he sometimes reveals, in addition, an acute power of concentration, in a few brief words driving straight to the centre of his subject, compressing, as it were, an epic into the narrow compass of an octave.

A Yorkshire divine, being struck beneath the girdle by the dead palsy, his soul retired into the upper rooms of his clay cottage.

Condescension is thus succinctly expressed:—

I have seen the head bow down to take a thorn out of the foot.

With all his preaching robes about him, he goes for the Prince of Sin.

The devil is the map of malice; and his envy, as God's mercy, is over all his works.

Religion, with Fuller, is not a mere sentiment or pretty tickling of the senses, but a sober working-day rule of life; the gauds and upholstery added by dilettantes are not for him. The supply of ornamental saints, those finical adjuncts to religion, he considers exceeds the demand.

The calendar is pestered with them, jostling one another for room.

As a story-teller he is in the first flight; but let him speak for himself.

Sir Robert Catelin, Lord Chief Justice under Elizabeth, had a prejudice against all who wrote their names with an *alias*; and took exception at one in this respect, saying, "That no honest man had a double name or came in with an *alias*." The party asked him what exception his lordship could take at Jesus Christ, *alias* Jesus of Nazareth.

Philip II. of Spain called our English ambassadors unto him, and, taking a small map of the world, laid his little finger upon England (wonder not if he desired to finger so good a country), and then demanded of our ambassadors, "Where England was?"

About the third of the reign of Queen Mary, a pursuivant was sent with a commission into Ireland to empower some eminent persons to proceed with fire and faggot against poor Protestants. At Chester he lodged in the house of a Protestant innkeeper, who, having gotten some inkling of the matter, secretly stole his commission out of his cloak-bag and put the knave of clubs in the room ereof. Some weeks after, he appeared before the Lords of the Privy Council Dublin, and produced a card for his intended commission. They caused him

to be committed to prison for such an affront, as done on purpose to deride them. Here he lay for some months, till, with much ado, at last he got his enlargement. Returning to England he had his commission renewed, and made with all speed for Ireland again; but before his arrival there he was prevented with the news of Mary's death, and so the lives of many poor servants of God were preserved.

Pope Adrian IV. (Breakspear), as he was drinking, was choked with a fly, which in the large territory of St. Peter's Patrimony had no place but his throat to get into.

Saving "Domesday Book," no more valuable compendium of England and things English has reached us than his "Worthies," and the former is but as an auctioneer's catalogue compared to the latter. Men, manners and else lost story are not only saved from Time's annihilation, but kept fresh and fresh by the salt of his wit. As Coleridge says, "Wit was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect. He was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced, great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men." Jonson's comedies, with a greater magic even than Shakespeare's, present to us the age and very atmosphere of Elizabeth's England; but, with Fuller's "Worthies," many ages rise full and vivid. One is loth to lay down any of his good-hearted works, for a delightful personality pervades them all. Knowing "man is not a creature of pure reason," he left us no mere schoolman's inventory of facts set down with a painful nicety, but robust human records. Nothing is exaggerated, and nothing is sapidless. No volume of his can be sneeringly dubbed "a thing in book's clothing," rather each is a classic. As his tablet in Cranford church sets forth, "While labouring to give others immortality he obtained it himself." With all his wealth of humour he was ever reverent; "he never wit-wantoned it with the majesty of God." A bishop (had not death intervened), he must have worn rochet and apron with a difference. In his chequered, multi-coloured life, he proved the truth of his own proverb, "A good name is as an ointment poured out, smelt where it is not seen."

TOM RUSSELL.

TABLE TALK.

"EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES."[1]

THE three series of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" constitute an epitome of whatever in eighteenth century English letters and art is most stimulating, interesting, and picturesque. During the first half of the present century we were disposed to be unjust to the last. For this tendency a certain amount of justification was afforded in the fact that the poetical accomplishment was inferior to that of previous times. Lyrical fervour seems practically to have slept after Milton, and to have remained somnolent until the advent of Blake and Burns. In this third instalment of the Vignettes Mr. Dobson brings forward but one so-called poet, Matthew Prior, a man with a neat enough turn for versification, and one whose tales and fables are the nearest approach we possess to those of La Fontaine. Prior, however, stumbled on very lucky times, and won a huge reputation with very little effort. Mr. Dobson scarcely attempts to defend his position as a poet, and contents himself with saying that in the art of hudibrastic or octosyllabic verse "Prior is second to none," and stating that in his imitations of Butler, Prior is "as easy as Swift and as polished as Pope." From the "Solomon" Mr. Dobson quotes the one familiar quotation it supplies—

> Fine by degrees and beautifully less;

and the delightfully tender distich—

> Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
> And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.

Over this, Prior's most ambitious poem, he owns it is vain to linger. Such claim, indeed, to high poetical honour as the eighteenth century can boast is due to the authors of the "Elegy on a Country Churchyard" and the "Ode to Evening."

[1] Chatto & Windus.

What is a "Vignette"?

PUTTING on one side its claims to poetry, the last century wins somewhat tardily full recognition. No such school of engraving have we as that of France, with her Eisens, Marilliers, and a score others; nor have we in literature a figure to oppose to Voltaire. We have, however, Swift and Pope, Johnson and Walpole, on the one hand, and Hogarth, to say nothing of Sir Joshua, on the other. It is not with the more conspicuous figures, however, that in the third volume of "Vignettes" Mr. Dobson concerns himself, but rather with the Horace Walpoles, the Molly Lepels, and the Allan Ramsays, or even with the Wartons—finer critics are these than the present generation is apt to concede.

Two of Mr. Dobson's most edifying papers are on the libraries of Dr. Mead and of Fielding—the latter not generally known as a bibliophile. The most delightful of companions along these byways of literature is Mr. Dobson, who is as agreeably discursive as Walton himself, and knows every inch of the pleasant fields through which he leads you. To those who have read the previous volumes there is no need to speak in favour of this supplementary book. I may quote, however, for the delectation of my readers, a few lines—they can be but few—from the opening "Epistle to a Friend," in which the author describes his method :—

I cultivate a private bent
For episode, for incident ;
I take a page of Some One's life,
His quarrel with his friend, his wife.
His good or evil hap at Court,
"His habit as he lived," his sport,
The books he read, the trees he planted,
The dinners that he eat [? ate]—or wanted.

. . . .

Yet much I love to arabesque
What Gautier christened a "Grotesque";
To take his oddities and "lunes,"
And drape them neatly with festoons,
Until, at length, I chance to get
The thing I designate "Vignette."

Inner Temple Muniments.

A MAIN interest in the records to which I referred last month is genealogical and biographical. They have, however, in addition, high historical and antiquarian value. The very destruction to which they were subject opens out a picturesque

bit of history, the original records having been destroyed by Wat Tyler. From the "Historia Anglicana" of Thomas of Walsingham, Mr. Inderwick quotes to the effect that when the followers of that leader visited the Temple, then inhabited by the noblest and richest of the law students, they destroyed with fire the muniments: "plura munimenta quæ juridici in custodia habuerunt." No further case of wanton destruction is there of these documents, as there is in the case of the ecclesiastical treasures with which it is natural to compare them. None the less, the records extending for one hundred and fifty years after this date have entirely disappeared, along with the chest that contained them, nor is there any clue as to their fate. The mass of the matter now published deals with formal business, the election of officers, the admission of barristers, and the infliction of fines. Some matter of general interest is there, however, in things such as the revels, which extended from Christmas to Twelfth Night, and included masques, stage plays, and other entertainments. The most splendid of these was given to Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose services to the Inner Temple, of which he was a member, in connection with a dispute with the Middle Temple as to Lyon's Inn, were such, that besides setting up his coat of arms on the Inn, the masters of the bench published an ordinance to the effect that no member of the Society should ever hold a retainer as counsel against him in any suit in which he might be engaged. The following Christmas a grand pageant was held in commemoration of Lord Robert's service. The festivities extended over two days, and included a masque, supported doubtless by members of the Inn, twenty-four of whom were dubbed Knights of the Order of the Pegasus. For an account of them I may refer my readers, after Mr. Inderwick's example, to the "Origines" of Dugdale, and Gerard Legh's "Accidence of Armorie." Among those not generally associated with the law, concerning whom interesting matter is supplied in the volume, are Sir Francis Drake and Francis Beaumont, dramatist.

The Bacon-Shakespeare "Craze."

THE "craze"—I can use no other word for it—to bind together in some form of alliance the two greatest Englishmen of Tudor times, Shakespeare and Bacon, is one of the wildest and most visionary of modern days. For years one has been laughing at the propounders of mystic cryptograms, behind which the great lawy[illegible] supposed to have hidden his fraudulent claim to the only work[illegible] his time that can be regarded as hopelessly beyond his reach. [illegible] a single Shakespearian scholar of authority and reputation has [illegible]

these imaginings to be worth a moment's serious consideration. Yet they present themselves afresh and afresh, as hard to lay as spooks in a country churchyard, and as incapable of facing the light of truth. I have come across of late another and a different aspect of combination of Shakespeare and Bacon. Before me is a book privately printed, and, I suppose, not too readily accessible, the title of which is the "Hidden Lives of Shakespeare and Bacon, and their Business Connection, with some Revelations of Shakespeare's early Struggles, 1587–1592." Here is indeed a promising and an appetising title. The conjunction of Shakespeare and Bacon, it is true, is ominous. Still, if light is to be obtained upon the life of Shakespeare, it will indeed be welcomed. That the writer thinks much of his alleged discoveries is evident. The most impressive passages are printed in red ink, so that he who glances over the volume is arrested and compelled to read. I read. I have even read the book through twice, doing my best to get at its pith, its kernel. If I have not succeeded, it is, I fear, because no kernel is there.

Was Shakespeare a Swindler?

NOT the least a believer in cryptograms is the writer. Not he. What he seeks and professes to bring are facts, not suppositions. I have not space to give *in extenso* the things it is attempted to prove, and am compelled to make only a small selection of examples. Eight different conclusions are headed I. to III. and A to E. The most startling is the first, which is "That Shakespeare, at all events up to 1599, kept a gold, silver, and 'copper' hell, carrying on this last in the open streets with yokels, and putting on workmen's dress in order to appear to be on their level, and thus more easily gain their confidence." II. That he thus supplied the wants of his "hungry famyle." III. That he "purchased New Place out of the money got by rooking an infant young gentleman," a thing which was a matter of notoriety in Stratford. If these things were indeed notorious it was something to have escaped the observation of previous authorities, and why am I not furnished with authorities? I turn to Halliwell-Phillipps's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," and find that the payment for New Place is alleged to have been made with money advanced by Southampton. On the strength of what am I to accept the new theory instead of the old? The connection between Shakespeare and Bacon rests wholly on gratuitous surmise. Deer-stealing was a serious offence. Shakespeare was guilty of it—a fact not quite conclusively proved. Bacon might have prosecuted him for it, and [illegible]refore Bacon, "who blackmailed everybody," was " [illegible]peare.—Q.E.D.

THE IMMORALITY OF THE TUDOR EPOCH.

IN order to establish this wild supposition the writer gives the Tudor period its *coup de grâce*. We have been accustomed to think of them as the "spacious times" of Queen Elizabeth. Not so our discoverer. According to this latest authority, "It is hardly possible to imagine any period worse in a moral point of view. Intrigue and profligacy were almost its sole constituents. The Queen set a most deplorable example." Most striking of all the features of the age was "the universal gambling of all classes." Granting all these things to be true, which we do not, and assuming that it is seemly to call Queen Elizabeth a "vain old hag of sixty," this has nothing to do with the question whether Shakespeare kept a "copper hell," or that he was associated with Bacon in that worthy's "Scrivinery." I want evidence for the various charges that are advanced, and I find none. In his position at Gray's Inn Bacon was probably brought into association with Shakespeare. Who knows, however, that for the sake of sponging on him Bacon was content not to prosecute him for deer stealing and hold the rod continually *in terrorem* over him? I am not sure that Shakespeare did steal deer, though he has now generations after his death been charged with so doing. I find no tittle of evidence that Bacon knew anything about it. I want something more than "Bacon might have" or "Bacon must have" before I accept the arraignment of the greatest of poets. Even in the case of Bacon I am dissatisfied. Do we absolutely know that he "had graduated in vice for three years in Paris"? After a most serious implication on page 17, the full extent of which I cannot estimate, the writer speaks again of Francis and Anthony Bacon with a magnificent contempt as "the precious pair." One bewails Bacon's lapses, but one does not speak of him thus.

DID BACON WRITE MILTON?

ONE thing more I will add before dismissing an uncomfortable task. I find nothing substantiated that is new, and no proof of anything more than a probable intimacy between Shakespeare and Bacon. Did, however, Bacon write Milton as well as Shakespeare? The lines "What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones," are in the works of Milton. Our discoverer attributes them to Bacon, and in so doing builds up an argument as plausible as others he advances. Does any authority whatever exist for ascribing these to Bacon, and, if so, how came they to be assigned to Milton? If our author is right, not only will the lives of Shakespeare and Bacon have to be rewritten—English literature will have to be restudied.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1897.

PENALISED.

BY BERNARD PARES.

A CHARACTER weak, though amiable; circumstances hard, though not unnatural—let us trace the result.

The Reverend John Arkwright kept a private school of some sixty boys (boarders and day-boarders) in a small provincial town. It was a "good school"—that is, the discipline was good, the teaching moderate, and the comfort of the scholars little or none.

Mr. Arkwright had now an excellent position in the neighbourhood. He often assisted at the services of the parish church, and was accounted a very good preacher. The town was not too small to be intellectual enough to appreciate his chaste though fluent diction, the interesting if superficial touch with which he treated current questions (not the less attractive, if he usually left the questions unanswered), and beyond this his indubitably high and inflexible moral standard.

Few would have suspected from his precise enunciation and his clear-cut features (so clear-cut as to turn "clean-shavedness" into a very virtue of itself) that his origin did not correspond to his position. Son of a small shopkeeper, he had, by diligent application and a financial ability which was something more than economy, gradually made his way upwards, till now he was the favoured guest at the neighbouring country-seats, the leader of thought and refinement in the town itself.

Such was his position when he received one day a letter from his brother's widow, making him an earnest request as to the provision

for her only boy. Willie Arkwright was now fourteen years old. She had never yet been able to send him to any school; nor could she now do so, unless some particular arrangement was made.

If she paid for his board at Normanton House, would John be so very good as to let him join in the work of the school? John replied, suggesting only just a slight pecuniary modification of the arrangement; were this satisfactory to her, he would be content to admit the boy to the privileges of the school, and he had little doubt that his brother's son would be a credit to him.

Willie arrived in due course. He was rather a shy-looking lad at first, but as he got to know the boys, much of this wore away; and, like many sensitive people, when he had once resigned his reserve he was more familiar with the others than some of them even wished him to be. He was rather overgrown for his age, but was not very distinguished at games; and though he started well at football, he soon preferred to loaf about in or near the school premises, turning up in unexpected places, and sometimes having to thrust his catapult hastily into his pocket if he happened to meet one of the two under-masters. He developed a harmless taste for collecting moths, and also was very fond of sweets. With the boys he became rather popular, as he was good-natured enough to do anything for them; and when he had once outrun the natural prejudice against old Arkwright's nephew he got to be mixed up in most of those little trifling plots and confidences which make small groups now and again at some odd times in the playground, and which often look so very much more important to the masters than they really are.

The headmaster placed him rather high in the school, and as the boy at first brightened up at the change, he passed for a few days as being rather clever, and received commendation from his uncle, which, if cold, was yet really sincere. Mr. Arkwright was prepared to be pleased with him, and fully expected to find in him some of the considerable ability which his father had possessed. But the boy really took more after his mother; he was weak and amiable; but whatever ability he had was too much diffused and watered down to be of any educational value. He soon began to shuffle through the preparation of his lessons, and in consequence lost ground in his uncle's favour. This state of things went from bad to worse, till the end of the term found him absolutely last in his class—in fact, absolutely below any one else in it.

At the beginning of the next term he was degraded into the lowest form, where he came under the sway of Mr. Harsley. This gentleman, whom we should call very young, but whom his little class

knew as "Old Harsley," was of a very kind nature. But he did not get very much work out of Willie, who was much the biggest boy in size in the class. (N.B.—Never overgrow yourself when a boy; it goes against you in the school.) Willie was now fairly comfortable, and meant to stay as he was, instead of once more reaching the Second Class and facing from time to time the formidable standard of his uncle.

On degrading him, Mr. Arkwright spoke very sharply, and said that the boy must make up his mind to do better work; but this criticism was common enough from Mr. Arkwright's lips to make Willie think that it meant nothing, and he was not wise enough to see that this time his uncle really did mean business. He was also told that if he did well in form at the beginning of the term he would be restored to his old place. This he took measures to prevent; but so far did he overdo them that in the first monthly order he was actually last in the school.

Matters now took a more decided turn. He was called up and told that for the next month his pocket-money (sixpence a week) would be stopped, and he would not be allowed to go into the playing-field or leave the school premises at any time, except when for the regulation walks with Mr. Harsley or his colleague. In future his lessons must be better prepared or he would be further punished.

John Arkwright had not always got on very well with his brother, in whom there was a certain Bohemian element, which indeed had helped to keep him in poverty till his death. This element now began to reproduce itself in the son; but it was too weak to display itself openly, and the uncle never understood the boy.

His strict treatment had some immediate good effect on him. But very soon he began to fall off, and though he was never again last in the school, he was always sailing as near to the wind as he dared. There was no harm whatever in him at this period; only he hated work, and more and more as it was made more and more distasteful to him.

When the month was over his punishment was prolonged for the rest of the term. At the end his place was still disgracefully low, and the holidays only came as a kind of truce.

When the school met again Mr. Arkwright sent for him. He had received during the holidays a letter of remonstrance from Willie's mother. He was dead cold, but it was the whiteness of controlled passion. If he had lost his temper it would have been more healthy. He told Willie that he was a disgrace to his name and to the school. But that was only "stale news" to Willie. He

said they would see who was master, and if it came to the worst the boy must go; but he would take measures to save him from himself. "I will not allow you," he went on, "to disgrace me in this way. I am ready to make an example of my own nephew which will stop such conduct in others. You will not come in to dinner with the other boys for a fortnight. You will have your lunch brought out to you by a servant. Mr. Harsley has kindly offered to help you in your preparation" (the boy's face brightened), "but I will see that my nephew does his work for himself without being a pensioner on other people's generosity!" He was evidently thinking of himself and the help he himself was extending.

The next day, when dinner-time came and the other boys all went in, Willie did not know what to do with himself; but as he was mooning about in the lavatory, he saw the nondescript boots-footman of the establishment bring him his meal. It was a little cold-looking sausage-roll on a cold white plate. It looked very small. He was a growing boy, as we know. He began it at once, and with one great mouthful he was already half through it when he noticed the footman going back. "But isn't there anything else?" he said. "No, sir." "But you haven't brought me any water." "My orders was to bring you this, sir." "But can't you ask for some?" "The head-master has given us particular orders, sir, and I'm not to talk to you neither." Saying this not unkindly he went off, and Willie was reduced to drinking from the basin in the lavatory.

And now he really did try to work, but he found that he had raised a great obstacle against himself. Of course, he did not understand what the work was all about; but that was not half his difficulty. He had sauntered about and amused himself, and joked and made himself funny; and thus he had acquired the reputation of a boy who does not care to do anything, but could do very well if he chose. Now, as a matter of fact, from a working point of view he was a stupid boy, and such he always had been, and such he always would be. This was, as much as anything else, at the bottom of his uncle's dislike for him. But boys who are stupid at work and bright away from it have a very difficult game to play. If they are at all lazy at work for want of interest in it, they may suddenly find that they are credited with three times their ability, and consequently three times their laziness. So it was with Willie: Mr. Harsley was pleased with his work, as it began to improve; but quite failed to understand why he should continue to reproduce his old mistakes.

So a week passed; but under such conditions the days doubled their length; above all, it seemed hours and hours that Willie spent

wandering about the school or lounging in the lavatory. His meals, too, were very meagre at this time of the day. It was quite an accident that Mr. Arkwright had omitted to provide for a glass of water; but his orders were so strict and exact that the footman did not dare either to suggest the omission or to supply it himself, except surreptitiously now and then. I wonder how many of my readers have been at a school where cold water was denied them. The sausage-rolls were always the same, very small and not very tasty: this, however, remedied itself since the boy was hungry—he never after the first day made the mistake of eating half at one bite. He had, indeed, quite a little formula of preparation which he went through before actually sitting down to the repast; and he was never wasteful of crumbs.

It was about the seventh day of the term (Sunday had been made a day of concession) that Willie was wandering about the big empty schoolroom upstairs, when he casually opened one of the desks. He sometimes used to poke about exploring the room in an off-hand kind of way (poor boy!), for he had very little to do at this time. His eye fell on a coverless little book, which turned out to contain the "Adventures of Little Jack Sheppard." Some of us may find a parallel from our own experience for the respect in which this book was held at Normanton House, and the part which it played in the education of the school. Willie was not a reader, but he had often heard of this history; so he opened it and began the first chapter. He was all absorbed in it when surprised by the owner, who was pleased, as always, to lend it (for it was one of the pillars of his position among the boys), but would be glad if Willie would remember to put it away carefully. The next day and the day after, all Willie's spare time was spent in following the boisterous little hero through his sporting if criminal career. When he had finished it, he sat still and thought for some time, passing through that kind of gradual recovery from intemperance to which all weak minds are liable under the influence of sensational novels. And when the hot breath of the inspiration had cooled, and the swirling emotion of the interest had subsided, he still thought on.

When Mr. Arkwright imposed this new punishment on Willie he had not remembered to replace the old one. The boy was no longer confined to barracks. This from a tactical point of view was a mistake. Willie would never have appreciated so thoroughly the advantage of going out; he would never have known how much could be done with it; unless he had been temporarily deprived Now it was almost accidentally restored to him.

The next day was the tenth of his punishment. Four more remained. Dinner-time came round as usual, and master and boys disappeared and left Willie in solitude. The sausage-roll was soon finished. The boy went down softly to the door opening on to the field, put on his cap, and went out.

He walked smartly and confidently down the High Street, and entered the chief inn of the town. He would have liked to make it the confectioner, but that might have spoilt his plan. Besides, he had been reading Jack Sheppard, who was before all things manly. There he ordered some cold meat, fruit-tart, cheese, and a half-pint of bottled beer.

To the questions which were asked him he replied that he was Mr. Arkwright's nephew (showing the name in his school-cap as witness), that he had been sent to take a lady to the station and was too late for the school dinner. After a shorter delay than is usual in such establishments the food appeared, and Willie heartily enjoyed it. However, he wasted no time, and leaving word that Mr. Arkwright would pay the bill, he was off just in time to sneak into the crowd of boys who were passing in from the games-field to afternoon school.

This was a good beginning, and the bill might not be expected for some time. But another day of nothing but sausage-roll was more emphatic than ever after the glorious full-blooded feeling which Willie had experienced after the hotel repast.

Though the remainder of the punishment was so short, he planned a further campaign. This time he would be his own bread-winner. When afternoon school was over he slipped down to the station, and turning his cap inside out loafed about in the dusk till he got a chance of carrying a bag for a passenger. By this he secured sixpence. This time he regaled himself at a stuffy little hard-bake, nuts, and snap-jack depôt, reverting to his old favourites, and putting more stress on the quantity than on the quality which his sixpence might command.

These tactics he would repeat at cautious intervals, even after he was admitted once more to his uncle's board. Even the "healthy and plenteous food" which he got there, and the participation in the "little family circle quite like a home to the boarders" (*vide* prospectus) failed to arrest his new inclinations. Once, indeed, he nearly offered his services at the station to "Old Harsley," who luckily was as blind as a bat, or at least was thought so by the boys.

But Willie was now grown much more cautious in the execution of his little plans, just as he was more audacious in their conception.

He gave no trouble at the school now. His work was moderate. There was nothing suspicious about him except his quietness. He adapted his times and seasons so well and left such intervals between his different escapades that he was much less noticed than formerly. He even gained some commendation from the guileless usher of his form, and for the first time he congratulated himself on having cheated good, innocent Mr. Harsley.

Still, things were critical. He was sorry now that he had ever gone openly to the hotel. The bill would soon arrive. This very uncertainty hurried on the development of his course.

He was now very different from what he had been. He usually gave a soft answer to his master. He did not look straight in your face as at other times. There was a shiftiness and twitching about him which gave an impression, even when it was not remarked. Mr. Harsley instinctively stopped calling him by his Christian name, as he had always surreptitiously done from the first in contradistinction to the custom of the boy's own uncle.

In plain words, Willie Arkwright was turned into a knave. He had not yet done any crime. But we must remember that to a boy disobedience to school rules is often as demoralising as the infraction of principles of right and wrong. It is only by a vague instinct that a young boy sees any difference between the two. His masters are the trustees of morality, and, roughly speaking, he is their enemy or their friend. Willie was afraid of being found out. That meant that he could not stay still as he was.

The term went on, and no one heard any more of "Arkwright's unruliness"; but the boy was subdued only in appearance. The bag-carrying was exhausted after some four or five lucky but not lucrative essays. A new scheme was formed.

It was about half-past five on a December evening, close to the end of the term, that Edward Harsley—good young man, going to take orders some day—was having a short walk while his colleague was on duty. He would be back to tea by six, but at present he was, in mind at least, far away from the school. He was thinking of the penniless girl, so good, so pure, to whom he had early pledged himself without a chance of marriage for years to come—of the life he might lead if he could have a school of his own—a far-off, vague, improbable kind of dream with half-formed impossible details. He had stopped for a moment, and he was gazing almost unconsciously into a bright lighted shop, thinking more of the light than of the shop, when something seized his attention. It was a tobacconist's

store; inside was a jolly little fat square-faced dealer with small sharp eyes, who accorded well with the general air of warmth and comfort. At the other end of the shop was a gilt mirror facing sideways to the counter. Some one was inside shopping; but nothing could be seen but the counter and the dealer, and also, by the aid of the mirror, a far corner on the customer's side by the street door. In this corner were several little knick-knacks—match-boxes, silver and otherwise, cigar-holders, and other extras. Mr. Harsley was gazing dreamily through into this mirror, when suddenly the customer seemed to lean backwards against this little shelf, and across the glass came a hand gently, very gently, which lightly closed on one of the match-boxes and went back gently from the part that was visible.

The young master started up, and was about to enter the shop when the door opened, and with the words, "Well, good-night, Mr. Collings," out came a careless, pushing boy—Willie Arkwright. There was no one else in the shop.

He stopped, begged pardon, and touched his cap, and was just going to start off again when Mr. Harsley seized his hand and said: "Give it me." "What, sir?" said the boy, half terrified, yet with an attempted surprise. "The match-box," said Mr. Harsley, very low. With a half-dazed look Willie thrust his hand into his pocket and brought it out. "Now then," said Mr. Harsley, "give it up to Mr. Collings!" The boy walked up to the shopkeeper frankly and said, "Did I pay for this?" "No, young gentleman," said Collings significantly. "How much is it?" said the boy, still playing for a respite. "Four shillings, sir," said Collings uncompromisingly. "Then, then"—and as he hesitated, Mr. Harsley cut in—"Then here's your money, Mr. Collings," and giving him the 4*s.*, took young Arkwright's arm and walked out of the shop.

They marched along side by side for some minutes, till they had passed through the more crowded High Street. Both were thinking hard. Those who elbowed past them or made way for them would take no notice of the two set faces. So it is that while we are bored with false sentiment of artificial emotions, or perhaps full of the petty little annoyances of a small life, whole dramas of deep and burning interest are carried past us.

As soon as they were clear of the bright lights and the thronging evening life of the High Street, Mr. Harsley slowed down. The boy, fidgeting, kept trying to quicken.

"Is this the first time?" said the master. "What?" said the boy. Boys will always procrastinate. "Is it the first time?" said

Mr. Harsley again. No answer; then, feebly, "The first time of what, sir?" "Come, this is no use, I saw it all through the mirror. Have you stolen anything before?" This definiteness was enough to decide the culprit. "No, sir," he said, more ingenuously than he had spoken for months. "Then you are saved this time," said Mr. Harsley quietly. Willie expected much more, but all the way home the master said nothing further. Willie, who was prepared, like an animal, to defend himself, was surprised, almost disappointed at first. But he did not break the silence. He looked now and then at Mr. Harsley, who never looked back at him. He was glad it was dark in the street, for himself. At last they mechanically reached the school-door; the master, without a word, turned away to go in by the private entrance. Willie at last found words: "Thank you, sir; indeed, thank you, sir." And they separated.

After tea most of the boys romped about and played games, or compared collections of stamps. Willie did his part very well, though rather quieter than usual with him. At 7.30 preparation began, and all the boarders gathered in the big schoolroom, now bright, warm, and comfortable. The second master took his seat, and silence reigned.

Willie rose and went up to the master's desk with that admirable tip-toe walk which the noisiest learns so quickly in the presence of effective authority. He asked if he could see Mr. Harsley for a minute. Leave obtained, he went to the small, poky little master's room, where he found him absorbed in writing a letter.

"Well, Arkwright?"

"I beg your pardon, sir: I told you a lie this afternoon. It isn't the first time I've—taken anything."

Mr. Harsley sat still, astonished.

"I've taken several other things."

"This is very serious, Arkwright. Let me think." Then, after a moment, "Take a pen and write down all that you have stolen." Mr. Harsley would have liked to preach a little—it is a habit, you know, with the profession, especially its younger members. If it had been a slight matter he would have done so; but this was too serious a case. He controlled himself, and quietly resumed his letter. After a minute or two there were two pens moving over the paper, one smoothly and evenly, one very slowly and with scratches and intervals.

At last Willie stopped.

"Is that all?" said Mr. Harsley without looking up.

"Yes, sir." It was all—at least, in a boy's sense of the phrase. No

boy ever tells all : not because he wishes to be dishonest. Willie had come purely out of a wish to retract his lie, and to at least set himself right with one whom he respected. But there were some few little insignificant details kept back. It was not natural for him to tell all.

"Let me see it," said the master. There was no sound but the burning of the gas, which was turned up too high. The boy remained standing. The escape of the gas was pleasant to him as he stood there. It was a formidable list :

From Mr. Collings, a pipe, silver mounted ; six or seven boxes of matches ; three packets of tobacco (Gold Flake). From Mr. Sawley, a cricket-bat. From Mr. Beaton, jeweller, a gold watch, and 10*s.* from the counter.—WILLIE ARKWRIGHT.

He would have put W., not Willie, for any one else.

Mr. Harsley ran through the list two or three times. "Where's the pipe?" he said. "I've brought it you, sir." The boy laid it on the table. "The match-boxes?" "They were all wooden ones—the others, sir. They were lying about in the shop." "Did you ever buy anything of Mr. Collings?" "Oh ! of course ; I mean yes, sir, often. Only sometimes I would go in just to talk, and then I would take something—just one thing at a time." "Where is the bat?" "I sent it to my cousin, sir." "And now the watch?" "I hid it somewhere ; I meant to take it home in the holidays. The money I got from Mr. Beaton wasn't much. It was just for practice." "For practice?" "Yes, sir ; I could have taken more, only I just wanted to see if I could do it." "Oh !" said the master rather incredulously. "Well, we must deal with this at once," he went on after a pause. "You must bring me what you've still got. Perhaps I ought almost——" He stopped. Before he went on the door opened and the school servant came in with a message. "Please, sir, Master Arkwright is to go to the headmaster at once." "Is there any one with the headmaster?" asked Mr. Harsley. "Yes, sir, Mr. Collings, the tobacconist." Both faces fell. The boy looked helplessly and pleadingly at the master, who coughed rather nervously. "Well, I will come with you," he said.

As they entered the formidable study, the tobacconist rose from his chair and bowed to Mr. Harsley. "You'll excuse me, sir, but I had been missing things one way or another this last month, and it suddenly struck me where to look for them. I'm afraid the young monkey has been busy before."

The headmaster was sitting in his reading-chair, looking quite red and angry, which was most unusual for him. "It's impossible,

sir," he said to Collings. "You have made a mistake. The boy is my nephew, sir; and such a thing was never done at this school." "Oh, indeed!" replied Collings; "I've made a mistake, 'ave I? Well, perhaps this gentleman," pointing to Harsley, "will tell you what 'e knows about it." Willie looked anxiously from one to the other; a new hope, unworthy of his recent frankness, rose on his face—perhaps it could be denied all round.

"Excuse me, sir," said Harsley. He always called his principal "sir." "William has just given me a list of what he—owes. He has taken from Mr. Collings a pipe, some tobacco, and some six boxes of wooden matches." The tobacconist looked half dissatisfied. "Well, perhaps that's all," he said. "It *is* all," said Mr. Harsley. The colour on the headmaster's face had vanished. "Give me the list," he said in a hardly-controlled voice. "But, sir, it was given me in confidence." "Give me the list!" Mr. Arkwright almost hissed the words. Mr. Harsley quailed—he had long learnt to quail —and gave up the list. "And now, sir, you can go." Mr. Harsley walked nervously and carefully out of the room. It had all broken down, his hope of doing something for the boy. Was he weak? Not more than any other dominated usher. He went out.

The list remained in the headmaster's hands. As he glanced at it and saw the mention of the watch, it seemed from his face that a storm of fury was about to break. But a moment later the reverend gentleman had recovered his composure. He turned to Mr. Collings with a more engaging look, and spoke in the old clear-cut voice, only slightly sharpened by his inward vexation.

"And now, Mr. Collings," he said, "I think we had better understand each other. I am most sorry that this should have occurred, and so is the boy, I am sure. You will of course have restitution of what you have lost; and you will make no mention whatsoever of this matter. If you do, sir," he proceeded, raising his voice, "you know my position in this town; and I do not think you will improve yourself. But I am certain," with a winsome smile, "that we shall have no further difficulty in the matter. I am sorry that you should have had the trouble of coming up. Good-night, Mr. Collings, good-night." He had lowered his voice to its previous snake-like tone, and the little tobacconist, hardy and fearless as he was, had not dared to interrupt him. That weird spell which only the ultra-refined can employ was upon him. If he had been the loudest-bawling democrat he would have hesitated and been confused. Besides, Mr. Arkwright had certainly not exaggerated his influence in the town socially, municipally, and otherwise. "Best let it be," thought honest

Bob Collings. But just as he reached the door, which Mr. Arkwright had politely opened, he ventured one more remark, though only to the nephew. "And you, my young friend," he said, "be wiser another time. I saw you just as well as Mr. Harsley. You forgot the mirror at the back." Mr. Arkwright changed his polite smile to a look of shocked piety. "Don't tell him that you saw him, Mr. Collings; tell him that God sees him."

Willie Arkwright was expelled. And where he is now I do not know. Perhaps he is lurking at home without character and so without employment. Perhaps he has gone the way of the refuse of so many of our schools, and is now endeavouring to erect a tolerable reputation in some colonial backwood, where he finds broader and more liberal opinions concerning right and wrong. However it may be, he has lost his first chance. He has an uphill task before him; and, if he ever does succeed, if he ever draws from his hard circumstances a new strength and firmness, he will yet never be deeply indebted to the English education which his uncle so generously supplied to him.

As for the Reverend John Arkwright, he found means to restore the watch and silence the tradesmen. His next Sunday's sermon was on the necessity of rising above these trammelling considerations of money, which on all sides surround us; but he never offered to pay Mr. Harsley the 4*s.* which had been expended in his interest.

THE MAKING OF THE MAP OF EUROPE.

THE dawn of history discloses Europe peopled by various branches of the great Aryan race; and from then up to the beginning of the Christian era the story of the map of Europe, as far as there are materials for telling any story, is little else than the story of the expansion of the dominion of one of these Aryan peoples over its neighbours to the East and West.

Of the coming of the Aryans and of their original settlements it is not for the geographer nor yet for the historian to tell; that story can, as yet, only be told in halting and uncertain accents by the philologist, the antiquarian, and the ethnologist from such hints as they may be able to pick up in their several studies. The earliest glimpse then that we have of the map shows us the Eastern and Central Peninsulas of Southern Europe peopled by the Greek-Italian branch of the Aryans; the Western Peninsula and the West generally, along with the Northern Islands, by the Celtic branch; while in Central Europe the Teutonic division of the race presses upon the Celtic to the West, and is in turn pressed by the Slavonic division on the East and North. The aboriginal non-Aryan population, where it was not exterminated, was thrust back into the extreme North, or assimilated by the conquering Aryans. Geographically, at all events, except for such remnants as the Basques and Finns, this earlier population has vanished. From this beginning the geographical interest of Europe centres in Italy. Geographically, the influence even of Greece has been slight compared with that of Rome. It is true that Greece exercised a great negative influence upon the map by barring the road into Europe against the Persian, but any actual Greek conquest of territory on a large scale was in the direction of Asia and not of Europe, and had nothing of the permanency of Roman conquest. Indeed, we may say that first and last Rome, by the growth of her Empire, and then through its disruption, has been the one great factor in the making of the map of Europe. The

simplicity of the map at the beginning of the Christian era was effected by the expansion of the Roman dominion, and the complexity of the map in mediæval and modern times is the result of the break up of the Roman Empire. That simplicity was such that there was then really only one dividing line on the map—that which separated the countries under the rule of Rome from all the lands which lay beyond her boundary. Beginning from the north-west—this dividing line followed the course of the Rhine as far up as Coblenz or Mainz, then crossed to the Danube, striking it somewhere near Ratisbon, and then ran along the valley of the Danube to the Euxine. South of this dividing line lay the dominions of Rome—north of it lay the European lands outside her sway. Over these lands wandered innumerable semi-civilised tribes of Teutons and Slavs, and behind them again countless savage hordes of the Turanian race—Huns, Avars, and Magyars, Finns, and Laps; remnants, some of them, of the aboriginal population; others of them, fresh immigrants from Asia. Of course, it is in a great measure due to our ignorance that we lump all these peoples, nations, and languages together without attempting to define their boundaries, but these boundaries were so utterly vague and so constantly changing as to defy description. All your map can do is to mark the position of those nations whose confines from time to time marched with those of Rome, and with whom she came into intercourse or conflict. When we turn our attention south of the dividing line of our map we find that we must not only think of the European mainland, but also of the great Mediterranean Sea which bounds the Continent on the south and all the islands lying in it; and not only so, but our thought must take in, too, all the northern fringe of Africa, the whole of Egypt and Syria, and the great promontory of Asia Minor—all this territory fell within the limits of the Roman Empire, and must be included in the map of Europe in these early times. In the course of the first century the dividing line of the map must be extended in the north-westerly direction beyond the mouth of the Rhine, so as to include England and Wales—leaving out Scotland and Ireland, which never fell under the dominion of Rome—and in the easterly direction it would have to be carried through the Euxine, and sometimes during the second century as far east as the Caspian. Speaking broadly, the map of Europe remained unchanged during the first four centuries of our era. Of course, I do not mean that there was never any alteration in the boundary line—sometimes it would be pushed forward so as to include a whole province, such as Dacia, beyond the Danube—corresponding more or less with modern

Roumania, which still preserves in its name the memory of this old Roman conquest, and then would be thrust back again by the pressure of the barbarians. And in the far East the boundary line was never unalterably fixed—it varied with the varying fortunes of the Roman and Persian or Parthian arms.

But, roughly, the confines of the Empire, and consequently the divisions of the map, remained such as we have seen them. Throughout the whole of this vast region of the Roman world ran splendid roads, along which were established a most elaborate system of post-houses; and connecting which, where they might be sundered by seas or straits, was a very complete service of ferry-boats. So that I very much doubt whether, in spite of all our vaunted improvements in the art of travel, a tour through Europe is so easy a matter now as it was then—Europe, that is to say, south of our dividing line. Imagine a journey undertaken from the north-west to the south-east extremity of the Empire in those days of its greatness—say, from the Wall of Antonine, in the north of Britain, to Jerusalem. We should, of course, do the journey more quickly now; but in the course of it we should have to pass the frontiers of many different nations undergoing all the inconveniences of custom-house inspection, and of changes of language and coin; moreover, the difficulties of land travel in Asiatic Turkey would certainly impel us to make the latter part at least of such a journey by sea. Whereas in the second century it could have been done in its entire length without ever stepping off a Roman high-road, except for a few hours into a government ferry-boat, and done, I believe, with greater safety than a journey from York to London two centuries ago. These would have been the principal stages of such a journey, and their distances, as given by Gibbon—to York 200 miles, York to London 210, London to Sandwich 62, Sandwich to Boulogne 42, Boulogne to Rheims 160, Rheims to Lyons 310, Lyons to Milan 305, Milan to Rome 390, Rome to Brindisi 330, Brindisi to Durazzo (Dyrrachium) 36, Durazzo to Constantinople (Byzantium) 650, Constantinople to Ancyra 260, Ancyra to Tarsus 275, Tarsus to Antioch 130, Antioch to Tyre 230, Tyre to Jerusalem 154—3,744 miles in all. Along the whole of this route services of posts were established; post-houses were erected every six miles, and every post-house was provided with forty horses. The posts were instituted indeed only for government service; but they were occasionally used in cases of urgency by private individuals, and when the government postal service was used very rapid progress might be made. Thus, in the reign of Theodosius, Cæsarius, a magistrate of

high rank, posts from Antioch to Constantinople, and does the whole distance, 665 miles, at the rate of about 130 miles a day; at the same rate he would have accomplished the journey from the Scotch border to Jerusalem in a month.

But the mention of Theodosius reminds us that our next look at the map should be taken at the date of his death, 395, for then another permanent division enters into it. No longer is it sufficient to mark off the Roman Empire from the lands beyond it; but now another dividing line must be run through the Empire itself, marking off from each other the Eastern and Western portions, which henceforth are separate Empires, each with its own emperor and its distinct government. It is true that there had been earlier divisions than this one; Diocletian, just a century earlier, had divided the Empire into four great prefectures, and attempted to found a system of partnership amongst four emperors; but in theory the Empire was still one, with its central government, and after Diocletian's death the whole scheme collapsed. Early in the fourth century Constantine, who did so much to pave the way for future division by the foundation of a rival capital, was sole emperor; there was temporary division again under his sons, but Constantius reigned alone in 353. Again there was division at the accession of Valentinian I. (364); but Theodosius is sole emperor in 394. But the next year the partition which had thus, so to speak, been in the air for a century, took shape finally. It is still a very simple division that we have to make; for, the northern boundary remaining as it was, if we draw a line due south from the junction of the Danube with the Drave right away into the heart of Africa, we shall mark fairly accurately the division between the sons of Theodosius—all to the east of that line was the Empire of Arcadius, all to the west that of Honorius. That is to say, the Western Roman Empire embraced, in the phraseology of modern Europe, all of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, France and Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, England, such parts of the Austrian Empire as are south and west of the Danube, and such parts of the German Empire as are west of the Rhine; while the Eastern Empire embraced the whole of modern Servia, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Turkey in Europe, and Greece, together with the vast promontory of Asia Minor and Syria; the boundary to the east being subject to constant variation, as in the case of the undivided Empire. Our line divides the Mediterranean about equally between the two Empires, all the Greek islands falling to the East, all the Italian and Spanish islands to the West; in Africa, Mauretania and Tripolis are parts of the Western Empire, Libya

and Egypt of the Eastern; the boundary to the south, like that to the east, being very indefinite. Such was the map at the beginning of the fifth century; more complicated divisions must, however, be introduced almost immediately, for the Western Empire began to fall to pieces as soon as Theodosius died. But henceforth East and West went on their diverse ways, never again to be united, except for a moment under Justinian. For the West, the whole of the fifth century is one of turmoil, invasion, and loss. During the preceding centuries, indeed, the terror of barbarian invasion had lain heavily on the heart of many a Roman emperor. Over and over again the boundary line had been broken through, but after a time, at whatever cost and with whatever difficulty, it had been restored, and such barbarians as had established themselves on the southern side of the line had been incorporated amongst the Roman subjects. But in the fifth century all this is changed—the flood of barbaric invasion rushes over the frontiers of the Empire, never again to be forced back; Teutonic tribes of Goths and Vandals, Burgundians, and Franks press in one after the other; and, most terrible of all, because a non-Aryan race, but of little importance geographically because effecting no permanent settlement—the Hun. But such was the magic of the Roman name that for the greater part of the century conquering barbarians delighted to fancy themselves, and to call themselves, Roman generals, and a phantom Empire still existed until the deposition of Romulus Augustus or Augustulus (what concentrated satire in his name), by Odoacer in 476. It is not, however, until quite the end of the century, in the time of the great Theodoric, that anything like definite or permanent new divisions begin to emerge from the flood; then we find a great kingdom of the East Goths established in Italy, embracing all that we now mean by that name, except the island of Sardinia, and running north and east as far as to what we saw just now were the bounds of the Western Empire. Balancing this, to the west was the kingdom of the West Goths, embracing nearly all Spain, and running up into France as far as the Loire. While all the north of France (except Brittany), with the territory up to the Rhine, formed the third great kingdom—that of the Franks. Wedged in amongst these three, and bordering upon them all, was the kingdom of the Burgundians (the first of the many and various Burgundies which were to be), including Switzerland and extensive territories on either side of the Rhone, but not reaching quite to the sea on the south; besides these, there was a small kingdom of the Sueves in the north-west corner of Spain, another Teutonic people whose name remains in a very different

part of the map; and in the north-west corner of France there was the Celtic kingdom of Armorica, really part of Britain, though now for Britain itself the Celtic Briton was fighting with the Teutonic Englishman. One more great kingdom must be mentioned—that of the Vandals; driven slowly through Spain by the Goth, the Vandal had early in the century crossed over into Africa at the invitation, in the first instance, of the unhappy Boniface, Count of Africa, to avenge the wrongs he had suffered, or supposed himself to have suffered, at the hands of the Imperial Court; Boniface found to his consternation that he had called up a devil whom he could not lay. By the middle of the century all of Africa which had belonged to the Western Empire, together with Sardinia, Corsica, and the Balearic Islands, had fallen to the Vandal, and in the time of Theodoric formed the Vandal kingdom which was so soon to disappear again. One step in the course of the Vandal invasion of Africa is memorable for all time; it was in the third month of the siege of Hippo that its great bishop, "the light and pillar of the Catholic Church, was gently released by death from the actual and impending calamities of his country."

Meanwhile, the Eastern Empire as far as its geography is concerned had suffered but little change. Barbarian hosts had swept across it; the Hun had even penetrated to the gates of Constantinople itself; but no permanent kingdom was established within its borders. The dominion of the emperors of the East was still of vast extent, "bounded," as Gibbon says, "by the Adriatic and the Tigris, and comprehending within its limits the whole interval of twenty-five days' navigation, which separated the extreme cold of Scythia from the torrid zone of Ethiopia." We have followed the stages of a land journey from one extremity of the undivided Empire to the other; now let us glance at the stages of a water journey from the extreme north to the extreme south of the Empire of the East—from the Crimea to Assouan.

From Cherson (Sebastopol) to Constantinople would be some 400 miles, and with a fair wind would have taken a Roman ship about four days; from Constantinople to Rhodes, between 600 and 700 miles, taking about a week; from Rhodes to Alexandria was considered a four days' sail in good weather—400 miles; and ten days were allowed for the navigation of the Nile from Alexandria to the first Cataract, a distance of over 800 miles. But the north wind must have blown with much greater persistency in Egypt then than it does now, if the time allowed for this last part of the journey was really the usual time taken in doing it.

Such was the map of Europe at the beginning of the sixth century. That century saw many and various changes pass over its face; the most striking in the eyes of the men of the time must have been the extension of the borders of the Eastern Empire, at the expense of Vandal and Goth, over all Italy and Africa and part of Spain—in fact, for the time the Mediterranean was again a Roman lake; but this course of Roman reconquest depended upon the military genius of two men—Belisarius and Narses—and receded again, after their disappearance from the scene, as rapidly as it had advanced. Far more important in its lasting effect upon the map was the steady growth of the Frankish power, which during this century swallowed up the Burgundian kingdom and the East Gothic land north of the Alps. Between Frank and Roman the East Gothic kingdom disappeared altogether, like that of the Vandal. The West Goth was driven back to the Pyrenees, while to the east the Frankish Empire extended itself to the Elbe, triumphing over its heathen and barbarous neighbours; though at the mouth of the Elbe the Saxon still maintained his independence. But it is very difficult to fix any date for a steady survey of the map of Europe, either in this century or in the two following, so shifting are the dividing lines. Two or three new peoples, however, have to be noticed in this (the sixth) century, as makers of some definite and more or less lasting impression upon the map. The Lombards and Avars—the first a Teutonic, the latter a Turanian people—after devouring between them the neighbouring people of the Gepidæ (a Gothic tribe), turned their attention upon the Roman Empire about the year 570. The Lombards poured into Italy, and became practically masters of the Italian mainland for two centuries; while the Avars spread themselves, as Gibbon says, "over the fair countries of Walachia, Moldavia, Transylvania, and the parts of Hungary beyond the Danube, and established the Dacian Empire of the Chagans (so their king was called), which subsisted with splendour above 230 years." This seems somewhat too long a term of florescence to assign to the Avar Empire, yet it certainly did exist for many generations, though even so the lasting interest of the Avar, as far as the map of Europe is concerned, is that he was the earliest forerunner, to make any definite mark upon it at all, of his terrible kinsman the Turk, whose mark is so vividly set upon it to this day; for, of the other forerunners of the Turk, the earlier Hun, as we have seen, made no permanent impression; while the Bulgarians, originally a Turanian people like Hun, Avar, and Turk, and whose inroads into Southern Europe were about contemporaneous with those of the

Avar, became so thoroughly intermixed with the Slav, and so completely impregnated with his spirit, that the kingdom which they established between the Danube and the Balkans about the end of the sixth century, and with which the Eastern Empire warred with varying fortunes for so long, must be looked upon as a Slavonic, not Turanian, element in Europe. It was during this and the next century that the Slavonic element became the predominating one, as it has ever since continued to be throughout the Balkan Peninsula, as far, at least, as race is concerned. Various tribes of the great Slav race, pressed out from that seething turmoil of peoples in the unknown regions of North-Eastern Europe, forced their way between Frank and Avar right down to the South of Greece. They formed, indeed, at the time no definite kingdom; they were sometimes tributaries to the Eastern Empire, sometimes at war with it; but whether at peace or at war, whether conquering or conquered, they made their racial influence felt everywhere throughout South-Eastern Europe. It is a hotly disputed question to this day how far the modern Greek of the mainland is Slav by race. Yet one other race must be mentioned. The Saracens, welded into a tremendous power by the inspiration of the Mahommedan Faith in the seventh century, began to press in the eastern border of the Empire more vigorously, and with more lasting effect than ever the Persian had done. During that century and the next they overran the whole of North Africa, separating it for ever from the Empire; indeed, from those days until our own, Africa disappears from European geography; they overflowed into Spain, drove back the West Goth into the extreme north-west corner of the Peninsula; pressed into the heart of France, until at last their career of conquest was checked by Charles Martel at Tours in 732.

But it is not until the beginning of the ninth century that we arrive at any pause in this ebb and flow of races and peoples wherein we may take a steady survey of the map. Not indeed that this pause was of any long duration, but for a time the genius of Charles the Great stays the incessant movements of the last three centuries, and restores a simplicity to the divisions of Europe, of all Southern and Western Europe at least, which makes some sort of approach to their simplicity in the first century—a simplicity destined, however, to be a fresh starting-point for new complexities, the development of which has constituted the geographical history of Europe for the last 1,000 years. For by the beginning of the ninth century the Frank had so plainly demonstrated his superiority to the other Teutonic peoples that the Frankish king could assume something of the

position held by the Roman emperor in old days; the Burgundian power had been absorbed by the Frank, and the devouring Lombard had in turn been devoured by him; the Saxon, as far as the continent of Europe is concerned, had shared the same fate; the Avar had been crushed, and the advance of the Slav to the west had been stayed.

On Christmas Day, 800, Charles received the imperial crown at the hands of the Pope, and the Empire of the West, which had been in abeyance since the deposition of Romulus Augustus, was revived in a new form. This is the picture in broad outline which the map of Europe presents in the height of Charles's power. There are the three great civilised Empires: first, the Western Roman, which includes (to use again the phraseology of modern Europe) the whole of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, Germany up to the Oder, Austria, with Bohemia and Hungary up to the Danube, Northern and Central Italy, Corsica, and the Spanish March up to the Ebro. Secondly, the Eastern Roman Empire, including what is now Turkey in Europe, Greece, with all the eastern fringe of the Adriatic, Southern Italy and the islands of Sardinia and Sicily; while to the east it still extended over Asia Minor up to a line drawn from Trebizond to Tarsus. Thirdly, there was the emirate of Cordova, separated now from the caliphate of Bagdad, and embracing practically the whole Spanish peninsula.

As we have seen, the Slav swarmed in Greece and Macedonia, and owned but very doubtful allegiance to the Eastern Emperor, while higher up he occupied much debatable land between the Empires of the East and West, where his independent kingdom of Servia was soon to be. We have assigned Southern Italy to the East, but the emperor's writ would not have run far inland, for the old Lombard duchy of Beneventum still existed in semi-independence, disposed to look for its over-lord, if anywhere, rather at Aächen than at Constantinople. Cooped up into the extreme north-west corner of Spain a remnant of the West Goths still held out against the Saracen, and was indeed even now beginning to recover something of the land lost to Christendom.

Beyond these borders the divisions of Europe are still too indefinite to be marked with any precision upon the map. Different branches of the northern division of the great Slav family, cut off from their brethren in the south, occupy the central plain of Europe, under a vast variety of strange-sounding names. North and east of them Turanian hordes still wander free; while north-west of them the northern Teutons are beginning to shape themselves into organised

States in the peninsulas and islands which separate the Baltic from the Northern Ocean.

But it is with the break up of Charles's empire that the lines were at last laid down upon which the after-development of the European nationalities was to be carried out. After the great emperor's death a process of division, reunion, and redivision went on for many years amongst his sons and descendants, somewhat analogous to that which had gone on in the old Empire under the sons and successors of Constantine. Of the many treaties of partition which were effected the most important was that signed at Verdun in 843, of which Sir F. Palgrave has said: "The history of modern Europe is an exposition of the Treaty of Verdun." But it is not until the next century that what was to be the final outcome of this treaty and its various confirmations or modifications was really discernible. The century which passed between the time of Charles the Great and Otto the Great, and which saw the break up and reconstruction of the Empire of the West, was perhaps the most disastrous which Europe has ever passed through. The Northmen were not only founding Scandinavian kingdoms, but were sending out swarms of savage pirates, who were the scourge and terror of the whole coast and every navigable river of Western Europe. From the East came a scourge even more terrible in the shape of the Turanian Magyar, kinsman of the Hun and Avar of earlier times, and of the Turks of later; while the Saracen, checked in Spain, amply avenged himself at the expense of the Empire of the East by completely conquering the great islands of Sardinia and Sicily, and harrying all the southern coast of Italy. But by the end of the tenth century these disruptive processes, in the West at least, were drawing to a close, and reconstructive processes had well set in. By that time one may say that every modern European nationality (except the Turkish, if that has any right to be so called) had been planted in European soil; and the after-story of Europe is the story of the persistent growth and development, however slow it may, in many cases, have been, of germs which had already taken root by the year 1000. In the case of all the countries of Europe whose shores are washed by its western seas from the Arctic to the Mediterranean, the story of this development has in its broad outlines been a simple and steady one.

By this time the three great Scandinavian kingdoms, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, were well established, and more or less Christianised and civilised; and though the Norman was to provide rulers for many other lands he was not destined to convert any other territory into a Scandinavian kingdom.

By this time it was evident that the English kingdoms were to be consolidated into one, and that the English rule must spread over the British Islands; and though England might be conquered by Dane or Norman, yet England could never become a dependency of Denmark or Normandy, but that in England, Dane and Norman alike must become Englishmen.

By this time, also, it was evident that France and Germany were to be two; that, though the Frank had left his name for ever on France, it was not to be the German element, but the older Latinised Gallic element which was to be the predominating one in her history. When, in 987, a count of Paris took the title of king, modern France began her career. And though at the moment Hugh Capet's territory was by no means the greatest in what we know as France; though he was overshadowed by his powerful neighbour, the Duke of Normandy; yet from that time and from that centre the kingdom of France, however slowly and with whatever checks, went on extending its sway, and feeling for its boundaries to the sea, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Rhine. And in Spain by this time the petty Christian kingdoms of the North were fairly launched on their course of reconquest, a course to be completed four centuries later by the final expulsion of the Moor, and union of the Christian powers under Ferdinand and Isabella.

When, however, we pass to Central Europe, the story of the development of the modern nationalities is no such steady and unbroken one. Nevertheless here, too, we have a new beginning marked towards the end of the tenth century. When Otto the Great reconstituted the Empire of the West as the "Holy Roman Empire," and was crowned emperor in 962, "Germany may be said to have taken definitely the place which it was to hold in modern Europe." But Germany was not destined to know any such process of unification as France or England; the shadow of empire which hung upon her was enough to hinder that. As yet the names of the two powers which were destined to be the rivals in controlling her later development are scarcely discernible geographically. Yet the Mark of Austria (not yet a duchy) has its place now upon the map, and the house of Hapsburg, though not yet associated with Austria, is already in existence. Long time indeed was yet to pass before the house of Hapsburg came to be the great provider of emperors, and by imperial grants, or fortunate matrimonial alliances, came to make Austria the leading power in Germany. Long time, too, was to pass before the rival house of Hohenzollern became associated with Brandenburg, still longer before Hohenzollern and Brandenburg were ass

with Prussia. But the Hohenzollerns, too, in Otto's time are in existence, and Brandenburg and Prussia are names known to the map, though the latter only as yet applies to far distant Slavonic lands on the Baltic—outside the Empire and still heathen.

It has been reserved for our own century to see the final extinction of the Holy Roman Empire, in whose history Austria had so long played the leading part; and our own century, too, has seen the construction of a new German Empire under the leadership of Prussia, from which Austria has altogether withdrawn, to form, along with the allied kingdom of Hungary, a strange empire of her own over many and much-mixed races—Magyars, Teutons, and Slavs.

It is from Otto's time that that great kingdom of Hungary dates the true beginning of its history. The terrible Magyar, tamed by him, speedily became settled, civilised, and Christianised, and was thus prepared to afford, as it has, the solitary instance of a non-Aryan immigrant race maintaining its non-Aryan characteristics, and yet assuming a lasting place, and playing an honourable part, amongst the modern peoples of Europe.

In Otto's time there was still a remnant, and an important one, left in the kingdom of Burgundy or Arles, of the great middle kingdom of Lotharingia between Eastern and Western Franks which had been formed at the partition of Verdun; but it was destined for the most part to be absorbed in France, and is only represented on the modern map by Switzerland; though Belgium and the Netherlands may also be regarded as fragments of the original Lotharingia whose name still lives in Lorraine. The unification of Italy was still more impeded than that of Germany by the idea of empire, for both East and West looked to her as the fount of imperial authority, and either Empire still called itself Roman, though one was now as distinctively German as the other was Greek. Italy was torn asunder; all the south was nominally part of the Eastern Empire, though, as we have seen, Sicily and Sardinia had been rent away by the Saracens, and the allegiance of the duchy of Beneventum was of so doubtful a sort; while all the north, except Venice and Ravenna and a thin line of coast, was part of the Western Empire. Yet now, in the north at all events, the idea of a separate Italian kingdom, partially realised as it had been in Lombard times, was revived; and when German emperors descended from the Alps to claim the allegiance of Italy and to receive the crown of empire at Rome, they had to submit to be crowned again at Milan with the iron crown of Lombardy, as being not only lords of the empire but kings also of a distinct kingdom of Italy. And though Italy was to wait so many centuries, even to our own times, for the realisation of

the idea, yet it was never wholly lost, and the hope of independence was never wholly extinguished from that day to this. It underlay all the many and various rules to which Italy has been subjected—the rule of the Norman in Sicily, and in the southern mainland (who saved those lands from the Saracen and severed them from the Greek), of the Angevin and the Aragonese and the Bourbon; it has survived the papal rule in the centre; and in the north it has survived the imperial rule, and the times of the Free Cities, and the despots, and the rival claims of France and Spain; and has at last been realised so strangely under the house of Savoy, a house just about to begin its career in Otto's days, but then and for long after rather as a Burgundian than Italian power.

Turning to the Eastern Empire itself, it might seem at first sight as if the condition of things shown by the map at the end of the tenth century had nothing at all in common with that shown by the map of to-day. For the Eastern Empire was still, in those days, of vast extent—greater indeed apparently than it had been for many generations, for by this time the Bulgarian Empire, so long a standing menace to Constantinople, had been not only Slavonicised as we have already seen, but Christianised and also humbled in the field by more than one vigorous emperor of the East; indeed it was already or very shortly afterwards incorporated again in the Empire; as also for the moment was the neighbouring Slavonic kingdom of Servia. The Empire of the East, too, had outlived the terror of the Saracen, and its boundaries in the east had extended with the decline of the Saracenic power. Nevertheless, the forces were at work which brought about its final fall; the tramp of the terrible Turk might already be heard on its far eastern confines, and the era of the Crusades was at hand. Innumerable changes took place, on the face of the map, in the Balkan peninsula during the long decline of the Empire; independent kingdoms and duchies rose and fell, some evidently paltry, some apparently very great, but all temporary. There was another great Servian empire, and another Bulgarian kingdom; there were manifold little Greek States whether ruled by Greeks or by Crusaders from the West; there was the Latin conquest of Constantinople itself; nevertheless, underlying all these changes and underlying the great devastating flood of Turkish conquest, which swept them all away, the mixed Slavonic and Greek racial element remained at bottom the strongest and most persistent one throughout the peninsula, and it has been left for our own time to see Slavonic and Greek kingdoms and principalities emerging again as the Turkish flood recedes.

Looking finally to North-eastern Europe, peopled for the most part by the other great branch of the Slav race, we find at the end

of the tenth century something of definite outline beginning to appear in that turmoil of wandering and contending tribes. Many of the westernmost tribes had been or were to be incorporated in the Holy Roman Empire, or had become its tributaries, such as the Czechs of Bohemia, whose kingdom was to play such an important part in imperial history. And now, amongst the tribes of the vast eastern plain the two destined to be the protagonists of that part of the European stage had each of them already begun its national life. Already in the ninth century a tribe of Lechs had changed their name for Poles, meaning in their own tongue the people of the plains—the great plains of the Vistula; and now at the end of the tenth century there is a Polish kingdom under a powerful king. Here its history begins—so full (as Dean Church says) of turbulence and incorrigible anarchy within, of aggression and tyrannous insolence without—and perhaps of all histories the most pathetic at its close.

And already in the ninth century some Slavonic and Finnish tribes, welded together under a band of Scandinavian leaders or conquerors, kinsmen of the Norman conquerors in the west and south, began to be known dimly to Greek and Latin writers as "the Russ." By the end of the tenth century they had become a dreaded power; in their ships they found their way down the rivers of the north, through Mongol hordes of Patzinaks and Chazars, into the Euxine, and became a new, though passing, terror to the Empire by sea, as those hordes were an old and abiding one by land. Already that strange prophecy had arisen that in the last days the Russians should become masters of Constantinople. But the time of Russia's abiding greatness was not yet; she had yet to be humiliated by the Pole on the west, and to feel the Tartar yoke from the east imposed upon her for centuries; it was not until the end of the fifteenth century that that yoke was finally broken and Russia freed to enter upon that forward path which, as we know so well, she treads to-day.

Such was the map of Europe, looking at it broadly, at the end of the first Christian millennium. There was a widespread feeling at the time that some great crisis was taking place; many deemed that the end of all things was at hand and forsook their employments, renounced their properties, and thronged the monasteries. But it was not the agony of death upon which Europe had entered—rather was it the throes of birth, the birth of the modern nationalities. And we, as we look at the map of that time, feel that it is no longer the map of the old world, but, in spite of all the changes which have since passed upon it, that it is already the map of modern Europe.

WRAY W. HUNT.

MORE DIABOLICAL FOLK-LORE RELATING TO DEFINITE LOCALITIES.[1]

DIABOLICAL interpretations of natural objects and phenomena are not uncommon in local folk-lore, and it is not difficult to understand how the nauseous sulphur springs of Harrogate were regarded as issuing straight out of hell itself. The chalybeate waters of Tunbridge Wells are said to owe their ruddy tint and queer taste to the fact that St. Dunstan flung his pincers into them after that memorable encounter [2] recorded in the old rhyme :—

> Saint Dunstan, as the story goes,
> Once pull'd the devil by the nose
> With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,
> That he was heard three miles or more ! [3]

or that the glowing proboscis—and a long snout is one of the most marked features of the fiend in mediæval art—was itself plunged into the healing well,[4] when its owner had taken a flying

[1] See *The Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1896.

[2] In one popular version of Dunstan's adventure with the devil, the latter is represented as seeing the saint at work in an open shed shoeing a horse, and requesting to be shod himself. So the devil was made fast by a strong halter to a staple fixed in the wall, and the operation was begun. But Dunstan, knowing with whom he had to deal, drove the first nail into a very tender part of his hoof (so that he has been lame ever since), nor would the Saint release him until he had promised, with red-hot pincers at his nose, never to come near the village again, or meddle with smiths, or cross any threshold where a horse-shoe might be nailed up.

[3] Southey's lines on St. Romuald are concerned with traditional conflicts of a similar sort; and has not Luther's attempt to hit the devil with his inkstand left a stain upon the wall at the Castle of the Wartburg?

[4] Meg Dodds says of "St. Ronan's Well" (in Scott's novel which bears that title) :—"Folk had a jest that St. Ronan dookit the devil in the waal which gar'd it taste aye since of brimstone." The saline spring at Innerleithen, near Peebles, is said to have been the original in this case.

leap[1] out of the Saint's Cell at Mayfield, some nine or ten miles away.[2]

The triple form of the Eildon Hills in Roxburghshire, as may be read in one of the notes appended to Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," was popularly believed to be due to infernal agency. "Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to baild a *cauld*, or damhead, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect.[3] Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea sand."[4] The worm

[1] So in the German legend of the devil's death, after he has been blinded by the man whom he asks to furnish him with a pair of new eyes, the cheated fiend in his agony leaps out of the house, carrying away with him the bench to which he had been bound. (Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie*, ch. 33.)

[2] According to some authorities, Glastonbury was the scene of this conflict, as of many others in which the Tempter disguised himself under various forms.

[3] There is a line of rocks in the river Saale, below Eszbach, known as the Devil's dam, about which a story is told of woman's wit and his own defeat. A mill is said to have formerly stood there, kept by a widow; but the dam was sadly out of repair, and little business could be done. Under these circumstances the devil presented himself before her one evening, and offered to build a new dam that very night, and to finish it before the third crow of the cock, if she would only sign her name in his book. The mill-wife gladly agreed to these terms, especially as she saw what a number of distinguished signatures the book already contained. But no sooner had the bargain been struck, than an awful tempest arose, the river began to overflow its banks, and nothing was heard but the howling of the wind, the rush of water, and the crash of rocks. Then the woman, in her terror, ran into the hen-house, and, clapping her hands, imitated the crowing of a cock so naturally that she roused chanticleer to enter into competition with her as lustily as he could. At the third crow the tumult of the elements was hushed, and the mill saved from destruction. When the morning really came, huge fragments of rocks were seen heaped up across the river, and only two or three stones were wanting to complete a dam which would have caused a most disastrous inundation. (R. Eisel, *Sagenbuch des Voigtlandes.*)

[4] With this harmless diversion of the demon's restless energies may be compared a superstitious custom which is practised in one part of Portugal. A league to the north of Guimaraes there is a bridge over the river Ave, called "The Bridge of St. John." When anyone in that neighbourhood is sick, and despairs of getting any relief from medicines, he or she is carried at midnight to the middle of the bridge; and a priest accompanies the sick person, carrying a large bag of millet. After a form of exorcism has been uttered, the millet is thrown over the bridge, followed by three handfuls of salt; and the devil is believed there and

casts, which are found in multitudes on every sandy shore at low water, are in Scotland accounted for as the abortive efforts at rope making on the part of this or some other fiend once in the service of Michael Scott.[1]

The way in which the Irish imagination accounts for the curious notch in the Devil's Bit Mountain, Tipperary, is indicated in its very name. But there are two versions of the legend. According to one, it is said that Nickie Ben, just to try how sharp his teeth were, bit a piece off the upper edge; but, finding it rather too hard even for his digestion, he threw it up at Cashel, in the same county, where it has remained ever since. In confirmation of the story, it is gravely asserted that the Rock of Cashel would exactly fit into the gap left in the aforesaid mountain. In "Notes and Queries," June 14, 1851, the tale is told as follows:—"In the Barnane mountains, near Templemore, Ireland, there is a large dent or hollow, visible at the distance of twenty miles, and known by the name of the 'Devil's Bit.' . . . There is a foolish tradition that the devil was obliged, by one of the saints, to make a road for his reverence across an extensive bog in the neighbourhood, and so, taking a piece of the mountain in his mouth, he strode over the bog and deposited a road behind him!"

The Eildon Hills just mentioned are closely associated with Elfin tradition, a branch of supernatural folk-lore which passes insensibly into demonology. Here was the cavern through which Thomas the Rhymer was led by the Queen of Fairy Land into her own realms. He had made her acquaintance as he lay on Huntley Bank; whither, after seven (or three) years' sojourn underground, she brought him back, when he was in danger of being selected as

then to leave the body that he has been tormenting, and to amuse himself henceforth with trying to count the grains of millet, a task which he will never be able to finish till the end of the world. There is also a popular Portuguese rhyme which may be translated:—

> If the devil should come
> To keep watch on me,
> I'll bid him go count
> The sands of the sea.

(*Tradições populares Portuguezas*, por Z. C. Pedroso.)

[1] So the Cornish Tregeagle, after having vainly toiled to empty Dozmare Pool on Bodmin Moor with a perforated limpet shell, was afterwards condemned to spin ropes of sand on the coast near Padstow, and lastly to sweep the sands from Porthcurnow Bay round the headland of Tol-Pedn-Penwith into Nanjisal Cove, near Land's End, where he still labours at his impossible task; and at night his wailing may be heard, or fearful roars if storms are brewing.

part of the tribute paid at certain times to the powers of hell.[1] After his return he lived some years longer in his tower of Ercildoune (or Earlston), and enjoyed great reputation as a true prophet; till, one day, under the guidance, it was said, of a mysterious hart and hind, he disappeared once more from among the haunts of men, and "during his retirement has been supposed from time to time to be levying forces to take the field in some crisis of his country's fate. The story has often been told of a daring horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable hillock upon Eildon Hills, called the Lucken-hare, as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coin, and he was invited by his customer to view his residence. The trader in horses followed his guide in the deepest astonishment through several long ranges of stalls, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the charger's feet. 'All these men,' said the wizard in a whisper, 'will awaken at the battle of Sheriffmoor.' At the extremity of this extraordinary depôt hung a sword and a horn, which the prophet pointed out to the horse-dealer as containing the means of dissolving the spell. The man, in confusion, took the horn, and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly started in their stalls, stamped, and shook their bridles, the men arose and clashed their armour, and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words:—

> Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
> That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find."[2] (Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," Letter IV.) "It is a circumstance worth notice," adds our author, "that although this edition of the tale is limited to the year 1715 by the very mention of the Sheriffmoor, yet a similar story appears to have been current during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which is given by Reginald Scot."[3] The story agrees with the preceding one in the sale of a horse to the prophet "of Learmonts," as

[1] See "Thomas the Rhymer," Part I., in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The oldest version of the legend is given in an appendix.

[2] This legend is told by Mr. Moncure D. Conway in *Fraser's Magazine* for March, 1869, in such a way as to imply that the old gentleman was the devil himself.

[3] *A Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits.* Book ii., ch. 3.

Thomas the Rhymer was often called in popular tradition; the passage underground to the purchaser's abode, the men in armour lying as if asleep, and the reality of the money paid, which turns out, in this version, to be double the amount which he thought had been paid him. There is no mention made of any enchanted sword or horn; but these features of the story occur in a somewhat similar legend connected with an imaginary cavern in the rock beneath Richmond Castle in Yorkshire. Here the mythical King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table are supposed to be sleeping, until the hour of their country's sorest need shall waken them for her deliverance.[1] Tradition tells of one who strayed into the vast and vaulted chamber by accident, and there beheld the slumbering warriors of ancient Britain. Spying a sword of unwonted size, he half drew it from the richly ornamented scabbard, but quickly replaced it in alarm when he saw a stir among the sleepers. He fled, and, as he did so, a mysterious voice was heard, saying:—

> Potter, Potter Thomson!
> If thou had either drawn
> The sword, or blown that horn,
> Thou'd been the luckiest man
> That was ever born!

The wonderful piper who charmed the children of Hameln in Hanover with his music, so that they followed him into the heart of a neighbouring mountain which closed behind them,[2] was regarded by many who told the tale as an incarnation of the Evil One. So old Burton, in "The Anatomy of Melancholy" (Part i., section 2): "At Hammel, in Saxony, An. 1484, 20 Junii, the devil, in likeness of a pied piper, carried away 130 children that were never after seen."

Mountain demons are widely distributed throughout the world, as far even as China and Japan. Miners used once to dread meeting them in the bowels of the earth, for in such a case it was believed that the face of the beholder was liable to be twisted round so as to look behind him all the rest of his life. Robert Burton, however, in discussing subterranean devils, says that "the metal-men in many places account it good luck, a sign of treasure and rich ore when

[1] The same belief has attached itself to many another hero, such as Karl the Great, Barbarossa, and the Hungarian King Mathias Corvinus. The last is said to have appeared to a Carinthian peasant, to have shown him his slumbering warriors, each with sword by his side and hand upon his horse's bridle, ready to mount and take the field when a mighty wind shall sweep through the land.

[2] Browning has made the story familiar to all English readers.

they see them" ("Anat. of Melanc.," Part i., section 2). Reginald Scot, too, writes in his "Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits" (Book i., ch. 21): "*Dæmones montani* are such as work in the minerals, and further the work of the labourers wonderfully, who are nothing afraid of them." These imps are, of course, the lineal descendants of the dwarfs of Teutonic Mythology; but Northern Europe has no monopoly in such supernatural dwellers underground, though their characteristics vary with their localities. Gervase of Tilbury, an old chronicler of the twelfth century, tells of a dark, unfathomable lake on the almost inaccessible summit of Mount Canigou, in the eastern Pyrenees, where the demons have a dwelling that is like a palace for size, but to most people both the palace and the demons themselves are invisible. If anyone drops a stone or other solid substance into the lake, a tempest immediately breaks out, as though the demons were enraged at the insult. He goes on to say, that a certain man, who lived near the mountains, was one day so much disturbed by the incessant squalling of his infant daughter, that in his irritation he expressed a wish that the devil would take her. The child was instantly carried off by a pack of demons, always on the watch for such opportunities.[1] Seven years afterwards a peasant met upon the mountain a man running at full speed and crying out in a doleful voice, "Alas! wretched man that I am, how shall I rid myself of this burden, which crushes me under its enormous weight?" Being asked what was the matter, he answered that for the last seven years he had been ridden every day across the mountains by demons,[2] to whose tender mercies he had been thoughtlessly consigned. And as a token of the truth of such things, he instanced the case of a young girl, whose family and home he mentioned by name, who had been subjected to a similar imprecation, and was now living there in the service of the same demons. He added that her masters had had enough of her, and would willingly restore her to her father, if he would only come and ask for her. The astonished peasant immediately sought the father of the damsel, who was still bemoaning his fate in having lost her. He was told how he might recover his child, and, nothing loth, he climbed up to the lake on the top of the mountain, and adjured the demons by the divine name to give him back his daughter. After

[1] Cf. the Irish story of the devil and the hearth-money collector (*Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1896, p. 485).

[2] Of the morbid oppression felt in sleep it is said indifferently in some parts of Germany either "the devil" or "the nightmare has ridden or shaken thee." (Grimm's *Teut. Myth.*, translated by Stallybrass, p. 464.)

a while the girl appeared, driven as it were before a sudden blast of wind that arose, tall in stature, but so thin that she seemed nothing but skin and bones, with rolling eyes and a frightful expression of countenance. She spoke no language that could be understood, and there was scarce anything human about her. The disappointed father was in doubt whether it were worth his while to keep her, and consulted his Bishop, who presented her before his flock as a warning against idle words; but his advice to the father is left untold.[1]

The Irish Mount Cruachan,

> That great hill, "of eagles" named,
> Hugh Cruachan, that o'er the western deep
> Hung through sea-mist, with shadowing crag on crag,

is said to have been the haunt of demons till St. Patrick banished them for ever :—

> Routed with psalm, and malison, and ban,
> As from a sling flung forth.[2]

Personal appeals to the devil are held by popular belief to be at least as efficacious as imprecations uttered by another. The latter has already received illustration : two German tales will confirm the force of the former. In one of these a girl, who was dancing at some village festival, boasted that no partner could tire her at the sport, not even the devil himself, and she only wished he would come and try her. Hardly had she uttered the words, when a coach drove up, out of which stepped a fine gentleman, who begged permission to take part in the dancing. This was no sooner granted than he accosted the damsel already mentioned, and asked her to be his partner for the rest of the night. She gladly consented, and danced with him so incessantly and with such activity, that all the rest of the party gazed on the pair with surprise, which was changed into alarm when it was perceived that the gentleman had hoofs, and was indeed the devil himself. So the musicians were told to play the air, "Begone ye fiends of hell," which no demon can abide. All present joined in the words, and so powerful was the strain in its effect that the infernal visitor, seizing the girl in his arms, leapt with her through the window, and neither of them was ever seen again. The other story is that of a young maiden of Raasdorf, whose com-

[1] *Gervasii Tilburiensis, Otia Imperialia,* iii. 66. Sir Walter Scott, who repeats this story in his introduction to "Tamlane," in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* adds that "the superstitious idea concerning the lake on the top of the mountain is common to almost every high hill in Scotland."

[2] *The Legends of Saint Patrick.* By Aubrey de Vere.

panions at a gathering of girls one night were talking about their respective lovers, whereupon she expressed her sorrow that she had none, and declared herself so anxious to have one that she would willingly take the devil if she could get nobody else. At eleven o'clock a tall gentleman entered the room, and, taking a seat beside the impatient damsel, lost no time in making love to her. His dress was green, and the sight of a hoof struck all the girls with consternation. When the party broke up at midnight the stranger went with them to the top of the "Kappel" hill. Here a sudden cry arose from every mouth, as the girl who had wished for the devil was carried up with him into the air, higher and higher, till they disappeared altogether. Nothing but her cap was left behind.

Mrs. Bray, in "The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy" (vol. ii., p. 116), tells of a fiddler who had made an agreement to meet the devil again, after spending a jovial night with him, disguised as a fine gentleman, and remarkable only for the blackness of his coat and the whiteness of his ruffles, the cloven foot having quite escaped notice till the moment of his departure. The poor man consulted one of the monks of Tavistock as to what he ought to do, and the Churchman told him that he must stick to his bargain, but that a little coin might always secure the presence of a brother, who would drive off Satan when he came to carry him off. The fiddler gladly took the hint, and after several unsuccessful attempts made in a narrow lane to come to closer quarters, the fiend, after a sarcastic allusion to the protection of "the blackbird behind the hedge," addressed the fiddler thus: "Know, fiddler mine, that hadst thou never called for me, I had never appeared; but look to thyself, and blame not me. Has it not ever been with thee, when thou wast angry, in mirth, or in liquor: 'I wish the devil did this,' or 'I wish the devil had me,' or 'I wish the devil were here'? Devil here, and devil there; and yet now is he unwelcome company. Go home, tune thy fiddle, play my lord abbot a psalm; leave off profane swearing, and obey the monks, not failing to give them their dues, and fear no more dog nor devil for the nonce."

In one tradition, which hails from Lancashire, the wish which is gratified is to be rid of the devil himself! "There stood till recently in the town of Clitheroe a public-house bearing the strange name of Dule" (*i.e.* Devil) "upon Dun, on the sign-board of which the devil was depicted riding off at full speed upon a dun-horse, while a tailor, scissors in hand, looked on with delight. It appears in former days, when the Evil One used to visit the earth in b form, and enter into contracts with mortals, giving them ma

prosperity now in exchange for the soul at a future time, a tailor of Clitheroe entered into some such agreement with him. At the expiration of the term, however, the tailor having failed to receive any benefit at all from the agreement, asked from his Satanic majesty the boon of "one wish more." It was granted. A dun-horse was grazing hard by, and the ready-witted tailor, pointing to the animal, wished that the devil might ride straight to his own quarters upon it, and never come back to earth to plague mortal. Instantly the horse was bestridden by the Evil One, who speedily rode out of sight, never to return in a bodily shape." (Henderson's "Notes on the Folk-lore of the Northern Counties.")[1]

The devil's partiality for black horses, which appears in so many legends,[2] is illustrated by another story of Michael Scott's dealings with the lower world of spirits, which is also to be found in a note appended to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It runs as follows: "He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the king of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France.[3] As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider, What it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bedtime? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Paternoster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back.[4] But Michael sternly

[1] This legend first appeared in print in Roby's *Traditions of Lancashire*, with some mistakes, which were corrected by Wm. Dobson in his *Rambles by the Ribble*, first series.

[2] "Our folk-tales," writes Jacob Grimm in his *Teutonic Mythology* (translated by Stallybrass), "make the devil either ride a black steed, or drive in a magnificent car like Wuotan [A.S. Woden] and like Donar" [A.S. Thor].

[3] So "King Charles [in the *Spagna*, canto xxi.] rides a devil, converted into a horse, from the East to France in one night." (Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, translated by Stallybrass, p. 1,028.)

[4] A certain St. Antidius, Bishop of Besançon, in the fifth century, who is the subject of one of Southey's ballads, was, it is said, once crossing the sea to Rome, mounted on the devil's back, when the artful tempter tried to make the Bishop utter the name above every name, which, as it breaks all spells, would have enabled him to throw the saint off into the sea; but the latter, knowing what he wanted, only replied, "Gee-up devil!" Gervase of Tilbury (*Otia Imperialia*, iii. 93) tells of women who asserted that, while their husbands were asleep, they themselves crossed land and sea in the [illegible] spirits, and that if anyone during such a flight pronounced the sa[illegible] e or she immediately fell down. The writer adds that he had [illegible] man of Arles who had

replied, "What is that to thee?—Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp when the king rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. It will be remembered, too, that in the legend of the Old Woman of Berkeley, which Southey has turned into verse:—

> She follow'd her Master to the church door,
> There stood a black horse there;
> His breath was red like furnace smoke,
> His eyes like a meteor's glare.[1]
>
> The devil he flung her on the horse,
> And he leapt up before,
> And away like the lightning's speed they went,
> And she was seen no more.

The demon warrior who wounded the bold baron Osbert, after a nocturnal conflict on the haunted plain of Wandlebury, at the confines of the diocese of Ely, was, as Gervase of Tilbury relates,[2]

fallen into the Rhone under such circumstances, and was wetted up to her waist, but she escaped with nothing worse than a fright.

There is a German legend which illustrates the power of the *Paternoster* over the devil. A woman of Ronneburg, it is said, was once sorely tempted to purchase a certain chest by signing a receipt for the same with her blood; but, when almost persuaded, she repeated the Lord's Prayer, and at the words "Lead us not into temptation" the seducer fled with a howl of disappointed rage. Here, however, it is the power of intelligent prayer, rather than the utterance of a charm, that prevails; as in Montgomery's lines:—

> Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees,

where the palpable materialism of an earlier age has but evaporated into poetical metaphor.

[1] Matthew of Westminster says that it was covered with iron hooks and nails: "Præ foribus niger equus superbe hinniens videbatur, uncis ferreis et clavis undiqe confixus."

[2] "In Angliâ ad terminos episcopatus Eliensis est castrum Cantabrica nomine, infra cujus limites e vicino lucus est, quem Wandlebiriam dicunt. . . . In hanc

mounted on a black charger, with trappings to match, of which Osbert gained possession, after unhorsing his infernal adversary. But at cock-crow the animal suddenly reared, snorting wildly, and spurning the ground with its hoofs; and, breaking the reins which held it fast, set itself free and vanished into space.[1] Of such a sort was the diabolical black horse which vanished with Dando and his dogs in the middle of a river. Dando, it seems,[2] was a wild and worldly priest of former days, attached to the priory church of St. Germans, in East Cornwall. His hunting parties were not his worst irregularities, but one of these it was that led to his ultimate perdition in this wise. One Sunday morning he had been riding hard, as he had so often done before, to the music of hounds and horn, and, becoming tired and thirsty, he called aloud for a draught which was no longer forthcoming, for he had already drained dry his own and his comrades' flasks. But he only grew more urgent in his demands, when he was told how impossible it was to procure any more liquor. "Go to hell for it" was his last suggestion when asked where a supply could be got. The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than "a dashing hunter" suddenly presented himself, and offered the priest a flask which contained, as he said, "some choice liquor distilled in the establishment you speak of." Dando found the beverage so good that he exclaimed, after drinking as much as he could hold: "That was a drink indeed. Do the gods drink such nectar?" "Devils do," was the ready reply. "Then I wish I were one," muttered Dando, now intoxicated with the infernal mixture. A dispute soon afterwards arising between the priest and the stranger as to the possession of some of the spoils of the chase, the former dismounted, or rather rolled off his horse, rushed up to the other in a furious rage, and after assaulting him in a manner that brought about his own discomfiture, he declared himself willing even to "go to hell" after the quarry which he claimed. "So thou shalt,'

campi planitiem, &c." Wallbury Camp in Essex, near Bishop Stortford, seems to have been the place intended, not Wodnesbury, in Wiltshire, as Sir Walter Scott conjectures (introduction to the tale of Tamlane, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*).

[1] "Jam galli cantus advenerat, et equus saltibus æstuans, naribus ebulliens, pedibus terram pulsans, loris, quibus tenebatur, disruptis, in nativam recipit se libertatem, &c." (*Otia Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury, in vol. i. [illegible] of "Scriptores rerum Brunsvicensium," compiled by Leibnitz). T[illegible] similar traditions of demoniacal or ghostly knights connected with the Glenmore in the Scottish Highlands, Norham Castle, and elsewhere.

[2] See Robert Hunt's *Popular Romances of th[illegible] [illegible]ngla[illegible]* series, p. 247 ff.

said the stranger, and flinging him up before him on his fiery charger, "black as night," he was off like an arrow from the bow. The hounds followed, and leaping into the Lynher, all disappeared in a blaze which made the river boil. The story is embodied in a carved chair which still stands in St. Germans' church. Early on Sunday mornings, too, Dando's ghostly pack may at times be heard and seen scouring the country as if in hot pursuit.

In Germany the Junker Rechberger is believed to come out of his grave at midnight, and to hunt through the Black Forest, mounted on the mysterious sable steed which was the cause of his death.

In the evidence attesting cases of sorcery, black horses figure almost as prominently as dogs or cats of the same suspicious hue. Thus in 1612 it was thought a clear proof of witchcraft that two suspected women had been seen by two witnesses riding together on a black nag near Northampton. And as late as 1704 a certain Beatrix Laing was denied food and firing as a witch, and died of cold and starvation, because she was said to have come from market to her home at Pittenweem on the back of a coal-black horse, which afterwards vanished with much noise.

Belief in the devil's powers of self-transformation has found expression in many another story than those already related. A tolerably long list might be made out of animals which have at different times served his turn in this way.[1] Indeed, according to popular report, there was no creature whose form he might not assume, except that of the lamb or of the dove, as both hallowed by Christian associations. In Goethe's version of the Faust legend it is successively as a black poodle,[2] a nondescript monster, and a

[1] The various animal shapes in which the devil was believed to appear to witches and others comprise, in addition to those mentioned in the text, the wolf, bull, boar, ram, cat, hare, mouse, and hedgehog; the raven, crow, turkey, gander, and drake; the snake and toad; the caterpillar or worm, fly, butterfly, &c. In some of these three are traces of the old Norse mythology, as in the wolf (Fenris), and the raven (the sacred bird of Odin); or of the Bible, as in the serpent and the fly (Beelzebub). Others are appropriate as types of physical or moral deformity, as the hog, the fox, and the toad. Milton's use of this last form will be remembered, when Satan suggests unholy dreams to Eve (*Paradise Lost*, Book iv. l. 799 ff.)

[2] In the most ancient of the rude frescoes on the walls of the Auerbach Tavern at Leipzig, which represents Faust about to fly off astride a beer-barrel, a black dog appears beside him instead of Mephistopheles in his human aspect. John Stewart, one of the principal witnesses against Margaret Barclay of Irvine, who was accused together with her of sorcery and witchcraft (1618), deposed to having seen the devil in her house "in the shape of a handsome black

travelling scholar that Mephistopheles presents himself before him in their first interview.[1] In the earliest printed form of the story (1587) Faust is represented as riding through the air to visit distant countries mounted upon Mephistopheles in the shape of a winged horse. In the Life of Christopher Wagner (1593), which is little more than a repetition of the adventures of his more famous master, the disciple is waited upon by a familiar spirit in the likeness of an ape.[2] In Johann Gast's "Convivialium Sermonum Liber" (1544) the writer tells his readers that he had supped with Faust at Basel (Basle), where he was attended by a dog and a horse which were undoubtedly demons.

At the Witches' Sabbaths the infernal Master of the Revels was believed to wear the guise of a great he-goat,[3] with a black man's[4] face and a pair of black candles burning between his horns. If her demon-lover[5] came to fetch a witch to the place of meeting, he too often assumed the shape of a goat, and carried her thither on his

lap-dog, such as ladies used to keep," which followed Margaret and two other women to the sea shore, where certain magical rites were performed, "after which the sea raged, roared and became red like the juice of madder in a dyer's caldron." A little girl who lived as servant with Margaret Barclay also swore that she had seen the black dog, "to whose appearance she also added the additional terrors of that of a black man. The dog also, according to her account, emitted flashes from its jaws and nostrils, to illuminate the witches during the performance of the spell." (Scott's *Letters on Demonology, &c.* Letter IX.)

[1] It was at Wittenberg, or its immediate neighbourhood, that, according to tradition, Faust first met and made his famous compact with Mephistopheles.

[2] Cf. Robert Browning's *Ponte dell' Angelo, Venice.*

[3] The he-goat was the sacred beast of Donar [A.S. Thor], "whom the modern notions of the devil so often have in the background." (Grimm's *Teut. Myth.*, translated by Stallybrass). It used to be believed by many, both in England and Scotland, that a he-goat is never to be seen for twenty-four hours on the stretch, as once in that space of time he has to go to the devil and get his beard combed! (Brand's *Popular Antiq.*, vol. ii., p. 517.)

[4] Doctor John Fian, who, with other persons of rank and position, was accused in 1590 of having attempted by sorcery the death of James VI. of Scotland, "gave an account of a great witch meeting at North Berwick, when the unhallowed crew entered" the church, "and their master the devil appeared to his servants in the shape of a black man occupying the pulpit." Scott's *Demonology, &c.* Ch. ix.)

[5] Belief in the possibility of amatory relations between supernatural and human beings seems to have been founded mainly upon dreams and certain passages of Scripture (Genesis vi. 2; Tobit vi. 14; 1 C[illegible] Jude 6). Current fairy tales, like those of Tamlane and Thomas [illegible]nfirmed the belief; nor was there any clear distinction made be[illegible]lins, and demons. Men, however, were thought chiefly liable to [illegible], and women by fiends. In legal proceedin[illegible]st witches ([illegible] where forty-eight were burned at one tim[illegible] loaths[illegible]fessing to come

back. So in the Walpurgis night scene of Goethe's "Faust," as they gather to the Brocken :—

> Witch and goat together flying
> Over stock and stone are hieing ;

and the young witch, who is taunted with want of polish in not wearing powdered hair, replies :—

> Your powder, like the petticoat,
>   Is but for women old and grey,
> So naked sit I on my goat
>   And youthful plumpness thus display.

The devil is said to have surprised St. Dunstan at Glastonbury on one occasion in the form of a shaggy bear that laid its paws upon his shoulders as he knelt at prayer, and at other times to have assumed the aspect of a dog, a fox, or a beautiful damsel [1]—the last being one of his favourite disguises, whether in ancient or modern times !

In "an account of a strange and horrid spectrum, seen by Mr. Edmund Ansty, of South Petherton, in the county of Somerset," [2] it is related that "coming to a place not far from Yeovil, noted by the name of *Cut-hedge*, his horse rushed very violently with him against one side of the bank, snorting and trembling very much. . . . At length Mr. Ansty heard the hedges crack with a dismal noise, and perceived coming towards him in the road a large circle of a duskish light, about the bigness of a very large wheel, and in it he perfectly saw the proportion of a huge bear, as it had been by daylight," the traveller having been "overtaken by a dark night, about a dozen miles from home." The apparition "passed near by him, and as it came just over against the place where he was, the horrid monster looked very ghastly at him, showing a pair of very large flaming eyes." In an equally queer story told by Pierre le Loyer in a discourse on spectres, the devil actually takes the shape of "a very large wheel," as well as of many other strange objects. A certain lay-brother, it would seem, belonging to a religious house in Paris, was wending his way one summer morning to a grange in the country, when he suddenly saw a tree where no tree was before, and, what was stranger still, the tree was covered with snow and icicles. In his astonishment he made the sign of the cross, whereupon the

from eye-witnesses, of intercourse of this kind between the accused and their "familiars." (See Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft.*)

[1] See Dr. Stubb's *Memorials of St. Dunstan*, in the Rolls series.

[2] Richard Bovet's *Pandemonium, or the Devil's Cloyster*, 1684.

tree instantly vanished, and only a strong smell of brimstone was left in its place. Still the devil mocked the lay-brother with a multitude of tricks, changing himself now into a cask, and now into a cart-wheel, knocking the poor fellow down, and rolling over his fat paunch, but doing him no serious harm. At last he managed to make his escape, but it was a long time before he recovered his breath, or ceased to dread the fresh pursuit of his diabolical tormentor. Such a story as this reminds one more of the sportive disposition of a Puck or Robin Goodfellow, than of the gloomy Satan of Milton or the ferocious Apollyon of Bunyan.

Allusion has already been incidentally made to an Esthonian legend of the devil's death.[1] We have popular rhymes of our own on the subject, with variations in different parts of the country, which profess to fix the place of his interment. The earliest of these seems to be one which is still sung by children in Fife[2] :—

> Some say the de'il's dead
> An' buried in Kirkcaldy;
> Some say he'll rise again,
> An' fear [*i.e.*, frighten] the Hielan' laddie.

Victor Hugo, in "Quatre-vingt-treize" (ii. 1), introduces the Norman tradition on the subject: "You know perhaps that St. Michael is the guardian angel of these parts. He has a mount in the bay called after him, which is surrounded by the sea. He is said to have cast the devil down from it, and to have buried him under another mount, hard by, which they call Tombelaine."[3]

The devil and his satellites sometimes assume the functions of the griffins of former days as guardians of hidden treasures. According to a German tradition attached to a hill (the Stromsberge) near Mensdorf, the foul fiend keeps watch over a large treasure which is buried there, and baffles in various ways the avaricious curiosity of those who from time to time have dug for it. On the last attempt that was made, when a black goat was brought as a propitiatory offering, a frightful roar resounded, like nothing ever

[1] "The devil is dead," is a proverbial phrase, meaning that a difficulty or danger has been surmounted.

[2] See a communication by Mr. Thos. Bayne in *Notes and Queries*, 8th s., vol. i., p. 283.

[3] There is another local legend connected with the Norman Mont St. Michel, which tells "how Michael and the devil disputed which could build the finer church. The devil builds one of stone. M[illegible] constructs a handsomer one of ice; when that melts they both agree [illegible] devil choosing the upper herbs, and Michael keeping what [illegible] d." (Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, translated by Stallybrass

heard on earth before; and the devil gave notice to all whom it might concern that until they could tell him what beast made that noise, all their labour would be wasted. In a Hessian folk-tale also the devil guards a hidden treasure, which he will suffer no one to touch, unless a black he-goat exactly a year and a day old be first offered to him. A legend belonging to the same class is told in the Introduction to the Sixth Canto of "Marmion." It concerns the old castle of Franchimont, near Spa: "It is firmly believed by the neighbouring peasantry that the last Baron of Franchémont deposited in one of the vaults of the castle a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure in gold and silver, which, by some magic spell, was intrusted to the care of the devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault: he used all arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immovable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him that he would agree to resign the chest if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the devil. Yet if anybody can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly decamp." (Journal of Mr. J. Skene, quoted in the appendix to Scott's "Marmion.") The author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy" writes: "Another sort of them [*i.e.* terrestrial devils] there are, which frequent forlorn houses," and adds in a note—"where treasure is hid (as some think), or some murder, or such like villainy committed" (Part i., sec. 2). The ruined castle of Hermitage, in Liddesdale, is held to be haunted by the spirit of the wicked warlock, Lord Soulis, who returns once in seven years to the underground chamber where during life he used to summon the devil to answer his questions at seasons of peril, by knocking thrice upon a padlocked chest, and listening with averted eyes to whatever sounds were to be heard. On one occasion, as we read in Leyden's ballad[1]:—

> With clenched fist, he knocked on the chest,
> And again he heard a groan;
> And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,
> But answer heard he none.

---

[1] "Lord Soulis," in vol. iii. of Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

> The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,
> And it murmur'd sullenlie—
> "Shut fast the door, and for evermore
> Commit to me the key.
>
> "Alas! that ever thou raised'st thine eyes,
> Thine eyes to look on me!
> Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
> For here thou must not be."
>
> . . . .
>
> And still, when seven years are o'er,
> Is heard the jarring sound,
> When slowly opes the charmed door
> Of the chamber under ground.
>
> And some within the chamber door
> Have cast a curious eye;
> But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
> The fearful sights they spy.

The name of Lord Soulis' familiar spirit, "Redcap,"[1] as Sir Walter remarks in his preface to the ballad, "is a popular appellation of that class of spirits which haunt old castles. Every ruined tower in the south of Scotland is supposed to have an inhabitant of this species."

Mysterious voices, as we have already seen, no less than spectral forms, were often attributed to a demoniacal origin; and this belief too is embodied in the poem of "Marmion" (canto v., stanza 25). Lindsay of Pitscottie, the contemporary historian, whom the author quotes in a note, relates how the "awful summons" was heard at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, just before James IV. left the city to meet his fate at Flodden—"which was named and called the Summons of Plotcock" (*i.e.*, Pluto, identified with the devil); "which desired all men to compear, both earl, and lord, and baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town (every man specified by his own name), to compear, within the space of forty days, before his master, where it should happen him to appoint." "If it were a spirit," he adds, "I cannot tell truly;" but, if it were not something supernatural, he thinks it strange that the only man who escaped death on the battlefield, out of all who were summoned by name, was a certain Mr. Richard Lawson, who solemnly appealed from that sentence there and then in the name of the Almighty.

The stores of diabolical folk-lore are so rich a[illegible] and

[1] This red-cap goblin is said to derive its origin from

ramify in so many directions, that volumes would fail to exhaust them. The aim of the present papers [1] is less ambitious—it is only an attempt to open up a path in demonology which has not hitherto been much trodden, and is intended rather to stimulate further investigation than to present anything like a complete synopsis of the materials at our disposal, by means of which the comparative method of critical inquiry may evolve order out of the apparent chaos.

R. BRUCE BOSWELL.

[1] The first of the series appeared in *The Pall Mall Magazine*, April 1895, under the title of "Footprints of the Devil in our own Country."

WOMAN INSURGENT: A PARISIAN SÉANCE.

THE vague unrest, dissatisfaction, and dim aspirations which have now found something like adequate expression in a definite programme, have occasionally moved the fair sex to participate in fatuous outbreaks against convention. It was perhaps inevitable, in the state of Parisian society towards the end of the eighteenth century, that the women, as well as the men, should have fallen under the influence of that master of chicanery, the great Cagliostro, who never lost an opportunity of exploiting the follies and foibles of humanity. During his residence in Paris, which terminated with the famous transaction of the Diamond Necklace, he rose to the greatest height of popular favour, and even from the affair of the necklace he extricated himself not without applause.

The time was opportune for the exercise of his peculiar talents. A host of sects, all more or less mystical in their beliefs and teachings, and all pronouncedly heretical in their tendencies, had sprung up, captivating the intellectual, and dazzling the unlearned. The occult was in fashion, and charlatanism of every kind battened on the gaping credulity of the upper classes, whose undisciplined intellects, loosed from the trammels of the old political, social, and religious ideas, found no sure guides in the violent ferment of thought which accompanied the general breaking up. Hence they fell an easy prey to the delusions of Mesmer, and the high-sounding emptiness of Cagliostro's system of Egyptian freemasonry.

In Germany, Cagliostro had been initiated into the mysteries of the Cabalists by the Count of St. Germain, who, thanks to the protection of Madame Pompadour, enjoyed some reputation at the Court of Louis XV., and had shown to that monarch, in a m[illegible] mirror, the fate of his children, striking terror to his heart b[illegible] vision of the decapitated Dauphin. When in London, Cagli[illegible] had, it is supposed, been admitted as a freema[illegible] o[illegible] lodge; and, compounding the doctrines of [illegible]

aid of his own genius, which had always displayed a tendency towards the occult, he founded his "Egyptian Lodge," which promised to adepts moral and physical regeneration, through which perfection was ultimately to be attained by the discovery of the "Primary Matter," or "Philosopher's Stone," and the "Acacia," which would bestow perpetual youth and health, while by the "Pentagon" man was to be restored to his state of primitive innocence.

The lodge was intended for men only, but the consuming curiosity of the fair sex led them urgently to solicit Madame Cagliostro to obtain for them also initiation into the mysteries. The "Seraphic Countess"—as Carlyle terms her—who had devotedly followed the varying fortunes of her marvellously, though perversely-gifted husband, and, by her charms of person and intellect, had been of the greatest assistance to his multifarious projects, always the arch-impostor's ready accomplice, nothing loth, undertook the business of founding a lodge for the feminine portion of the community. Between them the pair hatched as pretty a piece of mummery as ever entered into the mind of man to conceive, in which tawdry magnificence, mystic symbolism, and a bombastic philosophy of half-truths, veiled in mystic phraseology, played on the senses and excited the imaginations of their volatile following.

When first approached on the subject, Madame Cagliostro, feigning indifference, replied to the Duchess who had been delegated to sound her, that as soon as thirty-six pupils were found ready to submit to the necessary conditions she would inaugurate her magic court. That same day the list was complete.

The preliminary conditions were rigorous enough. In the forefront was the money question—without doubt the main object of the entire transaction—and it was required of each lady candidate that she should pay into the treasury a hundred louis d'or. The ladies of Paris were not, in these days, too well provided with funds, but the difficulties were overcome by resorting to the Mont-de-Piété, and in other ways into which it is well not to pry too closely. Then, as second condition, from the first day to the ninth the novices had to undergo complete seclusion from all intercourse with the world, and to hold themselves aloof from their own households, in order that by self-communing they might be the better prepared to receive the divine communications which were to be imparted to them. The other preliminary was the taking of an oath of entire submission to whatever orders might be given, however impossible of fulfilment these might appear to be.

The appointed rendezvous for the introductory ceremonies was a large house in the Rue Verte Saint-Honoré, and the hour eleven o'clock at night. In the entrance hall, each lady, on arrival, had to divest herself of several of her outer garments, and don a white robe, with a girdle which was of a different colour for each group of six dames. Finally, each received a large veil, which was gracefully draped over the left shoulder. These preliminary preparations over, the novices were introduced two by two into a large apartment, fitted up as a temple, brilliantly illuminated, and furnished with thirty-six chairs covered with black satin. Madame Cagliostro, clothed in white, was seated on a sort of throne, and on either hand were her supporters, two tall figures, wearing spectral habiliments which rendered their sex indistinguishable. When all had entered, and time for a hurried glance round had been allowed, the séance began by a gradual diminution of the light, until it became so dark that each could barely distinguish her neighbour through the gloom. Then the high-priestess commanded all to uncover the left limb as far as the knee, following up this peculiar exercise by a command to raise the right arm and support it on the nearest pillar. While they maintained this position two females entered, holding swords in their right hands, who approached the priestess, and received from her silken ropes, with which they bound the limbs of each one of the thirty-six wondering demoiselles.

This done, Madame Cagliostro began to speak :—

"Your present condition is the symbol of your position in society. If men exclude you from their mysteries, from their projects, they do so because they desire to keep you for ever in a state of dependence. Throughout the whole world woman is man's first slave, from the seraglio in which a despot shuts up five hundred of us, to those savage climes where the wife dare not sit down by the side of her huntsman spouse. We are sacrificial victims, devoted from infancy to strange and cruel gods. If, breaking this shameful yoke, we act strongly in concert, soon you shall see the proud sex humbled in the dust, and begging submissively for our favours. Leave them to carry on their murderous wars and to disentangle the chaos of their insensate laws ; ours be it to rule opinion, to purify manners, to cultivate the intellect, to preserve delicacy, and to diminish the numbers of the unfortunate. Such cares as these are worth far more than the elaborate dressing of mere automata, or the discussion of scandals and ridiculous quarrel [illegible] one among you has any opposition to offer to what I ha[illegible]r speak."

Whether her ideas were [illegible]se of her audience, or

whether they were quite too novel and daring to be so readily digested, matters not. Only the applause she had counted on conveyed the answer of the fascinated Parisiennes, who dimly saw before them an opening vista of powers and conquests far beyond anything they had been able ever of themselves to imagine. The Grand Mistress, having first loosed them from their symbolic bonds, continued her oration :—

"Doubtless your proud and fiery spirits sup with ardour on the prospect of recovering that liberty which is the first possession of every created being, but you have to learn, through more than one trial, how far you can count on yourselves, and it is those proofs that will embolden me to entrust you with the secrets on which depend the future happiness of your lives.

"You are to divide into six groups. Those who are denoted by similar colours will together enter one of the six apartments adjoining this temple. Those who succumb during the ordeal shall never re-enter this sacred fane; the palm of victory awaits those who triumph."

Each group thereupon passed into a splendidly furnished room, where the "trials" certainly assumed a very different complexion from that they anticipated. They were immediately joined by a gay band of cavaliers, who, with light badinage, mingled with some more serious remonstrances, attempted to turn the ladies from their firm resolve to carry their more than doubtful enterprise to the end. But in vain were threats of possible scandal and open ridicule held out, nor were they moved by taunts that love and friendship were being thus sacrificed to serve the purposes of greedy adventurers, who were foisting on them the crudest extravagances, useless as well as disagreeable, in the guise of the highest ideals of truth and wisdom.

Scarcely deigned they to listen to those unpleasant words of cold reason, and pleasantries, which but ill accorded with their state of mental exaltation. There were visible in an adjoining gallery a series of paintings by great artists representing the most brilliant examples of the domination of woman: among the rest, Hercules spinning at the feet of Omphale; Mark Antony, the slave of Cleopatra; and the terrible Catherine II., of Russia. Viewing these, one of the gentlemen said: "There then is the terrible sex which treats yours as slaves. For whom, then, are the gentle kindnesses and the attentions of society? Is it for your hurt that we strive to keep far from you *ennui* and trouble of every kind? For whom are our palaces built? Are they not consecrated for your use as their

most splendid adornment? In truth, do we not delight in decking out the idols of our faith and love? Shall we adopt the rude manners of the East, and consent to hide your charms beneath a jealous veil? Far from guarding the entrances to your apartments by uncouth and repulsive sentinels, do we not rather frequently efface ourselves with complaisant good-nature, so as to leave a free field for your coquetry?"

To this amiable and modest gentleman one of the ladies immediately responded: "All your eloquence cannot charm away the humiliating gratings of convents, or the grim duennas you impose on us, ostensibly as companions, but in reality as spies on our most trivial actions, nor can it make up for the smiling contempt which reduces all our finest literary endeavours to impotence, or explain away your protective airs, and your commands imposed on us under the disguise of counsels."

In another of the apartments a more interesting scene was being enacted. The ladies whose colour was lilac found waiting there each her most ardent wooer; and it was their painful duty, if they were to go forward to the goal towards which they were striving, to give them the most absolute dismissal. The chamber had three doors leading into the gardens, which were at that hour softly illumined by the light of the moon. The cavaliers invited their dames to descend, and this last favour was readily granted to the swains, whom they were about to leave inconsolable. One of them, named Leonora, was not able to conceal her trouble and perplexity of mind as she accompanied the noble Count whose suit she had hitherto favoured, and he, knowing to some extent the actual state of matters, lost no time in approaching the subject, and demanding an explanation.

"As a last favour," said he, "tell me my crimes! Am I a perjured wretch that you abandon me thus easily? What have I done during these two days to merit such treatment? My feelings, my thoughts, my life, my very heart's blood, are they not all irrevocably yours? You cannot have all at once turned inconstant. What kind of fanaticism has taken hold of you with a strength sufficient to turn away from me your heart, which has cost me so many torments?"

"It is not you I hate," she replied; "it is your sex—your c tyrannical laws."

"Ah! and of this sex, proscribed to-day, you have knowi me. Where then is my despotism? When have I been u enough to cause trouble to the one I love?"

At this Leonora sighed, for she fo in wh

frame any accusation of the man she adored. He attempted to take one of her hands.

"If you love me," she said, "avoid polluting my hand by a profane kiss. I do not think I shall be able ever to forsake you. But as a proof of the submission in which you would have me believe, remain nine days without seeing me, and be satisfied with the assurance that the sacrifice will not be without its effect on my heart."

On this the Count took his departure, and having no cause to suspect his lady-love of any intrigue, and not daring to make any further complaint, sadly betook himself to reflection on the causes of his unhappiness.

The two hours of trial were occupied with similar scenes in each of the different apartments into which the novices had been sent. Not all the armoury of love, worthy or unworthy, neither reason nor sarcasm, prayers, tears, despair, nor the most lavish promises, could avail against the power of curiosity and the secret hope of being able to attain to full knowledge of all the secrets of power; and all, so far victorious, re-entered the temple according to the direction of the high-priestess.

It was three hours after midnight. Each took the same place she had occupied on the former occasion. Refreshments were handed round to maintain the strength of the devoted band. Following on this needful measure, the veils were ordered to be detached from the shoulders and used to cover the face. After a quarter of an hour of silence, an opening revealed itself in the dome-shaped roof of the great room, which had been for the nonce transformed into a temple for the worship of the divine idea of the superiority of woman. Through the opening there descended a man, draped as a genius, perched on a huge golden ball, holding in his hand a serpent, and having his head surrounded by a brilliant flame.

"Behold!" cried the Grand Mistress. "This is the genius of truth, whom I have brought to teach you the secrets so long hidden from your sex. This, to whose pregnant words you are now to be privileged to listen, is none other than the celebrated, the immortal, the divine Cagliostro, who issued from Abraham's bosom without having been conceived, and who is the depositary of all that has been, of all that is, and of all that will ever be known on earth."

"Daughters of earth!" cried the windbag philosopher, thus brilliantly heralded, "if men do not succeed in keeping you in the darkness of error, you shall finish by binding yourselves together in an invincible union. Your sweetness, your indulgence, will make

you adored by the people, who must be commanded before their respect can be gained. You know neither those vices which trouble the intellect, nor that frenzy which sets a whole kingdom on fire. Nature has done all for you. Jealous, they revile her work, hoping that thus its perfection will never become known. If, casting away from you a deceiving sex, you seek in your own for true sympathy, you will never have to blush for those shameful rivalries or those petty jealousies which are infinitely below you. Turn your attention to yourselves; open your souls to pure tenderness, so that the kiss of friendship may announce all that passes in your hearts."

The orator ceased, and on the instant, each, moved by the glamour of the moment, embraced her neighbour. Darkness succeeded to the light, and the "genius of truth" again soared aloft, and disappeared through the opening in the dome by which he had descended.

The high-priestess took up the thread where it had been left by the enigmatic sentences of the oracle; and, passing round the circle, she explained, commented, expounded, and everywhere inflamed the imaginations of the enchanted but slightly bewildered ladies. Leonora alone broke down in tears, and in her ear the enchantress whispered, "Is not then the memory alone of him whom one loves enough?"

Presently there was heard the sound of beautiful music. Gradually the lights returned, and in a few minutes a part of the flooring of the room began slowly to sink, and was by-and-by replaced by a sumptuously laid table which rose from the depths. At this the ladies seated themselves, and then there entered thirty-six "genii of truth," garbed in white satin, and having their faces concealed by masks. By the nimble and assiduous way in which they waited on the guests, it might be supposed that those spiritual beings were far superior to the clumsiness of ordinary humanity. Towards the middle of the repast, at a sign from the Grand Mistress, the genii unmasked, and the ladies recognised their lovers. Some, faithful to their oaths, were on the point of rising to depart, but Madame Cagliostro, putting off the cloak of philosophy, advised them to moderate their zeal, as the banquet was consecrated to pleasure.

During the lively conversation which followed, the myst[illegible] the reunion of the lovers was explained. The gentlemen ha[illegible] been going through a process of initiation, and wore their [illegible] habits to symbolise the fundamental pri[illegible] [illegible]ality. meeting of the thirty-six dames and the [illegible] ca[illegible]

was but an artifice of the great Cagliostro, whose sole aim was to repair the evils caused by the artificialities of society by a return to the simple equality of the natural state of man.

The supper proceeded. The genii seated themselves, each by the side of the lady of his choice, and a scene of gaiety succeeded the sombre stress of the preceding ceremonials. Wine flowed freely, and its generous fumes rekindled the fires but temporarily dulled by the unwonted discipline of new ideas. The torch of love relit, the oaths were forgotten; the sublime genius of truth, and the wrong-doings of men passed out of mind like delusive phantasms.

Yet there was conscience enough left to cast down the disciples' eyes when the high-priestess re-entered. She only smiled at the course things had taken during her temporary absence. "Love triumphs over all," said she; "but bear in mind the articles of our agreement, and, little by little, your souls will be purified. This is indeed but one séance, and it remains with yourselves whether it will be renewed."

During the following days the enthusiasm for Count Cagliostro mounted to the height of infatuation, causing some astonishment even in Paris—a city inured to such transports. He took the opportunity to develop fully all the principles of Egyptian Free-masonry, announcing by the light of the great East that thirty was the necessary number of adepts, who had to be pure as the sunlight, untouched even by calumny, without habits of dissipation, and possessed of a fortune exceeding fifty-three thousand livres, and especially of those acquirements so rarely found in the owners of large revenues.

A. MACIVOR.

ST. MARY REDCLIFFE.

THE present paper does not profess to give either a history or a description of this beautiful church, "the pryde of Bristowe and the westerne londes." Its object is simply to pass on from local to more general readers an account of various incidents and discoveries connected with the remains of those whose burial in, or association with, the church has carried its fame far and wide. The fact that the account was communicated to the writer by a principal participator in the events described, and now the only living witness, while attesting its accuracy, contributes materially to its interest.

William Canynges.

The belief that the Canynges, grandfather and grandson, between them built almost the entire fabric of St. Mary Redcliffe has been so firmly embedded in the popular mind—chiefly through the fabrications and forgeries of the "marvellous boy" who played such havoc with its ancient muniments—that it is difficult to dislodge it in favour of the actual facts. These, ascertained by diligent research among the few authentic documents remaining, and careful and minute comparison by experts of the various styles and dates of architecture presented, are: That William Canynges the elder was only *one oj several* wealthy citizens who, in the fourteenth century, combined to rebuild the then dilapidated edifice; and that when the said edifice, on nearing completion, was partially destroyed by lightning, William Canynges the younger, *in conjunction with other wealthy and devout citizens*, restored and completed the damaged portions.

In addition, however, to this co-operative work, and to the erection of fitting residences for the priests attached to the al[illegible] chantries within the church, Canynges appears to have bu[illegible] own expense, the clerestory throughout, and the north t[illegible] imitation of the earlier south transept ; [illegible] exquisite "lierne groining." Fosbroke [illegible] masons and workmen to repair and edify [illegible] of St. Mary Redcliffe."

Thus, although not more entitled than his grandfather to rank *alone* as the "restorer" of the church, Canynges the younger was by far the most munificent contributor towards its second, or fifteenth century, rebuilding, and may therefore fittingly occupy as prominent a place in its annals as his various memorials occupy in the building itself, or rather in its southern portion.

Of these memorials the visitor making a tour of the church is first shown the effigies of the "restorer" and his wife beneath the recesses in the south aisle. He is then conducted to the south transept, where stands the (now empty) altar-tomb, upon the front of which are emblazoned the Canynges arms: "Argent, three negroes heads sable"—and (until obliterated by an ultra-Protestant vicar) the petition, "Pray for the souls of William Canynges, of the City of Bristol, and Joanna his wife." On the left of the tomb he sees a recumbent statue of Canynges as Dean of Westbury, with tonsured head and priestly robes, exquisitely carved in alabaster; and on the opposite side a figure of his secretary or almoner; while various slabs in the floor record, in ancient lettering and quaint device, the burials of various servants of his household. Having seen which multiplicity of monuments, he naturally asks, Where among them the great man himself is laid to rest? Little thinking that he is propounding what has scarcely yet ceased to be a "burning question."

Canynges in his will directs that his body shall be deposited "in the place that he had constructed and made in the southern part of the said church, near the altar of St. Catherine, where the body of his late wife Joanna was interred." This would appear sufficiently explicit to locate the spot; but unfortunately the "altar of St. Katherine" was swept away at the Reformation, and not a vestige of it remains. The general belief, however, was that it stood in the south transept, and that beneath the "altar-tomb" rested the remains of Canynges and his wife, the fact that from time immemorial their effigies, now in the south aisle, had lain side by side upon the tomb appearing to afford conclusive proof. But with the development of intelligent interest in matters archæological, doubts arose. A careful examination of the south wall of the transept proved that the site of the altar-tomb had been occupied by an earlier erection, in all probability by the altar of St. Catherine; the tomb itself was pronounced of more recent date than Canynges' time; and—most disturbing discovery of all—it was found that the effigies were not originally designed for the tomb, as they were on separate slabs and had been chipped and mutilated to make them fit upon it.

Among the "intelligent dissentients" from the traditional belief was, in 1852, Mr. Sholto Vere Hare, the donor of the large west window, and at that time senior churchwarden of St. Mary's; and it is to him we are indebted for a discovery which goes far towards settling the disputed point. While standing one August day in the churchyard superintending some work connected with the grave of Chatterton's parents (of which more anon), an old parishioner, well known for his interest in the church, drew his attention to two abutments on the exterior of the south aisle, wondering what they were, as they evidently served no architectural purpose. Upon examining them the idea struck Mr. Hare that they formed part of two tombs within the walls, and might not improbably be found to contain the remains of Canynges and his wife, recessed tombs in nave or chancel being the usual burial-places of founders or restorers of churches. He therefore decided to institute a search.

Summoning the church mason and carpenter to meet him next morning, he directed them to temporarily remove the high pews (which since the reign of Queen Anne had disfigured the building) from beneath the two most easterly windows; when two canopied recesses of the "Berkeley" type were revealed, but shamefully defaced and injured. The ornamental stonework had been chipped away to render the wall perfectly flat, and the interiors completely filled in with masonry. This the explorers proceeded to remove, commencing with the most easterly recess, when they came upon a flat freestone slab. Raising this, and carefully removing with the hand some three or four inches of freestone dust or fine sand, a perfect skeleton lay revealed, evidently undisturbed since first placed there, except that the head had turned slightly off the neck pivot towards the south.

The explorers next proceeded to the more westerly recess, which was at once found to have been previously opened, and most carelessly and irreverently reclosed: there was no freestone slab nor fine sand, only a few bones and a skull. Fortunately, however, these proved sufficient to identify the sex of the skeleton, and a neighbouring physician, Dr. Gardiner, having been summoned, he unhesitatingly pronounced it that of a woman; the one in the easterly recess being, as evidently, the skeleton of a man.

Now came the weighty question—were they the remains of William Canynges and his wife Joan [illegible] evidence pointed very strongly to the affirmative. Besid[illegible] of the skeletons, and the place and mode of sepulchre, [illegible]und "painted in colours *upon the walls of the recess* first c[illegible]t "upon a shield

among other fragments," as stated by Pryce in his "Canynges Memorials"—"the Canynges arms (three negroes' heads upon a red shield), together with some partially obliterated words in red and black paint." It was further found, upon examination, that the effigies of Canynges and his wife on the altar-tomb in the south transept exactly fitted the two recesses, and had evidently been removed from them to the altar-tomb when the recesses were filled up; further proof of this being visible in the chipping away of part of the right arm of the male figure and the dress of the lady, also of the angel supporting her head, to permit of the effigies being placed upon the tomb.

After the identification of the remains, the sand and freestone slabs were carefully replaced upon both, and the high pews again set up. Some years subsequently the church was repewed, when the mutilated stone facing of the recesses was replaced by new, and the effigies removed from the south transept and fixed once more in their original positions—or rather, not so. The reader will have noticed that the foregoing account represents Canynges as resting in the easterly recess and his wife in the westerly; while another account, and the testimony of the effigies themselves, assert an exactly contrary arrangement—Canynges on the westerly tomb, his wife on the easterly. The discrepancy being pointed out to Mr. Hare, elicited the curious fact that the effigies had been *misplaced*!

"I am aware," he writes, "that Pryce in his 'Canynges Memorials' states that it was in the *westerly* recess that Canynges' skeleton was discovered, and that others have made the same mistake, *even to wrongly placing the effigies*; but my memory is clear that it was in the easterly recess, nearer to the Rising Sun, the more obvious position for the restorer of the church" (rather, from the ecclesiastic's point of view, nearer the *altar*), "and the priest who had buried his wife Joanna in the westerly recess. Unfortunately, Dr. Gardiner has recently died, or he could have confirmed me, now the only living witness of the event." One of the churchwardens at the time the effigies were removed, on being recently interrogated on the subject, admitted that the mistake had been made through carelessness or ignorance.

Such is the detailed account of this interesting discovery; and, for the average reader, it settles the question as to the burial-place of the great benefactor of the church. The critics, however, present two objections. "It is well known," they say, "that the younger Canynges *had no 'arms'*; no record exists of his having used any device other

than his merchant's mark" (a heart with the initials W.C.), "therefore the 'three negroes' heads' on the wall of the recess prove nothing." It is, however, equally well known that such were the FAMILY arms, and that they were used by William's elder brother Thomas (ancestor of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Canning, the Prime Minister) when Lord Mayor of London; and, although William Canynges may not himself have used them, it is not at all improbable that some relative or *confrère*, desirous to do him honour, and to ensure the identification of his place of sepulchre, had them painted within the recess. The arms on the altar-tomb may have been added in Elizabeth's reign, the following entry occurring in the parish register: "1585. Item paide to the painter for gilding and trimming of Mr. Cannings' tomb, iijs. iiijd." The paintings in the recess were not executed at the same time, or they would have been accounted for; the colouring also is different, "*gules*" being used instead of "*argent*."

The other objection advanced is that the situation of the recess does not accord with Canynges' will, the passage quoted being: "in loco quem construi feci in parte australi ejusdem ecclesie juxta altare Sancte Catherine." This the late Canon Norris, who asserts that Canynges lies buried beneath the "alabaster effigy in the south transept," translates, "in the *vault* that I have had constructed," &c., which, besides being incorrect, begs the whole question, "vault" signifying an *underground* chamber, whereas "place" may be anywhere, above or below ground. But, granted that the remains in the westerly recess are those of Canynges' wife, the force of the latter objection in a great measure disappears, as his body lies midway between her tomb and the "altar of St. Catherine."

Finally, if the skeletons discovered are not those of the Canynges, whose are they? No other personages of note whatever are anywhere recorded as having been buried in the "south side" of the church.

The Canynges "burial question," however, was not the only one which, for a time, considerably exercised the minds of those interested in St. Mary Redcliffe; another evoked even greater controversy, that connected with the

Remains of Chatterton.

"Had the body of the poet been in very truth brought from London and secretly interred in Redcliffe Churchyard?" as was so positively asserted by Mrs. Edkins. (See "Notes and Queries," Second Series, vol. iv.) That it had been was strongly believed by Mr. [illegible]

Cottle and others, including the senior churchwarden, Mr. Hare; and in order, if possible, to settle the question, the latter directed a careful examination to be made of the grave of the Chatterton family and others near to it. This was accordingly done; but with no result—except the placing, by himself, of a new slab upon the Chatterton grave. The controversy remained where it was; to have settled it would have necessitated digging up the whole churchyard!

Mr. Hare further testified his admiration of the boy-poet by stirring up the vestry to allow of the removal of the Chatterton monument from the crypt, where it had long lain, neglected and decaying, to its present site in the churchyard; himself and his co-warden, Mr. Proctor, defraying the cost. Many years, however, elapsed before he obtained permission from the then vicar, Archdeacon Norris, to place the inscription upon it.

Mr. Hare possesses an extensive collection of Chattertonian manuscripts and mementos of the poet, one of the most valued being the pocket-book, found with the empty phial beside his bed.

Next to the Canynges and Chatterton relics, the most interesting memorials in Redcliffe Church are those of

Admiral Sir William Penn.

Yet probably few of the many thousands who yearly visit the stately edifice know anything of his history, still less of his connection with Bristol, and of the imposing ceremonials which preceded and accompanied his interment.

Who among them has pictured the ancient Guildhall in the year of grace 1670, with its sombre draperies and gleaming tapers grouped around the massive coffin which enshrouded the war-worn frame of one of England's heroes, and bore upon its sweeping pall and drooping pennons the coat of mail, and helm, and sword which had seen the crash and onset of many a hard-won fight? Who among them has looked down in imagination from the windows of the old gabled house in Redcliffe Street (the only one of that date now remaining), and watched the solemn *cortège* as, to the strains of martial music, it wound slowly through the thronging crowds towards the steep ascent; the train-bands of the city in advance, the emblazoned pennons (still extant, though reduced to tattered fragments) floating on the October breeze, the shield and armour borne aloft; then, drawn by six black horses, the coffin itself, with, at its head, the three flags—red, blue, white—the insignia of the squadrons which its silent tenant had led to victory?

It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to recall some of the less

known incidents connected with this ancient Bristolian, who was laid to rest with such solemn pomp and pageantry.

The father of Sir William Penn, Giles Penn of Minety, Gloucestershire, was a captain in the merchant navy, who towards the close of the sixteenth century settled in Bristol, engaging extensively in trade. It was owing to his earnest representation to Government that the coast of England was rid of the piratical hordes of Turks and Moors, who made frequent raids upon Bristol and the western ports, and carried away men, women, and children, besides "ships and goods."

William Penn was baptized at St. Thomas's Church, near to St. Mary Redcliffe, April 23, 1621. He early took to the sea, and, passing into the Royal Navy, rose rapidly. Strangely enough, his first vessel, the *Fellowship*, belonged to his native city. The Bristol merchants had handed her over to the Cavaliers, who were employing her to convey goods and valuables to Holland, when she was captured by the Parliament and given to Penn.

Soon after receiving his commission Penn found time to run over to Rotterdam and claim his bride, a pretty, merry-witted Dutch girl, Margaret Jasper, to whom he had become engaged on a previous visit. The only surviving son of this union was William, afterwards the famous Quaker, born at Tower Hill, 1644.

Penn's subsequent career is well known to readers of history. How, in the Dutch wars, he led his squadrons again and again to victory; how he and Venables suffered signal defeat at St. Domingo, chiefly through sickness and scarcity of provisions; how, to wipe out the disgrace, he attacked and captured Jamaica, "the flower of the Indies"; how he was temporarily committed to the Tower for doing so "without leave"! How on the death of Cromwell he helped to bring Charles II. back to England; how he was knighted for the same, then made Admiral of Ireland, &c.; and on the breaking out of the second Dutch war, 1664, appointed "Great Captain Commander" under the Duke of York, the fleet owing the splendid victory that followed chiefly to his abilities, as the other commanders, Sandwich and Prince Rupert, were unacquainted with naval warfare.

For this latter service Penn would have been raised to the peerage as Lord Weymouth, but his son becoming a Quaker rendered such honour valueless, and Pennsylvania was afterwards granted to (the younger Penn) in lieu thereof; the terms of the charter h direct reference to "the memory and merits of Sir William P divers services, and particularly his conduct, in that signal victory obtained against the Du

of York also surrendered his title to the adjoining territory of Delaware, "out of a special regard to the memory and many faithful services performed by the said Sir William Penn."

Few men have suffered more from calumny than Admiral Penn. He has been termed hypocrite, turn-coat, place-hunter, money-grubber, and what not; but as his chief detractors, Clarendon and Pepys (Hepworth Dixon's chief authorities) were, on the testimony of Hume and their own confessions, his bitter enemies, we may be pardoned for preferring to judge him from his life, as revealed in his diary and correspondence, and in the records of those who knew him intimately in public, family, and social intercourse. For these we are principally indebted to Granville Penn's "Memorials."

"In politics," he says, "Penn was a Parliamentarian Royalist," and, as such, disapproved of either King or Protector grasping supreme power; but, in common with all sailors, he left politics on land to take care of themselves while he upheld the honour of his country against the foe at sea. That he did this with unceasing vigilance and ability, and in no grasping, self-seeking spirit, is evident from the cordial recognition of his services by whichever party was in power, and by the fact that, so far from enriching himself by plunder, he served many years for no pay at all, and died a creditor on his country for £12,000. In a letter to his father, when pressed to give up his command and to engage in commerce, he early struck the keynote of his service: 'Nor do I serve the State,' he says, 'in hope of gain; gold to me in this is dirt; 'tis the goodness of the cause that hath put me on, and nothing whatsoever shall take me off from the service I have so cordially embraced.'"

And here I cannot resist giving a quotation from Pepys's diary, disproving, by his own words, this charge of avarice against Penn. He writes (the italics are mine): "Sir William Hooker did cry out mightily against Sir William Penn for his getting such an estate, and giving £15,000 with his daughter, *which is more by half than ever he did give; but this the world believes, and so it may.*"

Although, sailor-like, Penn "loved a prank and joke," his private life seems to have been singularly free from those gross vices so prevalent under the second Charles. Even Pepys's spite and keen scent for slander were unable to bring any worse failing against him than the (in those days) almost universal one of an occasional indulgence in too much wine. His alleged "persecution" of his son on the latter's change of faith has been grossly exaggerated; for, although greatly hurt and disappointed, even to temporarily banishing him from home—and naturally, for, like Sir Walter Scott,

his ambition was to found a family, and sit a peer among his fellows, all of which he was obliged to forego through what then appeared to him his son's contumacious folly—yet his letters to him during that trying time contain only one passage expressive of offence. "If," he writes, "you are ordained to be another cross to me, God's will be done, and I shall arm myself the best way I can against it." When, however, he became convinced that the cause of offence he had received consisted in "a combination of qualities of the highest excellence, and that he was met by filial affection strong as his paternal," he gave in; shortly before his death uttering the following singular conviction: "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching and living, you will make an end of priests to the end of the world."

As for himself, however, he died as he had lived, a member of the Reformed Church of England. And that his religion was more than the mere outward profession so prevalent in those days, that it entered, indeed, into the simplest details of life, his diaries and letters, no less than his last charge to his son, abundantly prove. The latter he exhorts to follow all those things that will speak him a "Christian and a gentleman," to "shun all manner of evil," and to "let nothing in the world tempt him to wrong his conscience."

Philip Gibson, Purser-General, thus describes him when writing to the younger Penn: "Your honoured father was fair-haired, of a comely round visage, a mild-spoken man, no scoffer, no flatterer; easy of access, so as no person went from him discontented. . . . He had great influence both under King and Parliament, but presented no man for preferment except upon merit."

Such was the manner of man whom his fellow-citizens delighted to honour, and whose memorials form one of the attractions of St. Mary Redcliffe. In his will he expressly desired to be buried in that church as near his "dear mother, who lies there interred, as conveniently may." His body was accordingly brought from London to Bristol, where it was met outside the city and conducted to the Guildhall, and from thence, as described, to its last resting-place in the south aisle of the church, beneath a massive stone bearing his arms and motto, "*Dum clavum teneam*" (while I hold the helm); though whether with, or beside, his mother cannot now be ascertained, no record of her interment existing. He further enjoined that "there shall be erected as near unto the place where my body shall be buried as the same can contrive, a handsome and decent tomb, to remain as a monument *as well for my said mother as for myself.*" This last injunction seems to have been complied with, but the

has been directly contravened, the march of improvement having put the length of the church between the "monument" (a large mural tablet) and the body of him whose prowess and virtues it records. Neither were his remains destined to rest undisturbed, for, after having lain entombed for over two hundred years, they were again exposed to the light of day; not, as the worthy verger's legend states, by the workman's careless pick or shovel, but in pursuance of an order of State.

On September 22, 1845, the body of Granville Penn, a descendant of Sir William, and writer of the "Memorials," was brought from Stoke Pogis to be interred with the relative whose memory he so revered. Upon opening the vault, it was found necessary to repair the coffin enclosing the Admiral's body, to admit of the superincumbent weight, the outer mahogany coffin and inner shell being much decayed, while the leaden one was burst at the side and corroded in several places. They were accordingly raised to the surface, the little knot of privileged spectators pressing eagerly around. But when the heavy leaden covering was lifted they started back with exclamations of awe and wonder. For there before them lay no grim and ghastly skeleton, no illusive semblance of humanity crumbling to dust as they gazed, but the veritable body of the Admiral, unstirred, intact as on the day when, amid thronging thousands, it was borne from the ancient Guildhall and laid to rest there! The eyes were closed, the fair hair framed the broad, round brow and covered lip and chin; the hands and feet were bare, the shapely nails perfect as in life. In colour only was there a difference; the pitch or tar with which the swathing sere-cloth was impregnated having, in the lapse of time, toned the whole to a dark brown.

Such is the account of the opening of Admiral Penn's tomb, as given by Mr. Hare, who was an eye-witness of the scene, and who made a rough sketch of the body while it was exposed to view; the story, which for many years was told in all good faith, of some workmen breaking into the vault and the body crumbling to dust, being simply a myth, originating probably in the discovery of other bodies in and near the church, which upon exposure did vanish as described.

ELIZABETH HODGES.

OUT WITH THE OLD PILGRIMS.

WHEN the ecclesiastical chronicles of the Middle Ages come adequately to be written, they will contain no more interesting pages, we can answer for it, than those which will be concerned with the subject of shrines and pilgrimages. The theme is one which, so far as we are aware, has never yet found a competent historian; and in the absence of a calm, dispassionate survey of it, the general impression reigns that the pilgrimages, one and all, partook of a strictly religious character; that those persons of whom they were composed were pre-eminently distinguished for their piety and devotion; that they were placed under the especial oversight and regulation of the Church; and that the causes of true godliness and of virtue, both at home and abroad, were promoted to no inconsiderable extent by their agency. It will be the object of the following pages to show to what extent these conceptions are unfounded, and to discuss the subject in its broad aspect, and as briefly as its nature will permit.

It is undeniable that the pilgrimages of the Middle Ages served in some respects as a valuable medium of instruction to a people hidebound in the shackles of ignorance and of superstition. Yet it must be remembered that this was chiefly with regard to the foreign pilgrimages to Rome, to Jerusalem, to Loretto, to Compostella, and other spots, and, so far, we cordially concur in the opinion of that great man who said that in times when men were scarcely ever induced to travel by liberal curiosity or by the pursuit of gain, it was better that the rude inhabitant of the North should visit Italy and the East as a pilgrim than that he should never see anything but those squalid cabins and uncleared roads amidst which he was born and reared. Against the abuses of "pilgrimage," as the practice of visiting the temples of renown and other sanctified spots was termed, some of the early Fathers and doctors of Holy Church inveighed and fulminated in no uncertain tones. The state of Christendom was, however, too corrupt in the post-Nicene age to admit of any reform in this direction. With the wisdom of the serpent an

the harmlessness of the dove duly combined, the Church converted the practice into a sort of ecclesiastical penance or gentle discipline. To undertake a journey for the sake of religion became in process of time what John Wolcot rather coarsely, but we fear, with only too much truth, described as,

> A nostrum famous in old Popish times
> For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;
> A sort of Apostolic salt
> That Popish parsons for its powers exalt
> For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
> Just as the kitchen salt keeps meat.

Year by year, until the Reformation effectually checked their progress, the ranks of the pilgrims were swelled by an immense mixed multitude which no man could number, all intent on what our American cousins would term "doing" the Continent or their native land in this way. It was something to boast of to one's sisters, uncles, and aunts; something to dwell upon, to ring the changes upon, to make capital out of. The pilgrim found himself an object of interest and attention. He had been where others had not been; he had seen what others had not seen. He could tell what others were incapable of telling, and quote the familiar Virgilian words, "Quæque ipse vidi, et quorum pars magna fui," with a gusto worthy of the pious Æneas himself. His very form was invested with some of the sanctity which invested the places he had seen, the spots his feet had trodden. No wonder then that the giddy and unthinking portion of the community hastened to do him honour whenever it got the chance.

In the era which immediately preceded the era of the Crusades the goal of the pilgrim was usually Jerusalem, and that for obvious reasons. Jerusalem, according to the confused geography of that age, was not only the centre of the world, not only a city that was the joy of the whole earth and at unity in itself, but the city where the Lord was slain, and the joy of the whole earth. No devout Jew ever reverenced its earth, or took greater pity upon its stones, than did the pilgrims who went from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, to gaze upon the Holy Sepulchre, just as devout followers of the False Prophet repair nowadays to the Kaaba at Mecca. "The roads," says the historian Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "were covered with multitudes of either sex and of every rank, who professed their contempt of life so soon as they should have kissed the tomb of their Redeemer. Princes and prelates abandoned the care of their dominions; and the numbers of these pious caravans were a prelude to the armies

which marched in the ensuing age under the banner of the Cross." So late as the year 1524 Wynkyn de Worde printed a book called "The Information for Pilgrims unto the Holy Land." The book contained a table of routes and distances measured by the league and the mile to every important shrine. It contained also a statement of the change of money for England to Rome and Venice. The compiler of this ecclesiastical Murray or Baedeker was kind enough to give the intending tourist very valuable information respecting the stock of provisions, the best ways of travelling, steamers, diligences, and railways being all uncontemplated; how to contract with the masters of vessels, what havens to touch at between Venice and Jaffa, an itinerary of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the sacred spots near at hand worthy of a visit, and among these the Mounts of Olives and Zion, the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Siloam, with Bethlehem, Bethany, Nazareth, and the Jordan, as may be supposed, figure very prominently.

Some of the old pilgrims were historians, or, rather, diarists, and wrote brief and simple accounts of their various trips on the "Continong." These have come down to us, and make very curious reading, especially at a time like the present, when so many readers, satiated, it would seem, with the rich indigestible delicacies of to-day, are ever ready to turn with avidity to the potted meats of the days of old. One such narrative, a very interesting one, too, in its way, was compiled by a certain nameless Christian of Bordeaux. He, in the year 333, when Rome was not yet shorn of all her ancient glory, and just before Byzantine changed its name to Constantinople, passed through both, and many another splendid city of the far East, and finally reached the soil of Palestine. Paula, a Christian woman, a friend, too, by the way, of Saint Jerome and St. Antoninus, made the same trip at a later date. It was, however, the Saxon Arculf who first told our own forefathers something about Oriental customs and Oriental people. Arculf saw Jerusalem as it was at the close of the seventh or the beginning of the eighth century. Doubtless the recital of what he had heard and seen fired others with a desire to go and do likewise in "that sweet land over the sea," as a gentle pilgrim once styled the Holy Land. About twenty years afterwards three of Arculf's countrymen—a father and two sons—followed his example. They were Richard, Willibald, and Wunebald, all of whom the Romish Church has honoured with canonisation. The annals of these trips were composed by a lady, and this at a time when even ladies of rank could not often scrawl their own names, and, indeed, were not expected to—"the New Woman" and her

gentle ways having not yet invaded the community—deserves honourable mention. Those who are learned in lore of this kind do not hesitate to make this good lady an inmate of the convent of Heidenheim, one of those which St. Boniface founded. In her "forewords," if we may venture to employ such a term, the writer speaks of Willibald as a relation, and says that he was her master. The pilgrims, we are told, embarked on a ship at Hammelea, which some have identified with Southampton, landed at the mouth of the Seine, and journeyed thence across the Alps to Lucca, of oily notoriety since their time. At Lucca, worn out with fatigue, the father died, and was buried in the church there. His sons, like brave pilgrims, held on their way through fruitful plains, and across snowy mountains and fair valleys, until at length they arrived at Rome. St. Peter's was visited, and they were told that when the city of Catanea was threatened by Etna's fires, the citizens took the veil of St. Agatha, and putting it on the fire, caused it to cease. After suffering imprisonment as spies by the Saracens at Emessa they went to Damascus, thence to Galilee, Nazareth, and Cana, where they saw in the church one of the water-pots which the Lord had commanded to be filled with water. Mount Tabor, Tiberias, and Capernaum were passed in rapid succession. A halt was made at Bethlehem, and another at Chorazin. The Bishop bathed in the Jordan, and saw the twelve stones which the children of Israel took out of the stream. After devotions there, they proceeded through Jericho to Jerusalem, where they saw the Church of Calvary built by the Empress Helena, and three wooden crosses in front of the eastern court, and the garden and the sepulchre. Here Willibald fell ill, and recovered only in the week of the Nativity, when he set forth to see the remaining wonders of Jerusalem—Solomon's porch, the fish-pond, where the sick lay waiting, the great pillar before the gate of the city, and what not besides. The valley of Jehoshaphat, the Mount of Olives, and the Mount of Ascension were all inspected. Then came the places where the angels appeared to the shepherds, and then Bethlehem with its grand church. After visiting other sacred places, being nearly devoured by a lion, and falling among thieves, the pilgrims got to Tyre, where they took ship for Constantinople. Here they remained two years, and eventually left for Germany, where they endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, assisted by St. Boniface, to convert the Pagans to the Christian faith. All honour to them, let us say!

We have now to introduce the reader to some of the most favoured haunts of the pilgrims in this country, which did not fall

behind other countries as regards the extent and the number of its shrines, for they were not more common than silver was in the days of Solomon.

Pilgrimage in those times, it has been truly said, was something more than an all-pervading passion; it was an essential phase of human existence. Had the entire population been arranged into two large sections it would have been found that the one included monks and pilgrims, those who made only one vow of perpetual schism, and those who made repeated vows either of frequent or of perpetual wayfaring. In the second of these two companies, every rank of the laity, from the monarch on his throne to the beggar on the highway, every rank of the sacerdotal order, from the archbishop at Lambeth to the poor scholar at Oxford or Cambridge, was numbered. The monastic orders furnished many pilgrims. A recluse, tired of seclusion, experienced no difficulty in procuring a term of temporary freedom, and his pilgrim's vow being of a more arduous and consequently of a more meritorious character, deleted the vow which he had made to the cloister. Thus for centuries one of the greatest handmaids of the religious enthusiasm of England was the pilgrimage.

When ecclesiastical reformers began to look into ecclesiastical abuses, and to ask the why of this and the wherefore of that, we may be morally certain that pilgrimages did not escape their keen scrutiny. In 1407 one William Thorpe, a reformer before his time, was accused by Archbishop Arundel of having affirmed what was no doubt perfectly true, that "those men and women who go on pilgrimage to Canterbury, to Beverley, to Walsingham, and to any other places are accursed and made foolish, spending their goods in waste." Naturally enough, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom sneers were recognised as arguments, sniffed heresy in all this, and he did not hesitate to say so. The outspoken Churchman was therefore summoned before a council, was tried and examined. Were those really his sentiments? Certainly. "For examine," continued he, "whosoever will, twenty of these pilgrims, and he shall not find the men or women that know surely a commandment of God, nor can say even a Pater-noster and Ave Maria, nor their Credo readily, in any manner of language. The cause why that many men and women go hither and thither now on pilgrimages is more for the health of their bodies than of their souls; more to have riches and property of this world than to be enriched with virtues in their souls; more to have here worldly and fleshly friendship than friendship of God and of His saints in heaven." Willia

seems, was thoroughly imbued with the sentiments of Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Bazite, of the kindred of Ram, and evidently thought with him that "Great men are not always wise." "I know," he continued, unabashed, even in the presence of the Primate of all England, "that when divers women and men will go thus after their own wills, and finding out one pilgrimage, they will ordain with them before to have with them both men and women that can well sing wanton songs, and some other pilgrims will have their bagpipes; so that every town they come through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking out of dogs after them, they make more noise than if the King came there away with all his clarions and many other minstrels." This was quite enough for the Lord Archbishop. That meek and unaffected grace which we are assured characterised the Vicar of Wakefield during his ministrations was invisible now, even if the archbishop's visage had ever worn it. Rank heresy of this kind, he felt, must be repressed. "Lewd wâsel," he burst out, in a manner very unbecoming a right reverend father in God, "thou seest not far enough in this matter. I say to thee that it is right well done that pilgrims have with them both singers and also pipers, that when one of them that goeth barefoot striketh his toe upon a stone and hurteth him sore, and maketh him to bleed, it is well done that he or his fellow begin then a song, or else take out of his bosom a bagpipe, for to drive away with such mirth the hurt of his fellow. For with such solace the travel and weariness of pilgrims is lightly and merrily brought forth." So cocksure an argument naturally enough silenced the obstinate reformer, who retired crest-fallen from the archbishop's presence. What became of Thorpe, whose mental soil it is clear was not mortgaged beyond redemption, the records do not say. We are inclined to wonder what the good man would have said could he have been privileged to open the Earl of Northumberland's household book, and have scrutinised items such as the following:—"My lord useth yearly to send afore Michaelmas for his lordship's offering to our Lady of Walsingham, 4*d.* *Item*: My lord useth and accustometh to send yearly for the upholding of the light of wax, which his lordship findeth, burning yearly before our Lady of Walsingham, containing eleven pounds of wax in it after, 7*d.* *Ob.*: For the finding of every pound ready wrought by a covenant made with the channon by great, for the whole year, for the finding of the said light burning, 6*s.* 8*d.*" He would have stood abashed and dumb, without doubt, before entries of this description.

The period between the age of the Crusades and the Reformation

represents the palmy epoch of the pilgrimages. Indeed, in the number of what have been termed domestic shrines, England was far in advance of every other European country. In Norfolk, to cite a single example, there were as many as thirty-eight, and Erasmus asserts that to one of these, the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham, every Englishman who was loyal to his church never omitted annually to turn his steps.

Leaving out of view all the numerous shrines of the Continent to which English pilgrims found their way, we may observe that in this country the pilgrimages were of three kinds. These three we may roughly classify in the following order:—Pilgrimages of penance or devotion; pilgrimages to medicinal or healing shrines; various pilgrimages for the benefit of the soul.

The news of the assassination of St. Thomas à Becket created a profound sensation throughout England in the twelfth century. The belief became widespread that he was nothing short of a martyr, and that miracles would be wrought at his tomb. The vengeance of heaven, it was said, while it overtook his murderers, would vindicate his piety by healing the bodies of all who repaired to his shrine. Hardly had the earth closed over his coffin before tribes of persons in every rank of life resorted to Canterbury to be made whole. The spot became a British Lourdes, a sort of English Bethesda. Marvellous tales of healing and recovery were published far and wide. The lame walked, the blind saw, the sick were healed. As yet there were neither Voltaires, Renans, Strausses, nor Zolas. Gerraso, the monk, narrates many cases at length in his gossiping chronicles. The Pope, as was meet, was soon apprised of what was happening by courier after courier, and at length, in response to the prayers of the Faithful, acceded to their request by exalting Thomas of Canterbury into a tutelary saint for the benediction and the protection of Magna Britannia. Henceforward he figured in the Anglican calendar on the 29th day of December, the day, of course, on which he fell by the assassin's hand. It was not long before the shrine of St. Thomas, in consequence of the oblations which the pilgrims presented to it, became one of the richest, if not the very richest, in all England. Philip, Count of Flanders, met our Henry II. at Canterbury in 1177, and in the month of June of the following year the King paid the shrine the compliment of a second visit on his return from Normandy. In the following month the shrine received a visit from William, Archbishop of Rheims. The prelate, we are told, was accompanied by a great and imposing retinue, and was honourably received by the King of England.

August 23, 1179, Louis VII., the King of France, arrived at Canterbury along with Henry II., and a great and brilliant train, comprising the nobility of both nations. "The oblations of gold and silver," we are told, "made by the French were incredible. The French king came in manner and habit of a pilgrim; was conducted to the tomb of St. Thomas in solemn procession, where he offered his cup of gold, and a royal precious stone with a yearly rent of one hundred muids, or hogsheads, of wine for ever to the convent, confirming the grant by royal charter under his seal delivered in form." For about two hundred years or more after this date there was no diminution in the number of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas, and a contemporary poet, of the drivelling order, we fear, noted that they came

> Especially from every shire's end
> Of Engle-land to Canterbury they wend,
> The holy, blissful martyr for to seek,
> That them hath holpen when that they were sick.

Indeed, the multiplicity of the gifts and offerings was such as to give the shrine as much an advertisement for its riches as a renown for its sanctity. Erasmus, who visited it in the year 1510, says that "a coffin of wood which covered the coffin of gold was drawn up in ropes and pulleys, and then an invaluable treasure presented itself. Gold was the meanest thing to be seen there; all shone and glittered with the rarest and most precious jewels of an extraordinary bigness; some were larger than the egg of a goose." Erasmus adds that when this resplendent show was exposed to the vulgar gaze, the prior of the cathedral took a white wand and touched every jewel, explaining what it was, its French name, and the value, and the donor of it, for the majority of them had been given either by kings or by wealthy and powerful nobles. There was an end of all this Madame Tussaud's show when Bluff King Hal had decreed the spoliation of the monasteries. Down came the commissioners of Vicar-General Cromwell, and so well did they execute their orders, that two huge coffers were crammed with valuables, each requiring eight stout fellows to carry it. In September 1538 the bones of the saint were exposed to the light of day, and dismantled of the gold and its jewels with which they had been so lavishly decked, in the presence of a vast concourse of interested spectators. By way of retribution for the scanty regard which during his lifetime Becket had displayed for the royal prerogative, a mock trial was held over his bones, after which they were burnt to ashes. All the wealth of the shrine was declared to be forfeited to the Crown. Several deluded persons in

certain parts, by opposing the wholesale pillage, exposed themselves to the utmost rigour of the penal statutes, and suffered accordingly. Most people found it the wisest policy to hold their tongues. Let us suppose that we are undertaking to accompany a band of pilgrims, not unlike those with whom Geoffrey Chaucer set out on that memorable expedition to Canterbury from the Tabard in Southwark. Let us suppose, too, that those who comprised this band have arranged, like good children of Holy Church, to visit in turn each shrine of the northern and eastern counties of England that is worthy of a visit. It is the year of grace 1510, Henry VII. is seated on the throne. Warham occupies the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, Fox that of York. The country is as unlike that in which we now live as can well be conceived. Our pilgrims must be prepared for any dangers of the road, for the face of the country is widely different from what it is to-day. Vast tracts lay waste and fallow. The rights of forest were strictly maintained, and more than a half of what is now arable and pasture was unenclosed. Numerous animals, now as extinct as the dodo, were then seen by the English pilgrim. Fen eagles lived in numbers undisturbed along the lonely coasts of Norfolk; red deer browsed in herds in all the sequestered districts of Devonshire, of Gloucestershire, and of Hampshire, and huge bustards were hunted by means of greyhounds on every down, from Lizard Point to Flamborough Head. Prodigious flocks of cranes still wandered through the fen districts of the counties of Cambridge and of Lincoln. Wild boars and wolves might still be encountered in the solitary wastes of the north, and the fox made his den in every available spot. Great part of the land was wood, fen, now heath on both sides, now marsh on both sides. The roads were nothing more than tracks, into which it was difficult to get in, and from which, when once in, it was still more difficult to get out. Nor was travelling unattended by danger. No man travelled by road without a sword or some such weapon. Even ministers of religion were forced to carry a dagger or a hanger, while many bore a case of dags or pistols at his saddle-bow. The roads were crowded with pikemen who often bore doubtful characters, and were generally in league with the tapsters and hostlers of the many inns with which the country abounded. A favourite trick on the part of these functionaries was to examine the contents of the capcases or budgets of the horsemen who alighted to take their ease in their inn, and to pass on the word to the highwaymen, who seldom or never failed to stop and release them of all valuables on the following day. Travellers were rarely robbed in the inns, but they were constantly plundered

of all that they had, when they had not got far from them, on information obligingly communicated by mine host and his servants.

In the times of which we are speaking the people of England were becoming more and more luxurious in their manner of living. At that period the intercourse between the different States of Europe had become considerable, and the fame of the Italian architects was a subject of deep interest. Our pilgrims will not attire themselves in long coarse russet gowns with large sleeves—in some cases patched with crosses—nor with their shoulders or their loins begirded with leather belts, from which a bowl and a bag will be suspended. This mode of attire was affected only by foreign pilgrims, and those who had voluntarily undertaken to visit some particular shrine and for a particular purpose. In general, pilgrims brought forth their best robes and put them upon them, and killed the fatted calf previous to their departure. This is sufficiently evident from the description of the pilgrims in the "Canterbury Tales." None were attired save in their gaudiest clothes. None exhibited any distinctive sign of their profession, either in appearance or in manner. None had put peas into their shoes like the pilgrims to Loretto, immortalised by Peter Pindar. It was to be a very pleasant excursion. Content to atone for their sins by the object of their mission, the devotees considered it quite superfluous to preserve any strict religious demeanour, or to impose any restraints upon themselves by the way.

A word or two may be said at this point about the bourdon, or staff, with which each pilgrim was equipped. The bourdon took the form of a strong stout stick about five feet in height, with a spiked foot, which assisted its bearer in making his way up or down rocky and perilous ascents. Less than a foot from the top was a handle, which facilitated a powerful grasp, or enabled the pilgrim to pluck any fruit to which he took a fancy growing on the trees by the wayside or in the fields; half-way down the bourdon was a joint; this joint unscrewed and showed the upper half hollowed, as a sort of receptacle for valuables. Into this were put all relics which the pilgrim bought at the shrines. Holinshed tells us that it was in the staff of a pilgrim that the first head of saffron was transported from Greece, at a time when the transporter might for such an offence have forfeited his life. That head was brought to Saffron Walden monastery in Essex, the monks of which must for ever have showered benisons upon the venturesome pilgrim who presented it to them, for great were the benefits which they reaped by planting it, gathering it, using it in their refectory, and selling it to all who wished to have it. In the like manner a solitary silkworm found its way into

Southern Europe, and was a wondrous means of benefiting the quiet Italian dalesfolk. Upon a hook near the top of the pilgrim's staff a water-bottle was suspended, and a hollow globe gave the *coup de grâce* to the whole. The pilgrim's return was denoted by a bunch of palm, which was tied round the head of the bourdon, the leaves being, of course, the guerdon of his enterprise, giving the name of Palmer to the tribe.

Of our pilgrim band some will walk, others will ride on horseback. Leaving London, they will pursue their way through Chelmsford, through the leafy lanes and the quiet meadows of Suffolk, and finally halt at Walsingham. The object of attraction at Walsingham was the most remarkable image of the Virgin Mary which England could show, and was no small source of revenue to a priory of Augustinian canons. The miraculous image stood in a chapel. The great mediæval scholar Desiderius Erasmus visited this shrine in 1510, and in his work entitled "Peregrinatio Religionis ergo" he has given some curious information respecting it. The pilgrims, he tells us, entered the sacred precincts by means of a low narrow wicket. This wicket had been purposely made a difficult one to pass, in order to prevent the robberies which were continually committed at the shrine by pilgrims whose real pretensions to saintliness could not have been very great. On the gate in which the wicket opened was nailed a copper image of a knight on horseback, his miraculous preservation on the spot by the Virgin, as none of our readers will be surprised to hear, being one of the pleasant monkish fictions of the spot. Within, to the east of the gate, the pilgrims were allowed for a trifling sum to press with their lips the finger-bone of St. Peter, a bone greatly in excess of the size of that which the apostle possessed in life. Having discharged this duty, he was conducted to a building thatched with reeds and straw. Herein were enclosed two wells which were highly efficacious in the cure of dyspepsia and headache. In certain conditions, moreover, whatever votaries wished for at the time they drank the waters of this well, they might expect to have. Bearing the superstitious character of the times in mind it will occasion no surprise to learn that the pilgrims to Walsingham fully credited what the lying monks told them, that the image had been transported through the air, in previous centuries, in a time of deep snow; and for proof of this astounding assertion the incredulous, if any such there were present, were bidden to direct their eyes to one of the beams upon which was nailed the skin of a bear. Having swallowed this, the pilgrim was permitted to enter the out
which, at the time that Erasmus visited Walsingham, was an

structure, the stormy winds from the neighbouring ocean blowing great guns through its open doors and windows. Herein stood the Chapel of the Virgin, which was a small building, constructed of wood and having a door on its opposite sides for the ingress and egress of pious visitors. The celebrated image of the Virgin stood within the chapel on the right of the altar. The chapel was redolent with perfumes, and was illuminated solely by tapers which dimly revealed the sacred image, which was surrounded by the jewels and gold of the shrine. A remarkable point about this figure was that it nodded to every pilgrim who came near it. It was customary for the pilgrim to kneel in devotion for a brief space on the steps of the altar, to leave there his offering and to take his departure. A priest who was stationed near pounced upon the offering, in order to prevent the next pilgrim from mistaking it for his own, overawed by the novelty of the situation. The second object of interest at Walsingham was the Virgin's milk, which was enclosed in crystal and set in a crucifix on the altar. It was exposed to view but not to touch. Erasmus tells us that the pilgrims kneeling on the steps of the altar kissed the relic. The priest then held out a board to receive their offerings, the board resembling that on which toll was received at the foot of a bridge. Erasmus sarcastically observes that the milk looked more like chalk mixed with the white of eggs, and that it was thick set. He was accompanied by an English friend, named Gratian Pullen, who, it would seem, had much more of the Positivist or Agnostic than of a devout Churchman in his composition. The fellow persisted in asking so many awkward questions that they nearly got into trouble among orthodox people, and it was as much as even Erasmus could do to restrain his spirit of inquiry within due bounds. "What is the evidence," pesteringly inquired this rash youth of the stern priestly guardian, "that this is indeed the 'true milk'?" after he had kissed it. There was an awful pause, whereupon the daring question was repeated. Then, astonished and ferocious at such impertinence, the priest demanded in thundering tones what the inscription said. Fearing lest the holy man might cast them forth as heretics to be trodden under foot of man like salt that has lost its savour, thèy were glad to mollify him with a gratuity, which, having soon brought his features again to their customary rigidity, not unlike that of a Westminster Abbey verger, they slunk out faster than they came in. Once out, however, the scepticism or the positivism of Gratian Pullen again asserted itself. "Where was this inscription?" inquired the irrepressible pilgrim. Black and nearly illegible with age it was at last discovered high up on one of the walls. Undaunted,

the pilgrims deciphered it, only to find, however, that the milk had been purchased in the tenth century by some old woman near Constantinople, who was assured by the vendor that it had come from where it had. In the Middle Ages this reason was considered conclusive. We are not told what became of Erasmus's companion, but we strongly suspect that he came to a bad end, like all young men who refuse to be guided by their superiors. In that age, as in this, it was a terrible thing when young men began to lose faith in established institutions. Henry VIII.'s unceremonious commissioners, in 1538, ruthlessly stripped the magnificent Walsingham shrine of all its treasures, and dissolved the religious house of which it was the glory and the well-spring. The wonder-working image, along with the kindred pious frauds of Ipswich, Worcester, and many others, were brought up to London, "with all the jewels that hung about them," and after being stripped were committed to the flames at Chelsea.

When he had seen all that there was to be seen at Walsingham, the pilgrim might go on to the church of the priory of St. Leonard, at Norwich, there to adore the image of the Virgin and that of King Henry VI., which had the merit of curing all kinds of diseases. Margaret Paston, writing to her husband on one occasion, tells him that her mother had raised an image of wax for his benefit and of his weight to the Lady of Walsingham, had sent four nobles to the four orders of friars at Norwich, and had vowed to undertake a pilgrimage to St. Leonard's shrine for him. From Norwich the pilgrim might press onward to see the arm of St. Philip, which was on view at Castle Acre, or the cross of Bromholm, mentioned by Chaucer, at Bromholm Priory; or the head of St. John the Baptist at Trimmingham; or the tomb of St. Walstan, unto whom "all mowers and scythe-followers" were accustomed to repair at Bawburgh, near Norwich; or the good sword of Winfarthing, in the village of that name.

Having exhausted Norfolk, the pilgrim might cross into fenny Lincolnshire, and glut his eyes with a sight of the tomb of Waltheof, in Crossland Abbey, whereunto not a few found their way. Next came Yorkshire and the archiepiscopal city, which boasted the shrine of St. William, an archbishop who died in 1154, where, within a silver reliquary, covered with jewels, was kept the saint's head. The shrine of St. Wilfrid, at Ripon, and the shrine of St. John, at Beverley, were the chief haunts of the pilgrim at this period in the county. Thro[illegible] Yorkshire the pilgrim might jog along to Durham, where [illegible] shrine of St. Cuthbert. Around the last resting-pl[illegible] man in the cathedral, the pilgrims went and can[illegible]

monotony. In the North of England St. Cuthbert's shrine had the pre-eminence. If it had a rival in all England, that rival was only St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury. What was St. Cuthbert's shrine? It was a sarcophagus of green marble. This sarcophagus was richly adorned with gilding, and supported the coffin, strongly bound with iron, that contained his remains. Near at hand was a chest for offerings and cupboards for the reception of relics. We gasp at the catalogue of these relics. Ages of faith, indeed! What with the veil and hair of the Magdalene, part of the rod of Moses, relics of St. Peter, pieces of the tree under which Abraham conversed with the angels, and bones of the victims of Herod, the shrine was a sort of ecclesiastical marine store. Teeth and bones of saints and martyrs reposed in rich profusion, side by side with a number of costly articles, which were snapped up by the Commissioners of Henry VIII. in 1540. One, we are told, was an image of the Virgin Mary, silver-gilt. Another was a cross of gold, set with precious stones, with a silver-gilt pedestal. A third was a silver-gilt cup, presented by the Countess of Kent. A fourth was an ivory casket, ornamented with gold and silver, and containing the gloves of St. Cuthbert, the gift of Richard de Birtley, a monk of Durham. Over St. Cuthbert's coffin was a movable canopy of wood, carved and adorned with gold and colour. On the anniversary of the saint's natal day, on certain festivals, and whenever an offering was made at the shrine, the canopy was drawn up by the ropes and pulleys which were attached to it for that purpose. Then the silver bells began to chime, and notified to all that a pilgrim was adoring it, or that some valuable relic had been deposited upon it.

Here we must pause, for our article is already too long. We had intended to say much more on our theme, but considerations of space forbid. We may only mention, in conclusion, that after a sort of winter sleep of something like three centuries, pilgrimages have been of late years revived by one ancient ecclesiastical body amongst us; and though the souls of the numerous devotees who have swelled their trains may have benefited but little by the process, it can hardly be denied that, like Ulysses of old, they have seen many cities, many people, and have been furnished with many opportunities eminently calculated to widen their mental horizon.

W. C. SYDNEY.

MEN ON A NEW SOUTH WALES STATION.

THROUGHOUT Australia one often hears a phrase which has almost passed into a Colonial proverb: "Here the Scotch have got all the land, the Irish all the billets, and the English anything that is left," and increasing experience only teaches us the truth of this proverb, more especially with reference to the Scot and his possessions. The squatter who can neither claim Scotland as his birthplace nor a Scotch name is rather a rare bird in that part of New South Wales of which we write.

In the earlier days of station life the squatter was almost like the chief of a clan: a clan, it is true, of very mixed blood and sympathies, but still linked together by the tie of common isolation from any centre of civilisation. But now the squatter's chiefdom has become very much a matter of form, while his whole manner of life has grown more economical, for nowadays squatting interests are much "cut up." The squatter himself is generally a fine fellow. In his manner of life there may perhaps be something peculiarly forceful of cheerfulness and independent self-reliance; for does he not spend much of his time in the saddle, enjoying a temperate climate and leading a life that corresponds, having too his anxieties and severe struggles, which his healthy routine prevents from taking a dyspeptic form? So, in an atmosphere of general cheerfulness, the old station hospitality lingers on in open-handed welcome for almost every man and beast. The squatters' guests come from all quarters and from all ranks. We have seen a bishop appear on the station's somewhat dimly-lighted spiritual horizon, during his lordship's tour through the vast territory which represents a diocese, and we have seen this pillar of the Church followed by an itinerant preacher, so little distinguished that his name was never known. But infinite in variety are the men with whom one comes in contact on a station, and as their careers have often been chequered and pursued over many lands, the *employés* are frequently true cosmopolitans, and general
tent with their somewhat Bohemian lot; while th

experiences make them often interesting, even profitable companions.

The men who are found on a station may be divided into two classes: those who have come to stay, and those who have come but to go. In the first class are they who have identified themselves with their employers' interests by becoming "selectors" under the Government Scheme; settling down on a certain number of acres which they have to clear in a given time and to cultivate in another period. As a matter of fact it is the squatters, as a rule, who take up these selections and select the selectors, often members of their own families, even young ladies in their teens rejoicing in the title of selectors. The squatter, of course, obtains these grants at a very low rental. The selector builds a house and sleeps in it a certain number of nights in the year, while a Government Inspector comes round to see that the law is being carried out; but this official seldom makes himself disagreeable. It will readily be seen that the *employé* who settles down on the land in this way becomes, though in a comparatively free and easy fashion, a sort of vassal to his squatter chief. Years ago those who selected, managed, by skilful evasion of the law, to flit from one selection to another: hence the disparaging nickname of "Cockatoo" by which they were known. But now they are generally hard-working and interested in their employers' welfare. Far otherwise is it with the second class, those restless nomads who seldom hold any billet more than two months. Variety is to them as the very breath of life, and they tire of everything, or at least anything that requires work. Men of this class frequently arrive at the station in an almost destitute state, after miles of weary bush tramping; then if they get a job and learn to be useful they think it is time to leave.

When men first turned their attention to the future of sheep in Australia they had to employ numbers of shepherds for their flocks and herds; the shepherds in many cases, and for many months of the year, leading lives of the greatest isolation. This system of shepherding necessitated a large staff, but a complete change occurred upon the introduction of wire fencing and the division of the land into fields or paddocks of some 10,000 acres, and the consequent careful inspection of the sheep, in place of a mounted retinue moving at great distances from headquarters. At present almost everyone employed comes within some touch of the home centre. In critical times all hands have terribly hard and anxious work, for ever and anon the dreaded decimating drought breathes sirocco-like over the pastoral plains, strewing the land of the Golden Fleece with

dying sheep and whitening skeletons. In these perilous days the squatter and his assistants must be men of strong nerve and ready resource; but the man who succeeds, either as owner or overseer, has generally a good share of that most serviceable of qualities—"grit."

It is little wonder that the man penned up in the same surroundings—with the same sheep and the same men—looks forward with keen and thirsty anticipation to the excursion to Sydney or Melbourne, and will often steadily save up for a year or more, and then start off on what he calls his "trip" to one of the great towns. If his ideas of pleasure be narrow and essentially of the earth—earthy, his pilgrimage does not extend so far; indeed, not further than the hotel of the nearest township, there to commence an orgie of dissipation which only ends with the disappearance of his cheque. He has often been known on reaching the hotel to hand over this cheque to the proprietor, with instructions to supply him with liquor so long as the money lasted, and then to commence his debauch. His stay, considering the amount lodged with Boniface, was sometimes comparatively short, and must have been profitable to all concerned except the consumer of the alcohol.

To the squatter "the trip" is often a thing of rational enjoyment; and to those who have been immured right away in "the back blocks," sunk out of civilisation, living on a menu in which salt beef is too frequently the *pièce de jour*, and where fish and fresh vegetables figure not at all, a few weeks in Sydney—Sydney full of gracious welcome and bewitching loveliness—are very delightful, there to enjoy to the full the mixture of strange faces, of old chums, and new dishes.

On a station men of all nations are encountered. We think that those from home are more numerous than Australians. Our friend the Scotchman of course is there, and nearly always he is in a position of responsibility; if not the squatter himself he is one of the overseers, and but rarely is he a hewer of wood and drawer of water. We frequently met specimens of the typical Irishman, the one who has carried to the Colonies his inborn hatred of labour, and who is—when not in possession of some sinecure post—generally found doing anything that the Scotchman is not. This Irishman often exhibits a surprising amount of condescension to his Colonial friends, whom he considers altogether inferior mortals to those who have had the privilege of birth in the "ould counthry." We remember listening to a discussion on the rival merits of Australia and home. The disputants were all Colonials but one—an Irishman.

The former spoke quietly, not unduly exaggerating the merits and advantages of their native land. They were listened to with ill-concealed scorn by Pat, who, seated on an upturned bucket, was blacking boots. At length he burst forth with his views and wound up by asking: "Ach, an what wid ye do at all if it wasn't for the likes of us comin' out to make yer counthry?" The question appeared unanswerable. Pat was always grumbling at his work, often at the new country, but never at the old.

A station is at its busiest during the shearing season, when the great wool crop is being gathered in. The reports of the coming harvest of the fleece and the preparations for the feeding and housing of the gentlemen of the shears are eagerly discussed; and sheep are even more talked than usual—for they could hardly be more eaten—by all the station. Shearing, in some parts of Australia, is going on all the year round. When finished in one colony it commences in another; so that many men who have been working in Queensland come on to New South Wales and Victoria. The shearer is, like all travelling Australians, a horseman, and he sometimes rides hundreds of miles on a good blood-like animal, while he probably leads a pack-horse, with such goods and chattels as are absolutely necessary, but of genuine household gods the shearer knows nothing. The general deportment of this class towards the rest of mankind is one of extreme independence, at times rising to heights of almost epic grandeur. The usual specimen is a tall, strong, bronzed fellow, whose manner and whole get-up—the latter crowned with the slouch sombrero—bespeak the thoroughly independent character, one full of strange oaths and terse expressions, the strong man whom Mr. Rudyard Kipling delights to honour.

A few years ago there was a great strike, which was watched with keenest interest by all pastoralists, for to them it was a matter of vital importance. The shearers had raised the standard of rebellion, and the battle raged for months over the question of the employment of union or non-union men. The squatters contended for the right of employing whom they wished, and in the end the squatters won. Each station has its shearing shed, with its rough wood buildings for the accommodation of the men, with kitchen and bakehouses, while all the rations are bought at the station store. The shearers have their own cook—indeed, he is their very own; for they make or mar his reputation as their fancies vary or digestions dictate. He is the most ephemeral of culinary artists, for at best his post can only be held for a few weeks. Many apply for the coveted position, as the *chef* who presides over the digestive destinies of so many stalwarts is

a well-paid individual, getting from £3 to £4 a week; but what is that when he recognises his ineffectual struggles to serve from forty to fifty critical masters, all bound together by one common tie—a strong desire to malign their own cook? Each candidate for the appointment comes armed with credentials, and probably has his own friends and chums amongst his prospective employers. The question is put to the vote, and, after a contested election, the successful one is installed; but most likely, suffering from a natural craving for alcohol and the ill-requited recognition of his abilities, soon flies to the nearest—even if it be many miles distant—"pub," and there drowns his sorrows and ends his short-lived reign. The shearers are, as befits their free open air life, mighty feeders, consuming such quantities of mutton as only "Prodigious" can describe, while huge batches of bread and all varieties of jams and pickles are despatched with machine-like regularity by these most eupeptic individuals. The drink of these valiant trenchermen is not in keeping with their food, for "alcohol" is forbidden at the shed, tea being practically the only drink, and it is "tea" of a strength undreamt of by the delicate consumer of that stimulant; it is drunk, preferably boiled, we are afraid, in large quantities and at every meal; while the differences that may arise between the tannin and the food never seem to trouble the dietetic barbarian who has swallowed all.

Until the last few years all the shearing in Australia was done by hand, but now the employment of machinery is almost universal, the actual shears being very similar to the horse-clipper used in this country. As many as 150 sheep have been shorn by one man with hand shears in a day of eight hours; but such a number probably means scamped work, and about eighty is a fair average. The men are paid at the rate of £1 per hundred sheep, and now with machines get through a greater "tally."

The shearing-shed presents a busy and interesting scene; the whirr of the machinery, the brawny fellows looking so unlike men who have any association with such things as steam and cunning mechanism; now the struggling, and now the quiescent sheep, the yolk-coloured fleeces falling "fast as leaves in Vallombrosa"; the shorn and the unshorn, emblems of the honoured and dishonoured, all around us, while the hurrying rouseabouts (shearers' assistants) are carrying their spoils to men, who, quickly sorting it, pass it on to the wool-classer, and he, with an expert's swift inspection, decides the quality and places it in its proper section, from which it is made up in large bales and forwarded to the great argosies that bear this rich Australian harvest away to Europe. Certainly shearing-time is

of bustle and interest to all. New faces and new types come into our lives; and when the last remnant of wool has been gathered and the last shearer has shouldered his swag and gone his way, a feeling of quietude, perhaps loss, settles down on the dwellers amid flocks and herds.

There is another body of men which is seldom without a few representatives on the station, eminently birds of passage—here to-day and gone to-morrow. These travellers are known as "sundowners," for it is at sundown they always appear on the scene of their probable night's lodging. They make inquiries for the "travellers' hut"—there are no tramps in Australia, merely travellers—and many of them must have made "the grand tour" of stations. They ask for rations, not in any whining, begging tone, but as their rightful due, and they receive their pound of flesh, always the ubiquitous sheep, flour, tea, and sugar. This giving of food and lodging is a tradition of the old station days, when it was absolutely necessary that unconsidered hospitality should be given to the wayfarers, and—as there were certain to be occasional scoundrels amongst them—it was dangerous to refuse succour, for many bush fires and other acts of incendiarism had their origin in refusals to give rations; but now in these more economical days there is often a strong disposition to kick against indiscriminate ration giving.

In the great colonial corps of sundowners, men from almost all nationalities are found. We have seen the coloured man cheek-by-jowl with a fair-haired Teuton—alas! quaffing "billy tea" instead of good Rhine wine. We have seen the Irishman, still mercurial, even debonair, in spite of his coming down to his present peripatetic profession, from those now distant days to which he alludes as the "rale good toimes." We have even seen him in company with a Scotchman; but few indeed are the Scots, either Highlanders or Lowlanders, who are found "sundowning."

These men go from station to station, ostensibly in search of work, but surprised and regretful when they find it. If they get employment they never retain it long. They rest a little, and walk off once more. We knew a squatter who, bent on getting something out of the sundowners, had built a huge heap of stones which they had to move to another spot before board and lodgings were forthcoming. We have heard that the proprietor of this great stone trick was troubled with comparatively few travellers. But some of the sundowners are really ashamed of their profession, which they have had to adopt from sheer necessity, and they are honest and hard-working when they can get work.

Many a man who receives his rations and his share of the travellers' hut has held high revels when his pile was in the mine that *must* turn out a Bonanza, but did not, and so he fell from part proprietor of something that should have been a "Broken Hill" to mere pedestrianism.

The student of human nature finds much to interest him in the *personnel* of this curiously recruited army; much to sadden him when he recognises those of life's broken wings; much to amuse him in the saucy independence of the sundowner, who is to the manner born, and who, if he were a minstrel as well as a wanderer, would ever sing a lay of idleness. As it is, he is the modern "knight of the road," asking, fortunately, not for your money or your life, but for rations and a bed. We remember one in a confidential moment saying he supposed "at home" we called such fellows as he tramps; we deprecated the harshness of the expression, but felt that it might contain some truth. We also endeavoured to show that Australia in the past has been much indebted to her explorers.

Truly those who spend a few months on a station see wondrous specimens of mankind, that drifting mankind which is full of waifs and strays, but which teaches the lesson of a broader, easier view of unsuccessful humanity.

HUGH HENRY.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green.
The Passionate Pilgrim.

THE ancient inhabitants of Mesopotamia, the cradle of the Semitic nations, which lies between the great rivers Euphrates and Tigris, used to worship a divinity named Ishtar. She was the goddess of fertility, the productive power of nature, and was identified by their astrologers with the planet Venus, the morning and evening star. Her temple stood at Uruk or Erech, a city on the Euphrates, whose foundation is ascribed in the book of Genesis to Nimrod, "the mighty hunter." The old Chaldæan records, inscribed with cuneiform or wedge-shaped characters on tablets of burnt clay, relate how Ishtar, daughter of the Moon-god, fell in love with the shepherd Dumuzi, son of Ea, "the lord of the waters," and Damkina, "the lady of the soil," as he fed his flocks beneath the mystic tree of Eridu, which covered the earth with its shade; how Dumuzi was wounded by a wild boar and died, and how Ishtar, distracted with grief, descended to the lower regions, and endeavoured to rescue her lover from the queen of the dead, and how she was instructed by the supreme God Ea to bathe him in pure water, anoint him with the most precious perfumes, clothe him in a robe of mourning, play to him sad airs on a crystal flute, while his priestesses intoned their doleful chants and tore their breasts in sorrow, and so he should obtain new life (Maspero's "Dawn of Civilisation," p. 693).

Dumuzi, for whom the goddess of fertility conceived this great passion, was originally a personification of the ground in springtime, whose coat of many colours quickly fades beneath the scorching glare of the summer sun, and later, by a natural transition of ideas, he became identified with the brilliant but transient spring sunshine, the young sun, which causes nature to bud and clothes the earth with green, until the ruthless heat of summer comes to mar his work. In southern Chaldæa, Ishtar was sometimes addressed as Nana, "the supreme mistress," and reappears as Nanea in the

Second Book of Maccabees. Herodotus, writing four centuries and a half before Christ, tells us that the Babylonians of his day had a goddess, resembling the Greek Aphrodite, whom they styled Mylitta, and there can be no doubt that she was identical with the Ishtar of the cuneiform inscriptions. He also mentions in connection with her worship a singular propitiatory rite, of which we find traces in the subsequent development of the same cult (Lucian, "De Dea Syria," 6) and he remarks that an analogous custom prevailed in some parts of Cyprus (Herodotus, i. 199).

Amongst the Semitic nations of the West, the propitiatory rite usually consisted of an offering by the girls of their hair, as a kind of first-fruits to the goddess of nature, and this custom explains the epithet "Venus Calva" or "the bald Venus," applied by the Romans to their own archaic goddess of love. To her likewise both men and women before marriage offered either the whole or at least a lock of their hair.

The language and religion of the people of Syria, Phœnicia, and Canaan betrayed their Mesopotamian origin. They too adored the great goddess Ishtar under the name of Ashtoreth. Solomon, we are told in the First Book of Kings, "went after Ashtoreth the goddess of the Sidonians," and the Septuagint, or Greek version compiled at Alexandria about 277 B.C., translates the name "Astarte." Ashtoreth or Astarte continued to represent the productive power of nature, and she was the counterpart of Moloch, the generative power of nature. This pair of deities were usually addressed by the titles Baal and Baaltis, "lord and lady." Baal was identified with the sun, and his symbol was the bull. Ashtoreth, by analogy, was identified with the moon, and her symbol was the dove (Rawlinson's "History of Phœnicia," p. 326). If we bear these simple facts in mind, they will, I think, furnish us with a key to the difficult enigma "Who was the Syrian Goddess?" In the mythology of Phœnicia, the ancient legend of Ishtar and Dumuzi again crops up. Dumuzi is resuscitated under the thinly disguised name of Tammuz, which in the language of the country appears to have signified "the vanquished one." The scene of his death was localised in the Lebanon, and the annual season of mourning was duly observed year by year. The daughters of Israel could not resist the attractions of the popular festival, and were infected with the general enthusiasm of their neighbours. "He brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord's house which was toward the north," says Ezekiel, "and behold there sat women weeping for Tammuz." The beloved of As[illegible] addressed by the title of Adonai, "my lord." Henc[illegible]

the soil, and not blood, as people affirm, that is the cause of this phenomenon.'" (*Ibid.* 8.)

Lucian gives a long description of another temple at Hierapolis, the innermost shrine of which contained two seated figures, made of gold, and representing a god and goddess, the former drawn by bulls, the latter by lions. They were evidently statues of Baal and Ashtoreth, though Lucian mistook the male figure for that of Zeus, while the female figure, he says, partook somewhat of the character of Hera, Athena, Aphrodite, Selene, Rhea, Artemis, Nemesis, and the Fates! In one hand she held a sceptre, in the other a spindle (or arrow). Her head was surrounded with rays, and she wore a mural crown and the girdle peculiar to Urania, the "celestial" Aphrodite. ("De Dea Syria," 31.)

He then goes on to tell us how, on certain specified days, the multitude assembled in the sacred inclosure, and a crowd of "Galli" and other holy persons performed the orgies, gashed their arms, and flogged one another's backs, while others stood by and accompanied them on the flute, beat drums, or sang frenzied hymns (*Ibid.* 50). All of which irresistibly reminds us of the orgies of Baal, described in the First Book of Kings. We have indications of the fact that the goddess was Ashtoreth in the offerings of hair which the boys and girls made at her shrine (*Ibid.* 60), in the sacred doves which were kept there (*Ibid.* 54), and the tame fish, which came to be fed when they were called (*Ibid.* 45). A fable written by Hyginus, the friend of Ovid, explains why doves and fish were sacred to this goddess. "An egg of extraordinary size fell from heaven into the Euphrates. The fishes rolled it ashore, the doves hatched it, and out of the shell came Venus, who was afterwards called the Syrian Goddess." ("Fab." 197.)

Some people believed that the great temple of Hierapolis, or Bambyce, which stood at no great distance from the Euphrates, had been originally erected to Derkĕto, described by Lucian as half woman and half fish. ("De Dea Syria," 14.) Diodorus says that Derkĕto was worshipped at Ascalon, and had the face of a woman and the body of a fish (2, 4), and Pliny too refers to Hierapolis, otherwise Bambyce, called by the Syrians Mabog, where the monster Atargatis, named Derketo by the Greeks, was worshipped. ("Nat. Hist.," 5, 19; Strabo, xvi. 1.) This divine mermaid was apparently symbolical of Ashtoreth rising from the waves, and it is significant that the Greeks pictured their own goddess of love, Aphrodite, as springing from the salt sea foam (ἀφρός) near the island of Cythera (Cerigo), which was, as we shall presently se

of the first places in Europe to embrace the religion of Ashtoreth. The coins of the city of Sidon bore a figure of their tutelary goddess Ashtoreth seated on the bull, a representation which doubtless gave rise to the Greek myth of Europa, who is related to have been carried off by Zeus under the form of a bull from *Phœnicia* to Crete. ("De Dea Syria," 4.) The old Greeks were much addicted to incorporating Phœnician legends into their own mythology, and thus we find that while some attributes, which properly belong to Ashtoreth as goddess of love, were allotted by them to Aphrodite, others, which belong to her as goddess of fertility, were assigned to their deity of the soil, Rhea, or Cybele, while others again, peculiar to her as a moon-goddess, were appropriated to the Greek Artemis, and especially to that Asiatic "Artemis," of whom it was afterwards said, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Lucian was a late writer, and had very confused ideas on the subject about which he professes to enlighten us; but it is a curious fact that, just at that very period, about 167 A.D., the worship of the Syrian goddess was introduced into Britain by Roman soldiers, in whose minds the same loose ideas appear to have prevailed. Upon a tablet discovered at Carvoran, in Northumberland, occur the words, "The mother of the gods, Peace, Virtue, Ceres, and the Syrian goddess are all the same." An altar found at the same spot is dedicated to the Syrian goddess by the prefect of the first cohort of Hamians, who appear from a third inscription to have been quartered at Carvoran during the reign of the Emperor Hadrian; while a fourth inscription discovered at Carvoran, and addressed "Dee Hamie," was presumably erected by the same cohort. Hodgson considers that these Hamii were recruited from the district of Ap-amia, the modern Hamah in Syria, and that Dea Hamia was identical with the Syrian goddess. ("Hist. Northumb.," vol. iii., part 2, p. 137.)

But we must beware of digressing from our path in this dangerous labyrinth of mythology, and we will now once more pursue the clue which we were following.

From Byblos Phœnician colonists carried the worship of Ashtoreth to the islands of Cyprus and Cithera, and so it was communicated to the Western world. Pausanias is very explicit on this point:—

At Athens there is a temple of the "Celestial" Aphrodite, who was first worshipped by the Assyrians, and after them by the people of Paphos in Cyprus, and by the Phœnicians who dwell at Ascalon in Palestine, and from the Phœnicians the people of Cythera learnt her worship. Among the Athenians

her worship was instituted by Ægeus, and her statue is still among us of Parian stone, the design of Phidias (i. 14). In Cyprus is the city of Amathus, where there is an ancient temple of Adonis and Aphrodite (*Ibid.* ix. 41). At Corinth there is a building where the Argive women bewail Adonis (*Ibid.* ii. 20).

At the last-named place the religion always retained its Asiatic character (Strabo, viii.).

In Europe the ancient myth of Ishtar and Dumuzi grew into the pretty love-tale of Venus and Adonis, from which all the elements of nature worship had long since disappeared. Ovid's poetical account, contained in the tenth book of the "Metamorphoses," is familiar to all, but I should like to quote part of the story as related by Apollodorus, because it is evidently a very old version gathered from early authorities, and it bears on its face distinct traces of its Oriental origin :—

"Cinyras came to Cyprus with his people and founded Paphos, and having married Metharme, the daughter of the king of the Cyprians, he had a son Adonis. But Hesiod says Adonis was the son of *Phœnix* (a Phœnician), and Panyasis says he was the son of *Smyrna*, daughter of the king of *Assyria*. Her father, incensed by her conduct, snatched up his sword and pursued her, but she, being overtaken, prayed the gods that she might become invisible, and the gods had pity on her and changed her into the tree called *Smyrna* (the myrrh tree). And ten months later, the tree burst open and Adonis was born. And while he was yet an infant, Aphrodite, without the knowledge of the gods, hid him in a chest, and entrusted him to Persephone, and when the latter saw him she would not give him up. So the matter was referred to Zeus for judgment, and Zeus divided the year into three parts, and ordered that Adonis should spend one-third of the year by himself, one-third with Persephone, and the remaining third with Aphrodite. But Adonis assigned to the latter his own share also. And after that Adonis, while out hunting, was wounded by a boar and died." (Apollod. "Bibliotheca," 3, 14.)

This dispute between Aphrodite and Persephone, the queen of Hades, about the custody of Adonis, is an exact counterpart of the quarrel between Ishtar, "the lady of life," and the goddess of the lower world over the body of Dumuzi. The three "shares" into which Zeus divides the year are the three Greek seasons—spring, summer, and winter.

When the Athenians were despatching an expedition against Sicily, in the year 415 B.C., many people were greatly disco[illegible] account of the time at which the fleet happened to be sen[illegible]

the leading city of the Greek world. The whole Idyl is well worth perusal (in English, at any rate), as it gives us a full insight into the social life of the day.

The "Gardens of Adonis" are referred to by other authors. "At the festival of Adonis they carry out images and gardens in earthenware vessels, and summer fruits of all kinds. They make these gardens for him with fennel and lettuce, because they say he was laid by Aphrodite amongst lettuce . . . seedless and quickly fading plants, for the gardens of Adonis are little plants that shoot up quickly in an earthen pan, wicker tray, or basket of some description and are immediately thrown into the sea and lost to sight, a reference to the early death of Adonis" (Eudocia, 24, quoted in the Lexicon of Suidas). And Plato writes—

> Would an intelligent husbandman, who has seeds which he values and which he wishes to be fruitful, seriously sow them in the gardens of Adonis in *summer-time*, and be delighted when he sees them shooting up beautifully within a week? (Phædrus, 276.)

The Syrians appear to have mourned for Adonis when the harvest was over and the corn (sprung like Chaldæan Dumuzi from earth and water) had fallen before the sickle and the rivers had swollen with the first autumn rains. The Greeks, too, kept the festival late in summer when the fruit was ripe. At Alexandria the feast began with the lying in state of an image representing Adonis alive, followed next day by the mourning of the women, who carried the effigy to the sea-shore, washed its wound, and perhaps committed it to the waves, together with the symbolical baskets of flowers. This was a reversal of the usual order of the ceremonies. The Greeks generally commenced with a day of mourning, when Adonis was imagined to be missing. The second day inaugurated the "search for Adonis," when the girls pretended to find his image in "the garden"—a box of lettuces placed outside the front door (Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities"). Athenæus professes to explain the reason for the use of lettuce on these occasions. (2, 80.)

The first Idyl of Bion, a contemporary of Theocritus (280 B.C.) is entitled "The Lament for Adonis," and furnishes us with an example of the dirges sung by the Greek women at the annual festival. I will quote a few lines from Mr. Andrew Lang's rendering of this beautiful poem.

> Woe! Woe for Adonis! he hath perished, the beauteous Adonis, dead is beauteous Adonis, the Loves join in the lament. Low on the hills is lying lovely Adonis, and his thigh with the boar's tusk, his wh[illegible] the b[illegible] tusk is wounded, and sorrow on Cypris he brings, as [illegible]s his

he not shortly after turned and led the way into the house, there is little doubt that our traveller, for various prudential reasons, would have taken his patronage elsewhere. As it was, he mechanically followed where the other led, more in curiosity to see the interior of so ancient an hostel, than with the intention of ultimately occupying it. After a great deal of climbing of stairs and threading of dark corridors, of passing through rooms that bore traces of the dignity of a former occupant of the house in the armorial bearings of the windows, and the massive, though worm-eaten, character of their belongings, his guide threw open a door and invited him to enter. He found himself in a large low room fronting the cathedral, that presented about as venerable an appearance of age as it was possible for a room to do. From its uneven oaken floor to the finely-chased pillars of its huge bed; from the remnants of old tapestry that were hanging on one wall, to the quaintly carved and painted harpsichord that stood against the other, nothing was wanting to complete that effect. When Von Meyer's eyes fell upon this last, and the lovely little landscapes painted upon it, his countenance underwent a change. From an appearance of indifference it passed to one of lively interest. Walking up to it he tried it carefully.

Its tones were sweet, mellow, and well-balanced, and of a volume and power that astonished him. How came it that an ancient harpsichord, which at best he only expected to emit a ghostly tinkle, should respond in tones so clear and ringing? He could only form the conclusion that someone out of whim or caprice had had it thoroughly renovated with all the modern improvements of some great London maker. He might have searched the town of M—— all over and not have found so fine an instrument. Any little suspicions that occurred to him on his entry were forgotten, or, if remembered, dismissed as of no account. He paid a week's rent in advance, sent for his luggage from the place where he had temporarily deposited it, and behold him as firmly established at the inn of the "Golden Dragon" as if he intended to remain there all his life. Several days passed away uneventfully, and yet congenially, to one of Von Meyer's tastes and habits. Sometimes he would follow one of the winding paths that led across the adjacent moor until the boom of the Adriatic's waters fell upon his ears, and a thrill of delight passed through him as he came in sight of the long white line of its towering billows. At others there was the great castle to be inspected that stood amongst the distant mountains, the feudal dwelling of the Counts Von Strellitz; or, if rainy, was there not the cathedral to linger in, with its tombs and memorials and outstretched

that to-night before retiring, I feel sure that in bidding you farewell I shall have no need to wish you pleasant dreams." With that, politely bowing, he moved away, and Von Meyer retraced his path homewards. Darkness had long since fallen by the time he got back to the inn, and, gaining his room, sat down to partake of some slight refreshment by the cheerful glow of a wood fire that, the night being chilly, had been lighted awaiting him. In fact, so cheerful was the glow it suffused upon all the objects in its vicinity that our hero omitted lighting his lamp, and, wheeling round his chair close to it, took little heed of the obscurity in which the greater portion of the apartment was enveloped. Now was the time to make trial of his cherished experiment; now that strange and fitful shadows glanced from floor to ceiling, from window-curtain to bedpost, chasing one another like ghosts at play. As he leant indolently back enjoying the first few whiffs, and the strange feeling of lightness and exhilaration that crept over him, his eyes rested on the decaying tapestry which we have said shrouded a portion of the room, and the shadowy landscape interwoven in its texture involuntarily recalled to his mind a sentence from the book he had pondered over during the day: "For as pictures call up thoughts through the eye, so music presents its visions through the ear—shadowy, undefined, but still visible to the inner consciousness." He was slowly revolving this sentence in his mind, we say, and wondering how it was that the branches of the trees in the landscape he was admiring appeared to move as if stirred by some passing breeze, and considering whether the peasants sitting at the table under their shadow really held their glasses together, and were clinking them in jovial chorus, when he became suddenly sensible of someone moving in the lower part of the house, and after a time ascending the stairs leading to the passage which communicated with his room.

Slowly these footfalls drew nearer, and, as they approached, so proportionably the pleasant sensations he had been experiencing from the stranger's gift passed away, and he became a prey to an unaccountable feeling of uneasiness and dismay. What footfalls were these, that at the dead hour of midnight, when all the household slept, thus stalked towards him, echoing like those of the statue bidden to Don Giovanni's banquet? What visitor was this, the shadow of whose presence seemed projected in advance, casting a chill over the heart, and rendering the very firelight dimmer? No preliminary knock announced his entry; open swung the door, and a little dark man stood within, whose countenance, overhung with black and matted locks, appeared to Von Meyer to wear a strange

atmosphere hotter than the breath which sweeps the desert at noon. Strange shapes, like those of hooded mourners, rise from out its shadows, obliterate the figure his eyes are fixed on, and fade away again into the darkness gradually encroaching upon all around. Soon he was sensible that the fumes of the drug he smoked were overpowering him, and the sounds of the harpsichord becoming fainter; that with their gradual cessation the remains of light were being extinguished; and when light and sound were gone, he fell back and knew no more.

* * * *

"I was afraid Mynheer might have a visit from the cathedral organist when I let him the room," was the innkeeper's deferential reply, in answer to Von Meyer's irascible inquiries the following morning. "He lodges the other side of the house, and is a confirmed somnambulist, during which condition he frequently gets up, plays on the old harpsichord, and finds his way back to his own quarters all unconscious in the dead of night. If Mynheer will overlook it this once I will have a better lock put to his door, and in the future I will guarantee he shall rest in peace and quietness." But betwixt the after effects of the "Syrian weed" on the one hand, and the ill-favoured aspect of his visitor on the other, our hero felt that he had had enough of the "Golden Dragon" and its accommodation. Not all the bolts and bars that ever were forged would have induced him to stay another night under its roof. The town even seemed to have put on an eerie aspect in the last twenty-four hours; and the old timbered houses that he had thought so picturesque, seemed now to be only frowning over the deeds of darkness that had taken place within their walls. He was now, too, as desirous to escape from their associations as he had formerly been to linger among them, and it was as a man still dreaming that he found himself in the train, rapidly gliding away from the scene of his nocturnal experience. It was not till the cathedral tower became a mere point to his eyes on the horizon that he recovered his equilibrium, realising that on the wings of "Hashish" he had entered the realm of shadows—shadows to which music had imparted the colour and semblance of life.

C. WYNN WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

A Tale to be Told to the Marines.

AN apologist, feminine of course, for the practice of adorning human beings with the feathers of scarce and beautiful birds has appeared, and has in "Nature Notes" given to the world some sufficiently startling assertions. She signs in full a name, presumably her own, on which, however, I will inflict no further publicity, and she writes, I am bound to state, in apparent sincerity. For years she has, as she states, worn egret feathers, and she cannot understand the pain which the sight of these lovely plumes inflicts on a certain number of civilised, humane, and, as she will hold, supersensitive beings of her own and the opposite sex. Her suggestion is that the feathers are cast by the birds themselves after the breeding season is over, and she establishes this view by the statement that she has received from a female missionary a quantity of egret plumes in good condition which have been gathered "on the walls in China!" From the same source she can obtain an indefinite supply. No cruelty whatever is thus, she holds, inflicted upon these exquisite birds. As egret feathers command a high price in the market, one is a little astonished, if the plumes are indeed in the condition she describes, that she does not make arrangements to secure constant consignments. It would, from the financial standpoint, be well worth while to establish an agency for their collection, or, if the writer herself is independent of all considerations of the kind, it would at least furnish a revenue for the Christian missions of which she is presumably a supporter.

Refutation of the Story.

THAT feathers are shed by these birds is true. The whimsical exaggeration involved in the statement to which I have drawn attention has, however, been exposed by writers of scientific eminence. Professor Newton, than whom no better authority exists, speaks of the account given as hardly worth notice, adding that "Whatever number of egrets' feathers the lady missionary in China may have picked up, it is certain that 'cast' feathers do

not find their way into the market, which is undeniably supplied with them from birds which have been killed during the breeding season. I should doubt whether 'cast' feathers have any value at all in the plume trade, and my belief is that no one concerned in it would look at them." More boldly still another authority—Mr. W. H. Hudson—declares without hesitation that the statement is not true. The tuft of elongated dorsal feathers is, it is known, a nuptial ornament shed shortly after the breeding season. Mr. Hudson has seen them on the bird in all stages, and has picked them after incubation in the swamps amidst which, in search of its chosen prey, the egret resides. The feathers thus "cast" are no longer beautiful objects, "slender recurved plumes white as driven snow, with all their hair filaments intact." They are, on the contrary, dirty white in colour, out of curl at the tips, and with many of their filaments broken. Mr. Hutton continues: "The story that these nuptial feathers are shed in some places in such amazing quantities that it would be false economy to shoot the birds to obtain them; and that probably thousands, nay millions, of such cast feathers are supplied to the London shops, is preposterous. The birds are not excessively abundant. They subsist on fish, crabs, and such creatures, and can live only in swamps. Each bird produces only a small number of these valued feathers, and when he sheds them he does not shed them altogether in some spot where a feather hunter will be sure to find them. He drops them one by one at odd times, some falling in the water where he fishes, some among the trees and rushes where he roosts, and some being shed when he is on the wing going from place to place."

An American Appeal to Women.

THESE facts, supplied me by my esteemed correspondent, Mrs. E. Phillips, of Vaughan House, Croydon, ever eager in the preservation of bird life, are in themselves sufficient to dispose of the wild story of the "lady" missionary. By a chance, however, I am able to supply from an American source a picture widely different from that which is presented of collecting in China. The picture in question appears in a publication entitled "Forest and Stream." We have first a description of the egret, or, as it is technically called, the white crane roost, things once common in Florida, whence they have now all but disappeared, and still with some dif[illegible] [illegible]y are scarce—to be found in Mississippi, Louisi[illegible] [illegible]e plumage hunter—he is called for convenie[illegible] pitches his camp in the neighbourhood [illegible]

occasionally to see how the plumage shows, until he discovers it is fit, and then sets to. This fitness, it must be observed, is reached just at the time when the helpless young are in the nest. The rest must be told in the writer's own words. I feel disposed to apologise to my readers for bringing before them such a scene of carnage, but the task must, in the interest of mercy, be executed. Men have begun to learn the lesson of kindness to animals, and woman, though I have more than once pronounced her unteachable, may perhaps in time be shocked into accompanying him on his humane errand a short way.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WHITE CRANE.

HERE, then, is the description, which, though I would rather give it in full, I have been compelled by considerations of space to abridge :—

> Thomas Jones pushes quietly into the edge of the nesting ground, ties his boat firmly within easy range of the tall snag he saw the day before, and takes out his rifle. There is an egret on the tall snag. Taking a steady aim, he fires, and the bird whirls down, dead. One or two other birds start on their perches in the same tree, but settle back. One by one they, too, whirl out and lie in a white tangled mass at the foot of the tree. An egret raises herself up above the rim of the nest on which she sits, and the tiny bullet pierces her. She whirls down, lying white and motionless. The little ones gape and cry, but no food comes. The father was killed on the tree near by. One by one, out of the nests, off from the limbs of the trees, here, there, anywhere—for the birds are all about, and so stupid with the breeding fever that they will not leave—the slender white birds meet their doom. That tall snag has yielded twenty victims. Jones has not moved from his boat. He has over 200 birds down. He can tell by his cartridge boxes, for he rarely misses a shot. It is easy shooting. After noon he gathers up his spoils. A cut of the knife and the clump of plumes is off. Two hundred carcases of egrets are left lying. That many more to-morrow. Many more than that the next day, for by that time the wailing of the dying young of the first day's victims will have ceased. From then on, day by day, increasing in threefold ratio, the harvest of death goes on, steadily, pitilessly, on the sowing grounds of life, out in the silent wilderness where the birds have tried to hide their homes. In less than a month it is over. The long white lines no longer cross the country going to and from the feeding grounds. The white forms no longer appear on the naked trees. Doubly naked the forest stands in silent desolation. Sodden and discoloured, the once white forms below the trees are sinking into the slime. From beneath the trees and from the nests up in the trees a great stench goes up. Not a bird, young or old, is left alive. The old ones stayed till death came, bound by the great instinct of nature to remain with their young.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SLAUGHTER OF BIRDS

IT is, I fear, the want of imagination in the fair sex tha women callous even when scenes such as this are them. They could not, many of them, that is, c

estruction, though womanhood is not greatly changed since the
ıys when the Court ladies of France after the massacre of Saint
artholomew turned over with their dainty toes the corpses of the
ıen lying in the street with whom the night before they had danced.
nglishwomen, meanwhile, console themselves with the illogical
ıd delusive notion that these things are not done expressly for
ıem. Yea! but they are. It is neither my métier nor my disposi-
on often to preach. We are in a so-called Christian country, and
ıe God we nominally worship has declared that not a sparrow, two
f which are sold for a farthing, falls to the ground without His
nowledge. If that Divinity, mind I say *if* He looks with disfavour
pon the destruction of life through vanity or wantonness, it will be
ain for the fair one to hide behind the pretence that she did not
rder the carnage. In his "Biglow Papers" my brilliant friend
ames Russell Lowell puts the matter squarely. The illustration is
ifferent, but the analogy is adequate. He says to the soldiers of
ongress:—

> Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
> An' go stick a feller thru,
> Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
> God 'll send the bill to you.

t is only, I believe, the European woman who is capable of con-
iving at actions of such transcendent cruelty. There are at least
ıillions of those under our own government in India who would
egard such proceedings with horror and abhorrence.

Disappearance of Flowers.

IN relation to what I said lately concerning wild flowers and their
gradual disappearance, Mr. J. A. Crawley, M.A., of St. John's
ollege, Cambridge, writes: "Honeysuckle grows plentifully in
pping Forest; perhaps as well as anywhere in that part called
Iawk Wood. The lesser celandine is much rarer there, and I know
f only one place where I've hitherto found it every spring. There
a green glade, a continuation of Davis's Lane (see map in Buxton's
Guide to the Forest,' p. 34), which leads you along the western
dge of Bury Wood to the 'Woodman,' and here on the left hand
ide is where I've found it." Very unlikely are these pages to come
nder the eye of despoilers of the woods, amateur or professional,
therwise I should hesitate before publishing directions so precise as
ıose given in the case of the lesser celandine, the Ranunculus ficaria,
delicate little flower immortalised by Wordsworth, which, according
o William Turner's "Names of Herbes," 1538, "groweth under the

shaddowes of ashe trees." Concerning the larger celandine, Chelidonium majus, the same authority quaintly says, "Groweth in hedges in the spring and hath yealowe luce." These smaller wild flowers run little risk except from children. A very limited experience shows that before an hour is past they die in the hand that clasps them, and that attempts to transplant them to other spots never succeed. It is otherwise with honeysuckle, which maid and matron pursue relentlessly in order to transplant it into their own gardens. It is even worse with primroses, blue-bells, and ferns. So soon as the early spring rains are over and the woods can be traversed, these are rooted up in numbers. I have seen a dozen women at a time armed with trowels in the fair woods at Battle digging up the primroses that, with their roots on the cool banks of the rivulets, bloomed like eyes wide-open with beauty and delight, and which when removed would linger a year or two pale shadows of themselves and then die. To me the sight of these hunters of plant life is not much more tolerable than that of the snarer of the song-bird, who, in spite of legislation, haunts most parts of wooded and pastoral England.

Wanton Destruction of Beauty.

SOME there will doubtless be who will regard this as sickly and mawkish sentimentality. Let them bethink them that that beauty-loving people, the Greeks, filled the woods and fields and the rivers and seas with divinities, and assigned to every tree its dryad. Puritan as he became, Milton favoured that belief when he spoke of the twilight groves

> Of pine or monumental oak,
> Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke,
> Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
> Or flight them from their hallowed haunt;

and Keats sighs after the days

> When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
> Holy the air, the water and the fire.

I may scarcely in cold unimpassioned prose vex a practical world with teaching such as this. In sober earnest I may, however, protest against wanton destruction of beauty in any shape, and I may insist that the conditions investing life in populous cities are different from those in purely pastoral districts; and I shall find—I do find, as the letter I have quoted proves—those who sympath[illegible] with me in my complaint that I must go far afield to see the w[illegible] rose or the sweetbriar, and know of scarcely a spot accessible i[illegible] walk where I can see a blue-bell or an anemone.

SYLVANUS UR[illegible]

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1897.

VINCTI SED NON VICTI.

BY C. SOREL STRONG.

PART I.

IT was Sunday afternoon. Trevor and I had just arrived in Naples. With the instinct befitting serious-minded travellers, we felt we ought already to be "doing something."

"Baedeker says everything is open just the same on Sundays," Trevor announced, weary, but conscientious. Had he said, "Let us begin this instant a scrupulous examination of the treasures of the Museum; and when daylight fails, let us continue our studies by the help of torches," I should have assented with as much show of heartiness as I could command; for I am one of the many men lacking the courage to confess to being tired. Nor was I ever brave enough to acknowledge that I was afraid. Trevor I knew for "a bird of a feather"; I caught the hollow tone in his weary voice, and was inspired to make a suggestion which should save his *amour-propre*—and my own. "They tell me," I said, with an affectation of carelessness, "we ought not to miss the music in the Gardens this afternoon—some promenade down by the Chiaja. All Naples will be there. It is a recognised sight of the place." Trevor looked quite relieved. Here was a way of "doing something," and at the same time being lazy; of keeping a sight-seer's conscience at peace, and yet yielding a little to our weak and weary nature. "And after the concert we could go and see something—churches, perhaps, as it is Sunday." (This I added with the unamiable object of tempering his joy.)

I notice in myself, and still more in others, an increased irritability of temper after long, comfortless journeys. For a

Sunday."

Transparent pretences! We saw through each o
We laughed aloud. But all the same, we were not goi
so many words, that we were dog-tired. Chain cab
have dragged from either of us the admission that we
the choice of a bed or a kingdom we should have gre
the bed. But as our *amour-propre* was more to us th
or even beds, we decided to wear out the next seven
affronting the eyes that might rest upon us with our wa
looks, while we silently longed for the moment when to
night would not be to make open confession of weakne

Our appearance at the door was the signal for a ch
towards the hotel. The rickety conveyances are li
bath-chairs with two little wheels in front under t
instead of the chair's steering wheel. These shabby
generally drawn by shapely, undersized horses. C
scampered and clattered towards us as we emerged fr
cochère, Trevor chose a little black, with a fierce he
crest—a fiery, sensitive pigmy, like a miniature Arab, w
rounded outlines; small, sharp ears, mobile nostril
emitting eyes. We had plenty of later opportunities
the little fellow, because, from that first meeting, the
black horse marked us for his own. He seemed to kn
ments better than we could have predicted them; and
when we might possibly prefer driving to walking, he w
before us, advising, even entreating us, to use the *legno*.

many sorts looked well in the crowd, even those of the small pupils of the naval school. The most conspicuous figures were the nurses, in their gay-coloured, stiff silk dresses, gold-bedecked or much belaced, and with many yards of bright ribbon streaming from their black hair. These nurses shook their rich skirts about at every step, and were evidently as proud of their finery as of the diminutive swaddled infants they carried in their strong arms; and they were much pleasanter objects to see than the sickly-looking young mothers, the effete dandies, or the grandmothers of, perhaps, forty winters, who would never walk again, being reduced to waddling (by reason of their portentous size) for the rest of their natural lives. No woman commands fullest admiration in Naples until she is fat; and once fat, she rapidly deteriorates in looks. "Un bel pezzo di donna," Southern Italians exclaim, as a short broad figure waddles into view. "A fine piece of woman!" And this, when in the "piece" there is stuff enough to make four symmetrical figures!

That *was* an uncomely crowd down by the Chiaja! The sun went in and out fitfully. Cold gusts blew down now and then from the north. The stream of people moved so slowly about the band-stand, and there were so many cross currents in this stream, that to lounge up and down was impossible. This crowd was like a "chopping sea." When we betook ourselves to chairs in a sheltered corner, we were pestered first by a ragged little match-girl, who forced us each to buy a box of her wretched vestas, and then conveniently discovered that she had no *soldi* to give us in change; secondly, by the ragged one's brother, aged about six, who had nothing to sell, but declared he was dying of hunger, clamoured for *soldi*, squeezed his grimy little person between Trevor's chair and mine, clutched at Trevor's immaculate glove with his unspeakable fingers; proposed, though dying, to earn the money by dancing for us, and did actually begin to tread a measure—head lowered in a butting attitude, hands in ragged trousers pockets, shoulders almost touching his ears, while he slowly and heavily hopped from one foot to another, until he sighted more promising arrivals, and fled away with his sister and the matches to try his luck with them. But we were not left even now in peace, for number three was down upon us in a moment; a weather-beaten flower-seller, who thrust her faded rose-buds against our very noses, and her yellow acacia-balls actually into the breast-pockets of our coats. And, after her, came the newsman—less familiar, but even more noisy—and then another flower vendor; and the collector of the three-pennies for chairs; and more matches and coloured caricatures;

and, oh horror! the dancing goat in rags again. I had exhausted my Italian in threats and scoldings. I now shook my cane at our nearest tormentor. He fled.

"This is unendurable," I began; "if they swoop down upon us again——"

But Trevor's eyes were rivetted. His expression of angry disgust had disappeared. He seemed absolutely intent upon some distant object. My eyes followed his glance. After a while I saw, coming rapidly towards us, a very handsome fair boy with a big wooden hoop in one hand, and his right arm about the neck of a large, frolicsome dog. At first I did not perceive a tall, slight figure in black closely following the riotous playmates.

"René, René: sois sage! Donne-moi la corde," said a delightful voice quite near us, a moment later. There was laughter in the voice, and yet a tone of command. The boy unwound the dog's "lead," vociferating a dozen different orders to the unruly puppy.

In front of us, and a little to the right, were empty chairs. To these the mother and her boy betook themselves.

"Down, Lion! Be quiet! Down, down!" said the lady, in English. Then to her boy: "C'est ta faute, mon René. Lion n'est jamais sage quand tu as la guide. Regarde-le à présent."

The child defended himself in a torrent of words. The "lead" was badly broken. It was troublesome to mend, although the turbulent puppy was quiet now, looking with a rapt, adoring expression into his lady's face.

"Trevor," I said, lightly, "you've caught something of the dog's look. Did you ever read Darwin on 'Expression in man and animals'?"

I don't believe he heard me.

The music began again. Folding her hands in her lap, the lady near us listened attentively. The composition was Weber's, and the band played it delicately and intelligently, as it is rare to hear an Italian military band perform any difficult operatic selection. To watch the effect of music on our neighbour's pale face was exceedingly interesting. All the gaiety and high spirits died out gradually. Her expression became sad, very sad; but it was always changing, and always intent. I should have called it a wistful face, but that it was too strong, in its resourceful, clever way, to be precisely wistful. The music, it was quite clear, had given her spirit wings. She was far away from that unlovely throng of idlers, and her swift thoughts were bringing lights and shadows in troops across her speaking face. Even when her boy questioned

her, it took her a moment to come down from cloudland and frame an answer. Whenever I glanced at Trevor I saw that he was observing our neighbours with the same interest, and my eyes always followed his glance, hoping to see what were his newest discoveries. Our scrutiny did not molest the group near us, as they were seated sideways a little way in front.

Neither Trevor nor I had lived our thirty odd years in the world without seeing beautiful women, and interesting countenances, and lithe figures draped in black. What did he—what did I, for that matter—find so fascinating about this young stranger? "Young?" Perhaps I should not have called her young. She seemed to be six- or eight-and-twenty; and yet her candour, her utter want of self-consciousness, and the freshness of her feelings—as shown, for example, in her merriment with her boy and with her dog, and in the power this music evidently had over her emotions—marked her as youthful. It was, perhaps, a certain strangeness, or even mystery, about her that made her great charm; and there was, too, this astonishing variety—even contrast—in her face to hold us captive. Was it not Byron who said that the best gift of all towards beauty in a woman is mobility of feature, changing expression? We could not but speculate as to what brought a noble and lovely dame, attended only by a little boy, and an enormous young, bluish-grey hound, of the race of Bismarck's favourite Tyras, into that ugly crowd, in which even the fat, old wives of Naples shopkeepers were doubly and trebly escorted. Why did she speak French—excellent French, but not quite native, certainly not Parisian—to her boy? Why English, without a trace of foreign accent, to Lion, the dog? How did she come by that freedom and grace of movement, so remarkable in an assemblage of people who were so noticeably constrained and affected? Why, above all, was this princess in disguise so wofully shabby? A princess she would still have been, even in rags, with her pure Greek outlines, splendid carriage, and superb, *nonchalant* air. But a gracious lady, clad in a wide-leafed, picturesque, unfashionable hat, and a suit of rusty black—well, the *air noble* and the poor raiment presented a puzzling contrast, it must be allowed. The boy was the better dressed of the two; but even with him the mark of poverty was plain to see. The overgrown Danish boar-hound was strangely thin. Every bone in his young body might be counted. Yet he was evidently dear to the lady and her child. Now, it is the fate of pet dogs to be over-fed. Could they actually be so poor that a young dog's lusty appetite would be a strain upon their resources? And, if this was their plight, why did they keep a dog that would

easily sell for £25? (My friend Rashleigh gave £50 for his cheapest dog of that race.) And yet another enigma: Why was Trevor, who carries attention to outward things to a fault, so attracted by Her Threadbare Highness? To me, who involuntarily associated her in thought with an easel and a many-coloured palette, and all "the most admired disorder" of a studio, it mattered little that she sat with her shapely hands ungloved ever since she had struggled with the difficulties of the broken "lead"! The gauntletted gloves lying on her restless boy's chair were shabby and picturesque, like every detail of her toilet. I did not care if her feather was "like a plume of dank fennel." Silks and purples would not really have added much to her charm for me. But Trevor, on the other hand, had been always largely swayed by conventionality; and yet it was he who, from the first, was the more fascinated by our shabby Divinity.

"Don't forget, you're only a convalescent, Trevor. Aren't you catching cold here?" I was merely applying counter-irritation. There was a pleasure in teasing him.

"I'm all right, old fellow," he answered absently.

"This is a wind to find out all one's weak places. It makes me think of my worst lung." (This was ungenerous. I was attacking my friend through his good-nature. But I don't think I ever said anything with the express intention of worrying Trevor since that moment.)

"Walk about a bit, Leigh. I don't want to go away yet. Or hadn't you, perhaps, better do what suits you best, and never mind me?" There was an imploring tone in his voice, and his eyes followed our interesting neighbours. I did not want to leave, truth to tell, any more than he did. But who will say that there is not a pleasure in striking an occasional discord in a friend's hearing, especially when one is tired from a journey, and irritable to boot?

"Mais oui, René: cours donc, si tu le veux," and the boy and dog darted off, chasing the hoop, in and out, where the crowd was thinner. It was pretty to see the playmates. The mother's eyes watched them. There was laughter now in those dark eyes. That was one of the strangest of her contrasts—this look of high spirits at times, and yet a pervading air of sadness.

It was the dog who won the game. René drove his hoop cleverly; but suddenly the crowd closed its ranks. The dog did not lose the chance. He seized the hoop, and darted off with it at an acute angle. René gave chase. Often the long-legged puppy would trip over the hoop; recover himself adroitly, and elude his pursuer. Finally, Lion brought the thing to his mistress a moment before the

boy flung himself across her knees. It was too rough a game for the Gardens, she told him. But five minutes later the playmates were again careering wildly down the Promenade.

This time again the dog was the victor. He got away with his prize between his teeth, and plunged into some bushes where René nearly caught him; but he was soon in the wide walk—free, and enjoying his liberty—darting in and out between the little goat-carriages, and the groups of children, and the strollers under the palms and sycamores. The child was getting more and more completely distanced. He threw his hoop-stick, and it struck Lion. The dog, startled, and a little hurt too, dropped the hoop, which René caught, picking up his stick a moment after. And when Lion returned to the charge, his angry little master belaboured the poor puppy with all his small might. The coveted toy broke, as the play-fellows pulled opposite ways; and René, now fairly out of temper, rained blows on the mouse-coloured, crop-eared head. When they came back to the chairs again, the child was half crying over his poor, broken plaything. The dog, looking more than ever like a griffin in a Pompeian fresco, writhed his grizzly body about, and contrived to charge his rather ugly face with the most eloquent looks of shyness, entreaty, and affection as he fawned upon the lady's knee. The music was filling our ears, so that her voice was lost to us; but it was evident that René was being gently lectured. Equally evident, he was defending himself, still half-tearfully, while he tried to tie up the wooden ring.

Trevor then managed, with great adroitness, to carry a bright thought into execution. On the opposite side of a wide avenue stood a kiosk where toys were sold. I did not know he had left his place till I saw him enter the toyshop. When he came out again he bore aloft a giant wooden hoop. This, from a well chosen coign of vantage, he sent trundling over to the boy. René and his mother marvelled at the thing. The child, clearly, was all for taking unquestioningly the goods the gods provided. But his mother made him go and inquire for an owner among the children round about.

Soon he ran back with a delighted cry. "Maman, chère petite maman, cette bonne-là, la Française, me dit que c'est venu d'un monsieur blond, qui était au fond—là, maman—dans le massif. Mais maintenant il n'y a personne là-bas! Quelle chance!"

Trevor had cleverly disappeared.

. . . .

"I thought it good and generous of her," said Trevor, at the *table d'hôte*, that night, "to side with the dog. She's wrapped up in

that boy. Yet she was just, you see. The little fellow wasn't in, and lost his temper with Lion. Women, as a rule, have no sense of justice. It was noble of her."

We had not been talking. This little speech came *à propos de bottes.* But I never doubted to whom the feminine pronoun related.

"When I came back," he said, after a long pause, "you were gone."

"Consideration for my damaged lung drove me away."

"An old man in a long cloak came up. They talked in Italian to him. I heard them both say, 'Signor Professore.' He made the lowest bows; and any number of them. I suppose he's the boy's pedagogue. The young widow——"

"'Widow,' Trevor! How do you know she hasn't a husband? A cynic would say she did not look happy enough for a widow."

"She was in mourning, was she not? I can only guess, of course. But I think she is a widow."

Trevor looked disturbed.

"Don't you think she's English, Leigh?"

"My opinion is valueless. I am too sleepy to think."

"What? You won't have a cigar to-night? I feel far wider awake than when we arrived here this afternoon. But, good-night, old fellow! Why should you smoke if you don't want to?"

For four days I scarcely saw Trevor except at dinner. I had to go my way, sight-seeing, alone; but he volunteered to come and call on some old acquaintances with me. "I should like to know some residents," he had said. "I think she is living in Naples. She did not look like a passing stranger; did she? We might hear something of her from these friends of yours. Did it not strike you that she went about as if she knew the place quite well? What do you think?"

I had no theory to offer.

"That band plays only on Sundays. Perhaps she does not come always, *not even every Sunday*! She was not at the Bellini Theatre last night; nor the San Carlo the night before. I don't know what to do."

He was baffled, but not beaten.

Each evening, as we met, I knew that his quest had been in vain. There was no need to inquire. His blank looks were eloquent.

Trevor would make no excursions. He was tied to Naples. I felt sorry for him, would fain have helped him if that were possible; but could, as little as he, devise a good working plan.

" Everyone seems to drive here, about sunset, down by the sea," I suggested.

" I've thought of that," he said. " But there are hardly any people looking on—only carriages. I fear she does not—does not—*drive* much."

" Could she not be an art student here for study ? " I asked.

" Perhaps, if there are private studios where learners go. I have been where the most famous pictures are. I thought she might be copying one or other of them."

" But if she had been in some gallery, or some church, when you went there, what then ? "

" Then I should have seen her."

" It would be hardly—hardly—what shall I say?—respectful towards her, to go about inquiring where she lives, what she does, who she is, and so on."

" No ; I felt that when I was on my way to the English Consul's. I could scarcely have resented it if he had met my question with a snub. For I have no right to hear anything about her, have I ? She is English—of that I feel sure ; in spite of her dark eyes and pale face ; for the boy looks a thorough Saxon, though he speaks French at such a rate ! Yes, Leigh, I admit it is all puzzling enough ; but you'll find I'm right, that is," he added ruefully, "if we ever find out anything at all."

Somewhat later an idea occurred to me. There could be, I thought, no appearance of impertinence towards the lady in inquiring after her dog, and all other blue-coated, smooth-haired boar-hounds in Naples. I devoutly hoped that the place might hold but one specimen of that sufficiently rare breed. Therefore, when my coachman and his gallant little black pounced upon me in their cunning way as I left the Museo Nazionale, I welcomed him heartily. To give my chief question an air of unconcern, I began by talking of his harness. " In England we drive with bits in the horses' mouths. I like your plan of driving from the nose-band better. The horses must be more comfortable."

To all of which he assented in separate " Si, signor's." But this was not business, thought the coachman.

"Alt Hotel ? " he queried, "or shall we make a *passeggiata* ? Very agreeable, Signor, along the Chiaja, now. Or to Posilipo ? "

As we drove along I asked him if he could take me to see the great mouse-coloured dog that had been at the Band. Did he know the dog I meant ? In what quarter of Naples should we find him ? Was he always at the Sunday music ? and so on.

ourse the coachman said he knew. He repeated (but not fluently), the description I had given in lame Italian, and then asked how big the dog was.

"When full grown he will be about as big as your horse."

"As Schiave?" he laughed. (Trevor maintained that the lion-hearted scrap of a horse must have been twelve and a half hands. I am prepared to bet heavily he is under twelve.) "And this young dog was alone in the Gardens? Or with many people? And what sort of people?"

I then described Lion's owner and her boy.

"Oh! *that* lady, and *that* child! Nothing could be simpler than to find the dog." So said our driver. But it struck me afterwards that he merely repeated what he had learnt from me, with one notable exception—he decided where we should go seeking the dog. He declared that the grey puppy came from a villa in the further part of Posilipo. He was perfectly sure of it. So I said, "Drive there."

We made our way through the mob of carriages, now crawling along after some lumbering family coach; now darting in and out of the vehicles passing each other six deep, in every variety of pace, from a snail's to an American trotter's. Schiave, in his nose-band, answered cleverly to his master's hand, and shaved the neighbouring wheels successfully.

Arrived at Posilipo, my coachman had rather lost confidence. He was certain the dog was at one of two villas a month ago. But that one—to the right—was now untenanted. Could not the signor see that? And this "most rich villa" belonged to *una famiglia inglese.* Should he ask at the gate-lodge about the dog?

I had no hope that our banished princess came from any such prosperous dwelling; but the man inquired, and brought me the information that the dog was quite well known there; had never lived at Posilipo, but was often to be seen on that road, following a gentleman on horseback—"a grey young dog of a kind that the *forestieri* like very much"; and it belonged to an English family living at Capodimonte.

The coachman's manner was jubilant. It expressed: "*Now* we have your dog for you!" He asked: "To Capodimonte now, signor? Or is it too late?"

"Too late; and much too cold," I answered. "To the hotel—and quickly." And Schiave—poor slave, well named!—fled down the slippery lava-paved road into Naples, rattling the little carriage

about in a way that was very good for the circulation of the blood of both driver and "fare."

. . . . . .

Trevor thought I brought him splendid news. We spent four mortal hours next day searching for our dog in the Capodimonte quarter of the city, and went back to our hotel rather baffled, but with fair hope still; for another coachman assured ours, in our hearing, that the dog "belonged to Pozzuoli, beyond Posilipo, where a German artist and his family live in a large red villa—you'll surely find it. That's the dog, beyond a doubt."

"Take a day, signori—a whole day! See the sights there! Much to visit! Then we'll search Pozzuoli through and through for the dog. Would not the gentleman like any other sort of a dog? (A brother cabman has a beautiful bulldog for sale.) No? Well, to-morrow morning, early, we will start, and give the whole day to finding the dog."

And so it was done, at least as far as giving the whole day. The dog we did not find. One man assured us Lion came from San Martino. Several had seen the dog and described him exactly as we had done. Another very circumstantial account represented him as belonging to Anglo-Neapolitans now living half-way to Pompeii.

"I'll search both those places," Trevor said, "and then, if I have no luck, I'll give it up as a bad job."

I gave it up after Pozzuoli.

Looking back at our proceedings, I fain would hold that our coachman was acting in good faith. And yet I cannot. A will-o'-the-wisp boar-hound put so many *lire* in his pocket that I sadly fear he not only did all he could to conjure up the *ignis fatuus* himself, but also made his cronies and confederates tender us fresh information which started us ever on new false scents. But I say to myself: "Never mind! Much must be forgiven to Schiave's driver, because he cheated us pleasantly;" and, in Naples, many men added a brutal incivility to their tricks and extortion!

But there was luck in store. My old friends, the Gilberts, had been out when we called; and Mr. Gilbert's cards greeted us, when we returned from one of our many dog-hunts, with an invitation to dinner, "to meet a few intimate friends of ours, dear Mr. Leigh," wrote Mrs. Gilbert, "and your friendly foe of old days, my daughter." So Mrs. Grey would be of the party! That fact insured an abundance of conversation. If no one els[illegible] Mrs. Grey could, if required, talk very well for everyone. [illegible] tended to be

absolutely silent. Long ago little Miss Gilbert had sometime fared pretty well in our war of words. I regretfully admit th Mrs. Grey, she had oftener come off victorious. I wrote acce for Trevor and myself, mentally resolving to point and bright conversational weapons before the coming encounter.

"This is a good chance," Trevor declared. "These frie yours must be able to tell us something. I never was so th for the offer of a dinner in my life." He laughed. "And th have to-morrow—she will surely come to the concert again."

I, too, had great hopes from this music. But she did not Trevor's nervous agitation was painful to witness. I was, perha anxious as he. But, as a recent convalescent from a bad fe was natural that his self-control should be weaker than mine.

"For those who know not," said Pericles, in a famous or "my speech may seem outlandish; but *for those who know*, i surely err by falling short of truth."

PART II.

WE had already been ten or twelve days in Naples when we with the Gilberts. Trevor and I agreed that it should be my p ask our host the questions we had been all this time vainly tryi solve. I was also to see if I could not draw some information little Mrs. Grey; for ladies are often in possession of details their neighbours which the dull male mortal ignores. "You talk of her in a calm, matter-of-fact way, just in the tone in you praise Vesuvius or the moon," said my poor, infatuated frie

My opportunity came in an unusually long pause before d was announced. "We are waiting," our host said, "for Madam Trou—— for Madame Standish, and for a little niece of mine drove down to fetch her." The talk still flagging, Gilbert apparently quite thankful to be led towards a deep window bowery with palm-plants, and there cross-examined:

"You know everyone in Naples, don't you? Do you some go to the Villa Nazionale concert? Can you tell me who is Princess in disguise?"

"Not without further description," he said, laughing. I made a portrait in words of her—a portrait I considered to photographic accuracy.

Gilbert reflected. "You mean a little fair woman—very h some, eh?"

I tried again.

"Ah, yes; I know!" he cried. "That alabaster skin gives me the clue. It can only be the Dutch Consul's wife. Quite the beauty of Naples, they say she was, a few years ago. She's, of course, Italian—just a little lame."

This was almost enough to make one despair. But I tried again —and again.

"Bella will forgive us, George," said Mrs. Gilbert, coming up to her husband, "if we begin dinner without her. It is hardly fair towards Antonio, is it? Antonio is our new cook, Mr. Leigh; not a *cordon bleu*, by any means. But everyone has a man-cook here, except the maddest of the foreigners; and this poor Antonio——"

"Will be delighted at the delay," put in the host. "He's always late."

A slim servant, with sharpened classical features, like an atrophied ancient Roman, and with indigo blue cheeks (the razor leaves prodigious tracks on Southern faces), flung wide the double doors and shouted, "Baronessa di Troupigny"; and, wonder of wonders! in sailed *la bella incognita.*

With a characteristic combination of swiftness and grace she threaded her way through the groups of guests across the large room to make her pretty apologies for lateness to our hostess. The niece of the house followed, like her very small satellite.

"Cette jeune amie à ma belle-mère garde toujours son air de reine en exil," sneered Mr. Gilbert's French daughter-in-law, who was near where I stood.

I saw Gilbert offer his arm to the chief guest, whose name I never heard—Lady somebody or other. I noticed several fair dames and their cavaliers disappear through the doorway. Trevor led away the niece. Young Gilbert took Madame de Troupigny into dinner. I wholly forgot that I had any part to play. I cannot in the least explain my feelings. With Madame de Troupigny I was never in love. I fancy that, were she the only woman in my world with whom marriage was possible, I should never contemplate any fate but bachelorhood. And yet she fascinated me. I was in a happy dream as I stood among the palm-leaves in the window.

"My father said you would take me down to dinner," said a voice at my elbow. "I think that, instead, I shall have to take you. See! My mother and the General are waiting to follow us."

I awoke slowly, as it were, to see my little friend, Mrs. Grey, who still kept her saucily-pretty looks, and the old challenge to amicable warfare in her eyes. With my scattered wits I yet managed to receive an indelible image of her; a piquant little figure, made of—

let me see—a compound of rose-leaves and fluffiness; the
untranslatable *flou cendré*, for the fluffiness; the face, the
arms for the rose-leaves. She had "resumed herself
mised her colouring—in her floral ornaments, which
china-roses and the grey feathers of wintry "travellers' j
rose-leaves were again in her soft pink dress, and her fluff
the mysterious adjuncts called "trimming." There was a
something, also silvery and pink, on her head; and she lo
Dresden shepherdess. Why, I should like to know, do we
vividly when half our mind is wandering, than when
intentness upon an object?

"I beg your pardon," I stammered, "I am very sorry
you really pilot me?"

"Our dear, good friend is moon-struck, Mother; and
forgive him for his all but inexcusable absence of
laughed, and hurried me out of the room.

As we looked for our chairs in the dining-room I
French daughter-in-law say, with just perceptible raillery in
"Je laisse cette place à la baronne," indicating a chair
host; and Mrs. Grey called to her brother, "Geoffrey, tak
that place—*there*; otherwise my father won't be hap
as for you, my poor brother, you're banished to the other e
table!"

"A great gift of generalship goes to waste in the m
your amiable sex," I said, attempting to sustain an o
tion for smartness. "See how well you marshal the
company!"

"Ah, that is your friend, Captain Trevor, sitting nex
next Mrs. Standish," said my Dresden shepherdess.

"Mrs. Standish?" I questioned, *sotto voce*. "I have
called two or three names already. Which is the right one

"You scarcely know what a pertinent question that
Leigh; but, please—— another time. It is a long story.
lawsuit about it," she added, in a lighter tone. "It's co
Court, and punishable, isn't it, to talk before the jud
decided? But you were just going to tell me about Captain
when I interrupted you; or something or other happened.
by any chance, the distant cousin and heir of that yo
Mordaunt Trevor who was killed out hunting? Yes? Then
has been very kind to him."

"Kind, and unkind," I answered.

We were placed about the middle of the table, on the

side from Trevor and his beautiful neighbour, so that I could see them, notwithstanding the table decorations.

Mrs. Grey returned to the charge: "How has the kindness been shown?"

"Well, there was the unexpected inheritance from an almost unknown cousin. He was the junior captain in a marching regiment, with no 'expectations.' And then—only look where you have placed him now!"

"You think he values his position?" she asked. "But how about the unkindness?"

"The title did not descend. It would have been a nice addition to the estates. 'Sir St. John Trevor' would have sounded well. Say what you will, there's a certain decorative value in titles. They're picturesque."

"I have nothing to say against them."

"Then, you know, he had an unlucky fever. So changed as he is! He is only a convalescent now. And he used to be as a giant for strength."

"It seems to me you are not in your 'fighting form' of last season. You were like an aloe then, or a cactus, or a bit of gorse. There was no such thing as touching you without feeling the pricks. You were amusing—yes, and stimulating, if sometimes you made one smart. Perhaps the sharpness made your charm. (A *soupçon* of vinegar is the soul of some sauces.) By the way, do you know an American recipe for the compounding of human character? An ounce of serpent is worth a pound of dove; and, whatever you do, see that the serpent isn't left out! I am anxious about your health, because to-night I miss the 'serpent'! When one did not feel his sting in your words, one used to get a glimpse of him lurking about the corners of your mouth, or looking through the malicious twinkle of your eyes."

"Do the snakes round Naples sting?"

"You are captious. No; it is the doves in Italy that sting. You feel the fangs—will that do?—of the serpents."

She chatted in a high, plaintive voice—a voice like a soft flute. It was a strange tone in which to send forth mockeries. Careless or stupid listeners fancied her always uttering honeyed words, and took her talk for a sort of cooing. But if I wrote down a[illegible] say-ings, I should give the impression of what the Fre[illegible] bad tongue." And, after all, there was not a suspicion [illegible] in her small, saucily-defiant, upturned face. I had [illegible]s. Grey charming. She was *piquante*, [illegible]

portr[illegible] nd some of Sir Joshua's sitters must have been very li[illegible] her. [illegible] on this particular evening, I constantly felt that she suffer[illegible] greatly by contrast with our mysterious Lady of the Law-suit, wh[illegible] seemed nobler, and more natural, and far more lovely, than anyo[illegible] in a room where yet there were well-bred, high, and beautiful typ[illegible] She gave me the idea of seeing larger horizons than it is given to u[illegible] ordinary mortals to see; and her evident unconsciousness enormously enhanced her charms. The beautiful woman nearly opposite u[illegible] possessed simplicity and grandeur. Not the most midsummer-ma[illegible] lover could call my Dresden shepherdess grand or simple. But he might think her, for the lack of these qualities, all the more suited for human nature's daily food. If a lover can be reasonable he would, however, admit that the fascinating new acquaintance belonged to a nobler order of being.

Mrs. Grey's glance had just travelled round the table.

"You are content with the disposition of your forces," I said. "As Mrs. Gilbert's lieutenant-general you had the arranging of the guests; and I can see plainly that you think you have shown capacity. Let me say at once that, for me, this would be a foregone conclusion. But does it not all make for the existence of that military genius gone astray and wasted in feminine brains, of which we were talking just now?"

"Not lost, if it is employed in making dinners go off pleasantly. Surely you'll admit that? But you don't know how difficult it often is to arrange a party well. Of course you have often been asked this puzzle: 'How are you to take three missionaries and three cannibals across a stream in a boat which can carry only two at a time?' The difficulty is that you cannot leave, at any time, on either bank, two cannibals with one missionary, or they will devour him. Well, it is a real puzzle. Try it, and see for yourself. Here are three rose-leaves to represent the missionaries (a graceful compliment to religion, you perceive) and three brown nuts for the cannibals, and a spoon for the boat. Now, carry them across that pattern in the table-cloth and call it the river. If you give your whole mind to it, you may succeed with the puzzle. But it is a very different thing to find places for your friends around the 'hospitable board.'"

"What, for instance, were your difficulties this evening?"

"Ah, that would be telling too many secrets! But as yo[illegible] an old and trusted friend, I may say this much: there are three[illegible] people amongst us; the ladies outnumber the men; there ar[illegible] married couples; there are some people who car[illegible]

neighbours; there are others who must be kept as far apart as possible. Now, two deaf people cannot be placed by each other, for they go on misunderstanding one another with such comic effect that all the world stops talking to listen to the farce; and then the less polite people burst into fits of laughter, and perhaps my schoolboy brother, struggling with his merriment, chokes over his champagne glass. In short, there is an end to rational conversation——"

"Like ours?"

"Yes; 'like ours'; why not? And husbands and wives, and sworn foes——"

"Why separate them? Are they not all in one class, foes and wedded folk?"

"I gave you credit for something better than such very cheap cynicism. However, I forgive you, for I know you are not well. But, one word of advice: It is better not to try to be brilliant when you feel ill! I was saying there are all those classes of people who can't dine happily at each other's elbow; but the worst difficulty in the present case was with Geoffrey and Madame de—— with Mrs. Standish, and my sister-in-law." She lowered her voice. "Jeanne cannot bear her. Bella is sublimely unconscious of this antipathy. We would not, for the world, that she should guess it. And Geoffrey, like the rest of us, is very fond of Bella. She married a Frenchman—a dreadful man. Because De Troupigny is French, Jeanne espouses his cause—a cruel, unprincipled wretch! And Jeanne makes it miserably uncomfortable for Geoffrey, when he is kind to Bella. But really, I flatter myself I have done the best that was possible in a difficult case. Have you taken your missionaries over to the centre-piece? Or have they eaten the cannibals? No, I forgot; missionaries don't eat cannibals!"

I vainly tried to bring her back to the subject of the lady of many aliases. She laughed and chattered about trifling things; and then her right-hand neighbour claimed her attention, and I looked as much as I dared at that supremely interesting personage nearly opposite me. She was talking to Trevor, and he was an excellent listener on this occasion. Evidently she wished him to be pleased—that is, not to be dull; but she was so entirely devoid of coquetry, that it was clear *there* her wish stopped. She desired simply that Trevor should be entertained; not that she should seem entertaining. Another guest addressed her, and met with the same graciousness. There was something royal in her courtesy. Towards Gilbert her manner was different. For him her cordiality had the element of the filial in it.

Among the bright-coloured or rich dresse
the only plain one ; and even by the candle
threadbareness—it showed unmistakably old
it well—a long velvet dress, and something s
shoulders and knotted on her breast—like
Antoinette's portraits. This evening I thou
than when we had first seen her ; partly b
picturesque, weather-beaten hat, she was now
of her dark hair.

"You don't feel neglected, I hope," said M
talking to my other neighbour for ever so lo
very pleasant this evening."

"So, I imagined, was I ! Are not you
Maine of one mind ? *She* said, 'I love conve
body listens to me, and I listen to nobody.'"

"I consider that not merely unkind, but al

She spoke with perfect sweetness. Ther
hurting her, if one paid her in kind.

Two of our opposite neighbours at this
Mrs. Grey with a string of questions about N
which are to be found, by the first comer, in E
her to reply in enigmas, uttering the most audac
of resigned melancholy or the absurdest moc
ingenuousness ; and always meeting their glan
The inquirers were doubtless mystified by her
but they were charmed by her daintily-pretty, up

Gilbert was talking with Madame de Trou
interest in him, as I saw his kindly face light u
affection as his eyes rested on her. Now and t
of her rich, sweet voice. I was dreaming agai
flute-like tones recalled me to a lower world.

"Curious dispensation, is it not ? Or, is di
crated word, and is it something less than pious
day things ? Is it not a strange provision of nat

"I don't know if I can be said to have met her. I have never spoken to her. But I have seen her twice; and I am not in love with her. As for 'ten or fifteen years'—well, just twelve years ago a certain Miss Gilbert needed but to have held up her finger for me to have knelt at her feet." I said it jokingly, but it was only a slight exaggeration. My Dresden shepherdess looked disconcerted. Never before, and never since, have I seen a trace of confusion about my sprightly little friend. I hardly like to speculate as to what that momentary trouble in her expression portended. She plunged now into an animated conversation with the man on her right; but turned to me again in a few minutes, full of brightness, and apparently eager for the fray.

But we got no further. Mrs. Gilbert and her lady guests trooped through the intervening rooms back to the drawing-room, where we had all met.

To our host I said, as soon as a chance offered:

"The question I put to you answered itself. The lady I was talking about entered the room just as we were speaking."

"Strange I did not recognise your description!" he exclaimed. "But I thought you already knew that young friend of ours." And then, with an amount of feeling that did him credit, he told me something of her history.

A Miss Standish, and her niece, had come to Italy about eleven years before. The elder lady was rather an invalid, and hoped to benefit by the southern climate. Her niece had marked talent for painting, and began at once seriously to study art. In an evil moment, a Frenchman, Baron de Troupigny, who had come to Naples to ride one of his horses in the races, saw her at a picture gallery, and fell in love with her. She was a beautiful girl of not quite sixteen. He was twice her age, exceeding good-looking, and could, when he saw fit, make himself very agreeable. He managed to get an introduction, and addressed himself, first, to the task of propitiating the aunt—no easy matter. He then paid assiduous court to Bella. There were numberless ways by which a man of the world, like De Troupigny, could make himself useful and agreeable to two rather lonely and unsophisticated Englishwomen in a strange land. They knew nothing whatever of him, beyond what he chose to tell them. The aunt was hardly more worldly wise than her young niece. It was true, the elder Miss Standish's suspicions were aroused when the engagement had taken place, and that the business arrangements for the marriage had to be considered. But De Troupigny had obtained a certain ascendency over her by

t here to see her," he answered. "They are well-to-do and tured. But she is fearfully proud and independent. And e rather injudicious, it must be admitted. They gave her a about six months ago. I believe they fancied that, because a valuable dog, he was as good as money to her. As if she sell the brute! He is endless trouble and expense, too. saddling her with a hungry puppy! And her poverty has a grinding poverty. You see, De Troupigny only left behind what he could not take; and the child and she would have had y enough to live on, without legal expenses. She paints, to be ; but you need to be a very clever artist, here, to earn much. ed not tell you, more than one man has fallen in love with her, proposed. But, to marry, would be to admit she never was Madame de Troupigny, and to make her boy nameless. The mere thought of such a thing would shock her inexpressibly. Have you spoken to her yet? Will you come and be introduced?"

Trevor was standing by her chair when I was presented. We talked together—he, she, and I—for a few minutes. Then there was singing, and we were silent. In a little while everyone was taking leave of our hostess.

"You told the coachman at what hour he should come round again, Bella?" asked Mrs. Gilbert.

"Francesco is coming, Mamina," she answered. "Lion must have exercise. René is at lessons, and I at the studio, all day. I brought my wraps here with me. Lion and Francesco and I will run home through the moonlight. Indeed, it is good for all three of us."

"And you will not forbid Trevor and me to see you home?" I ventured to say.

"Geoffrey and I are coming, too," said Mr. Gilbert. (Madame Geoffrey's jealous face was a marvellous study in expression.)

"You know you have colds, and ought not to go out—either of you," Bella said, in her winning voice. "Surely, I am well escorted with three, and Lion—I, who am usually quite alone! We will go by the Promenade, and see the white moon, if you like. It is longer, very likely, but it will be beautiful." This she added when we found ourselves in the *cortile*, where Schiave and his owner awaited Trevor and me with the rickety *legno*. Lion sprang upon his mistress in greeting, and bounded about in great glee. Francesco, the shabby retainer of our queen in exile, vociferated. The carriage followed us through the empty street. We did not feel the need of talking until we were out in the flood of moonlight, which threw a veil of beauty and mystery over Naples.

We had gone some way through the Gardens when Bella cried out : "This is just where we were one Sunday lately, when such strange thing happened ! René, my boy, was in great distress Lion broke his hoop—or they broke it between them ; and then heaven-sent hoop came trundling our way ! We never found out how it got to us. René was *so* happy."

Trevor started. I found nothing to say. Lion, unruly puppy that he was, retrieved the situation by lavishing rough caresses on his mistress. Then she talked of dogs ; of this rough, good Lion ; of her boy. It was a lovely walk.

"You will let me call—you will let us both call, won't you?" begged Trevor, as we stood at the foot of seemingly interminable stairs, at the top of which she told us, laughing, that she lived.

"Oh, I should like to say, 'Yes,'" she answered very sweetly, "though I never have visitors. But in four days I leave. I am going to Sicily on business. And, in the interval, I must finish the background for my old master. He gives some of us work of this sort to do. It is very important for me to finish it—a great honour and profitable, too. So that I must be at the studio all day, and every day. And the evenings are all I have for René and Lion. So we always go out walking. I am so sorry not to be able to be at home for you. This is a great difficulty about René and Sicily, is it not? I go, as I said, in four days. I can trust him to Frances and his old Professor, if he stays here. But the *vacazione* begins twelve days hence. Do you think a little boy could come safe alone to Palermo? I am not sure even if Palermo, the port, is the same as Palermo proper."

"I am going to Sicily, and will be his escort, if you like. I will bring Lion too. Leigh, you're coming, aren't you?" All this Trevor said with gentle entreaty. She never dreamt that Sicily had entered into his plans for the first time within the last thirty seconds.

"How fortunate that you should be coming. This, indeed, is a good thing for my boy. But the dog ! Won't he be troublesome?"

"I shall take it as a great favour if you will trust me with both," said Trevor, humbly.

"And Mr. Leigh ? He is coming by the same steamer ? How good this is !" she said naïvely. "Quite a piece of luck for René and me !"

"Naples is really not warm enough for me. As soon as I have concluded these art purchases——" I began.

"Not warm enough ! And I am keeping you here in this cold *cortile*. Oh, forgive me ! René shall go to your hotel to find out

indeed you are going by his steamer. How good you are! Good-night—good-night."

And she tripped up into the darkness after Francesco's lantern, with the big dog's eyes gleaming yellow down upon her from the top of each flight of steps as she wound her way up.

As Schiave scampered up the long hill to our hotel I felt that I ought to say to Trevor: "Gilbert has been telling me something of her history. Take care, Trevor! Are you wise to follow her to Palermo? She thinks she is really married to this Frenchman. So she is, no doubt, whether the law gives her justice or not! And the more you see of her, the more you'll care for her. Are you not laying up grief and disappointment for yourself?"

"Gilbert said De Troupigny was a brute, didn't he?"

"Yes; and that he made her despise and loathe him years ago. All the same, she considers they are bound to each other. She might have married here, of late years. But she looked upon the notion of re-marrying with horror—a crime, in fact; and treason to her son."

But he went.

The day after Trevor, René, and the dog left Naples, I read this paragraph in the *Lyre*: "It appears that the gentleman who rode under the name of Marcet, and who was killed at the races at Compiègne, was known in private life as Baron René de Troupigny, although his capital performances in the pig-skin, his fair type, and fine physique generally led to the belief that he was English. He belonged to an ancient Norman family, and attempted, some six years ago, to better the fortunes of his house by a marriage with Mademoiselle Gonnet, an heiress. Although her *dot* was large, even for a daughter of a house of 'silk' in Lyons, it is well known that the Baron, who came to such a tragic end on Sunday, was again in financial low water. He will be remembered as the hero (?) of a matrimonial cause in the French Courts not very long ago. The story was discreditable, but not uncommon. He induced an English lady in some foreign health resort to marry him, but omitted to take those steps in his own country which would have made the marriage binding there. The laws which permit such villanies are in need of international readjustment."

I telegraphed to Trevor: "Troupigny killed. Have the news broken gently, if she does not know." And I sent him all the particulars I could gather, under a registered cover.

I learn that on the day, and at the very hour, the legal decision was given against the wife, the race was run in which De Troupigny was killed.

IN KING CHULALONGKORN'S DOMINIONS.

PREVIOUS to the present year of grace, the ruler of Siam ha
never journeyed westward of Calcutta. The voyage was ma
in the *Maha-Chakkri*, an elegant, British-built "yacht-cruiser" o
twenty-five hundred tons and two hundred men. Principally beca
political considerations are held to have had so much to do with th
visit to England, it has excited an inordinate amount of interest, an
the tour of the Siamese monarch is being followed with an exci
ment almost disproportionate to its merits. Siam is in many wa
an unfortunate little country, and the sadly sudden death of the la
Crown Prince a couple of years ago must have been a heavy blow t
the king of many wives.

In a land where elephants are drab-coloured (not white), whe
fishes fight, and where every boy who wishes to do so can enter t
priesthood at will, a great many strange things are possible. Wh
stranger spectacle than that of an entire population journeying
worship annually at the "footprint of Buddha" on Mount Phrab
What more unnatural sight to European eyes than that of a peo
who for the most part dwell in "floating-houses," thatched with pal
and moored to the banks of their great and malodorous rivers, t
Meinam and Mekong? What more wondrous in its way than t
sight of a city of yellow-robed priests such as Bangkok, the capi
is? What more eccentric and original—provided we except fr
our calculations the one other city of Stamboul—than a place of t
hundred thousand inhabitants that is practically "owned," so s
as the darkness falls (and the night comes quickly in the tropics
by its myriads of pariah-dogs? All this and more is Bangkok—
Venice of the extreme East, and the most evil-smelling city of
wide world. But not the most unpicturesque by any means.

The writer can claim to have enjoyed opportunities of observ
the social conditions that prevail in this interesting portion of
globe such as are denied to the average globe-trotter. And firs
must be premised that only about one-third of the total populat

of Siam are true-born Siamese, the remaining two-thirds being made up of Chinese, Malays, and other aliens. From the moment of her birth a Siamese girl is treated with less consideration than a boy. For several years after quitting the realms of "babyland" she dresses very slightly indeed. (I refer more particularly to the lower classes, though the rule applies more or less generally.) Next she adopts the *sarong*, or waist-cloth, and on top of this is placed a bright-coloured scarf of considerable length and breadth, which is customarily crossed and recrossed over the breast and under the arms. These two garments constitute the whole of a Siamese girl's wearing apparel, unless she chance to wear a scanty vest of linen. Rings and bracelets are inevitable, provided she be of class enough to afford them; and in a few cases the costume is finished off with a flimsy pair of slippers, into which the stockingless feet are thrust.

The average Siamese girl is an inveterate smoker of cigarettes, from a very tender age. When quite a baby, too, she, in common with the rest of the population, is taught to chew the leaf and "nut" of the betel-palm—at least, she does not require to be "taught" this unlovely but (if we may believe what we see) fascinating pastime. Since, moreover, she knows full well that she will be esteemed *passée*, not to say ancient, at the age of thirty, she concentrates the whole of her intellect upon the serious business of either entering the Palace or getting married. But if it be the latter, a marriage in Siamese middle and upper class life is the most elaborate function that an English girl could imagine. The negotiation—what we should term the "courting"—is generally conducted in the first instance through an old beldame. It is this old woman's business to discover, among other things, whether the "stars in their courses" are propitious towards the happy event, and whether the respective birthdays of the bride and bridegroom fall suitably to the date fixed for their union. For in all such matters the Siamese would appear to be even more superstitious than their Buddhist belief might reasonably be expected to make them.

On the occurrence of the wedding festivities, which last for two or three days, a certain sum of money denominated *ka nâm nom* is handed by the bridegroom to his mother-in-law. The marriage-bed is prepared by an aged couple who have enjoyed an unusually long and happy married life. Yellow-robed priests are in attendance, who, in exchange for sundry payments and entertainments, mutter prayers and incantations, and sprinkle the young couple with holy water. But through it all nobody ever dreams of paying a visit to

more low-lying and fever-inviting the river
find an enlarged number of these floati
(creek) contains a score or so of them, acc
have no house rent to pay, and the only
that if your particular location happens to
your wooden dwelling will sway about lik
stated intervals of the day and night. But
to intensely tropical night, the stars peep
his slimy bulk on to the river's bank, the fi
drink flapping his variegated wings, and y
remains

Rocked in the cradle of the d

The furniture of an ordinary Siamese hous
enough. It consists solely and wholly of t
curtains, several mats to sit upon, and the ute
preparation of the family meals of rice and dri
idea of feminine loveliness runs in the directio
bones, noses the reverse of *retroussé*, &c.
common, particularly among the leisured class
witnessed anything approaching jealousy on
—they all seem too apathetic to be capab
such sentiment. At the same time they are
love : at least two cases of the display of this v
notice. One of these instances was that of th
Englishman, who, on the house being attacked
herself to the bullets and sabre-cuts inten
second case was a charge of murdering his m

It is a matter of impossibility for a European to judge whether a Siamese girl is possessed of a pretty voice for singing, as the young lady's vocal efforts are always conveyed in an irritating monotone, like the chanting of the Pali priests. A very slight incident indeed —an incident, perhaps, that in itself is far from amusing—suffices to make her shriek with laughter. And going a-marketing is as the breath of life of her.

Now when *you* go a-marketing, young lady, you consider it necessary to dress yourself in the height of fashion, whatever the prevailing "rage" in this England of ours may be. Not so the young lady of Siam, where there are *no* fashions. She merely takes an umbrella to protect her stubbly black hair from the scorching sun, and with a piece of betel-nut to beguile the tedium of the way, jumps into her canoe, and paddles off to market. Anon you will see her coming back, her purchases piled in the bow of the boat; or if she has gone by land, she will be carrying a basket on her head, laden with fish, yams, plantains, &c., for her family. She is happy, too, in her way—far happier than you or I, I make no doubt.

The Siamese wife has to do most of the work of the home. Very possibly the husband may own a field of rice, or "paddy," in which case the garnering of the precious grain inevitably falls upon the wife, who must sometimes grow a little weary of her manifold duties. She can truly say that her day's work is never ended; one reason is, to be sure, that she is considered of inferior "caste" to her husband. For though she is his cook, his maid-of-all-work, and the mother of his children, she is not permitted to sit at the same board as her lord. The propagandists of "Women's Rights" would find Siam a fertile field for their labours!

Watch her on her way to market—perhaps walking, with an umbrella for her only head covering, and her youngest born in her arms; or else deftly propelling her *sampan* along the Meinam. She beguiles the monotony by chewing her beloved betel, or even by smoking the cigarette which is stuck behind her ear. She is lightly clad—indelicately so, to our home-keeping European ideas —for she wears only two garments, one of these being the vest covering the upper part of her body, and the other the *sarong*. She would tell you, however, that her two garments are quite as much as she cares about; and you are perspiring too freely yourself for such a truth to admit of argument.

Probably only one market in the wide world, a Chinese market to wit, could compete with the Bangkok mart in respect to noise and chatter of bargaining. Perhaps the look of these pineapples

ness" of every kind. It happens to be patroni
day, though, for the excellent reason that here y
absolutely everything that the native population
can possibly lack.

All the days pass in much the same way to
save on the occasion of certain "high days and
by special decree of King Chulalongkorn. T
do the population of Bangkok go fairly mad, an
are sometimes maintained for days. But the w
much part in all this semblance of joy. No: th
cooking the fatted calf, after it has been killed, f
the men.

Yet you will rarely come across one of th
positively "pessimistic"; far from it. For the
contented with their lot, even happy, and a chan
the death of them. Their leading characteristic
the verge of easy indifference, and they have a q
humming to themselves a horrible jargon of Siam

PERCY C

VILLAGE CLUBS AND MEDIÆVAL GILDS.

IN almost every village in England a benefit club exists, and is either an individual club belonging to one parish alone, or a society affiliated to one of the gigantic benefit societies which spread all over the country. Once a year, in almost every one of those little handfuls of cottages set down amid the wide green fields of rural England, by the side of the white dusty roads, in older days alive with coaches and the music of post-horns, and now with bicycles and the everlasting sound of their bells, the village club has its anniversary festival. The members march solemnly to church, each one wearing the coloured silk scarf or ribbon, red, blue, or green, of the club, headed by the great club banner, on which is a device of Charity dispensing aid to the sick and sorry, or perhaps of two men shaking hands with exaggerated fervour, emblematic of the good fellowship of the society which it represents. After the service—a shortened form, no doubt, for it is past twelve and dinner waits—they go to the village "public" for their feast; and there is a hot dinner and much speechifying, from which they come out, rather red, rather cheerful, but always orderly, for respectability is the badge of all the tribe of club members, and adjourn to a field where the club sports are held, and from whence the resonant notes of the local brass band are heard all day long. Perhaps, too, the church bells are ringing; the whole village seems alive with noise and movement, and unless there is an annual fair held in the place, no other day can compare to that on which the club "walks" for mirth and jollity.

And if the club is a town one, and the programme on a grander scale, yet something of the same picturesqueness surrounds the celebration. But it is in villages that relics of mediævalism linger longest; and it is their almost exact resemblance to mediæval gilds that makes these modern clubs so interesting, and to which they owe their undoubted picturesqueness. And it is only with this side of them, with their resemblance to the gilds of the Middle Ages, that

we are now concerned. Their practical, utilitarian side we have untouched.

But if we find in the returns of the English gilds made to Parliament in the fourteenth century, many curious likenesses to our modern village clubs, we must be prepared, too, to find many curious unlikenesses. In nearly all, however, mutual help in temporal matters is the object of the gild, but that help is dispensed in various ways. In some cases it takes the form of a loan, as in an Aldersgate gild, where any of the brotherhood who has need may borrow "certain of silver" if he leaves a sufficient pledge or finds sufficient security. In another gild a grant of ten shillings may be made to the needy brother; and if he cannot pay it back the first year, he may keep it another year, and so on for three years, when, if he still cannot repay it, the money is wholly released to him. Sometimes—and this is the most frequent form of procedure, and most nearly resembles that of the modern benefit club—the help is given weekly, in sums varying from fourteenpence a week to very much smaller sums. In one gild, the Poor Men's Gild of Norwich, only threepence a week can be allowed; but this society emphasises its poverty and the fact that it is for "the poor men" of the parish of St. Austin, and calls itself "a poor gild." In one case the brother who falls "at mischief" is to have a farthing every day from his gild, and on Sundays a half-penny, while he is "at mischief." If there is no common fund to draw upon, the money necessary for this sick pay is raised by subscriptions. In some gilds a farthing or a halfpenny is paid by each member weekly to their sick brother; in others each gives a penny or a halfpenny once or oftener in the year, the frequency and amount of the dole varying according to the numerical strength of the gild. In some cases the whole of this collection is paid direct to the sick member; in others only a portion is doled out each week, the remainder being put aside for other purposes connected with the society. In one or two cases the amount to be paid is not specified; it is merely stated that help is to be given from the goods of the gild, or from the private goods of the members, as need may be.

But the charities of the gilds were not confined to help in sickness. Most of them were burial clubs as well; some had almshouses, or provided lodgings and clothing for old or infirm members; and help to those who go on pilgrimage is very usual. Later on in their history we find them repairing roads, building or repairing bridges, and providing schools in their respective parishes.

The funds for these charities were raised by entrance fees, quarterly payments and bequests. The entrance fee at St.

Katherine's, Aldersgate, was to be as the master of the gild and the members agree. At "Garlekhith" it is 6*s.* 8*d.*; at St. Anthony, Lynne, 5*s.*; at St. Leonard's, in the same town, 3*s.*; and at St. George-the-Martyr the large sum of 13*s.* 4*d.* This seems, indeed, to be the highest sum paid; 8*d.* the lowest. The quarterly payments also vary. Sometimes 2*s.*, sometimes only 1*s.*, is required annually, and may be paid either once a year or quarterly.

The officers of the societies have as many and as high-sounding titles as have the officers of modern benefit clubs. The head is the Alderman, Elder Father, Graceman, Rector, Master, or Warden. The social status of the members varies considerably. In some, as in the Norwich Poor Men's Gild, all must be *bonâ-fide* poor. One gild, that of St. Michael-on-the-Hill, Lincoln, is of a very independent spirit, and ordains that, "Whereas this gild was founded by folks of common and middling rank . . . no one of the rank of mayor or bailiff shall become a brother of the gild unless he be found to be of humble, good, and honest conversation, and is admitted by the choice and common assent of the brethren and sisters of the gild. And none such shall meddle in any matter unless specially summoned, nor shall such a one take on himself any office in the gild. . . . And no one shall have any claim to office in this gild on account of the honour and dignity of his personal rank." In some cases the gilds are hereditary, inasmuch as no entrance fee is demanded from children of existing members, "founders' kin," while a heavy one is asked from outsiders.

The club service was an essential part of the mediæval gilds. It was usually held on the day of the saint whose name the gild bore. The members were to go to church in the "hoods" of the gild; and in some cases "liveries" are spoken of. In one gild each member is to be ready "to go to church with his brethren 'with a garland of oak leaves.'" Some gilds have a sort of pageant of their patron saint to accompany their procession, as in that of St. William at Norwich, where "a boy bearing a candle is led between two good men" in token of their patron "the glorious boy Martyr St. William." In other guilds this simple observance becomes a grand display, as in some very large York gilds. In many cases the members are to bear torches or candles in their procession; "much music" is enjoined, and the bells are to ring. But in no case is there any mention of the now universal "club sermon."

The Club Feast is, however, a very important matter: "a feast to nourish more knowledge and love," as one guild statute announces. It was held in the Gild Hall, if the gild was rich enough to possess

SAINTE-BEUVE.

"Inimitable—intarissable causeur."

THE author of "Portraits Contemporains" and "Causeries du Lundi" has done much to justify Carlyle's assertion that biography is the most profitable of all reading ; he sets before us half a century of animated social life, pictures of notable men and women —every name a charm—and weaves them with artistic touch into the changeful history of his day.

He was the chief of critics at a time when criticism was not a malignant spirit "sparing no flesh that ever writ," but the business of a body of deliberate and conscientious thinkers, mines of learning—faithful colleagues—who understood at a glance the gifts of genius, and held high the standard of judging well.

A close observer and an acute reader of men, Sainte-Beuve was endowed with the rare faculty of discernment—of feeling, understanding, penetrating everything. In his "Pensées" he compares the critical mind to a grand and limpid river, winding about the works of the poet as the river winds by rocks and hills and verdant valleys, embracing, reflecting, comprehending all—and when the traveller would visit the beauties of the landscape, the river bears him gently along and guides him through the changing pictures of its course. The charming simile might well have served as a description of his earlier manner, when it pleased him to develop the best points of every author, but the longer he lived the more capricious he became regarding the views he attributed to others, and the more uncertain about his own ; the faithful guide grew doubtful of his way, and took false steps which could never be retrieved.

Undecided as to fundamental truth, and incapable of settled conviction, his qualities were so antagonistic, his mind so complex, that even those who lived in close intimacy with him frequently failed to understand the springs that moved him, and could not but acknowledge that he was a *poseur*, and, more often than not, a Sainte-Beuve *de mise en scène et de galerie.*

Those who sought for information in his review
themselves as to the merits of a writer, became bew
of conflicting judgments and reckless contradictions
to a strong artistic sense, profound erudition, and a
tion of good work.

It is amazing to find a critic at a moment's no
idol into a victim, and opening eyes which have s
perfection to an astonishing number of defects. Hi
unsteady: in constant oscillation between two po
fixity, of fidelity, it was said—"Sainte-Beuve passe s
et à se déprendre, à se livrer et à se ressaisir." C
force of afterthought, he touches and retouches his
down or overlaying the colours, until the whole
blurred, almost obliterated. All unconscious of the
between his precepts and his practice, he describes
Bayle what he conceives the essential conditions of t
which should be, he says, an impartial curiosity—
amusement—a serene indifference—a prompt and e
but we hardly find these "essential conditions" exist
warlike manifestoes. A certain rough independence
through all his variations; he is always perfectly since
crossed his mind that his authority as a critic was w
versatility of his impressions, or that whatever there m
piquant or plausible in his articles, they fail to convi
it is discovered that they are calculated to attenuate a
and that the aggressive tone of his recantations rev
feeling of rancour, almost as if he had been misled an

Sainte-Beuve had the good fortune to begin his ca
ship in the springtime of the great literary revolution;
when all the world was young; "mad with lyric ardou
road to fame was followed, not for any selfish gratificat
the love and worship of art.

The doors of the Cénacle opened wide to him
completely favourable review of Victor Hugo's "Odes
Chateaubriand, Béranger, De Vigny were caressed and
in 1827 he became the accredited advocate of Romanti
had a literary group a more able interpreter; he d
fullest sympathy the little world, free from party toils a
where there reigned *quelque chose de doux, de parfumé,*
d'enchanteur; where poets were recognised by some my
and welcomed with acclamations into a kingdom of
chivalry.

That there was a little too much of mutual admiration in the guild is soon noticed by the critic, and it is not long before he presents the reverse side of the medal. A transition from extravagant praise to blame became noticeable, and the indebtedness of those he had formerly so much obliged began to be questioned.

It was in 1831 that he had written "For nine years the life of Victor Hugo has never altered—pure, grave, honourable, independent—splendidly ambitious and disinterested, devoted more and more to the great work that he felt called on to accomplish"; but three years later the tone is changed, and on the appearance of "Songs of Twilight" Sainte-Beuve affects to perceive a loss of all the poet's former *grâces enchantées*, that there is "too much mythology of angels, an excess of almsgiving and little orphans"! The critic goes still further and makes very thinly veiled allusions to events and feelings with which literature has nothing to do, suggesting that the "poésie domestique" is only introduced into the volume as a cloak for less creditable sentiments, glossing over the censure with the admission that the verses he condemns are in themselves beautiful and harmonious: the whole review was bitter, and evidently prompted by a broken friendship rather than a literary conscience. In due time there was a second recantation, and whilst an adherent of the new régime and the chief writer in Government organs, Sainte-Beuve electrified his hearers by quoting with bursts of enthusiasm some scathing verses from "Les Châtiments." Hugo, in the "Manteau Impérial," apostrophises the embroidered Bees, and exhorts them to take vengeance on the wearer—

> O vous dont le travail est joie,
> Vous qui n'avez pas d'autre proie
> Que les parfums, souffles du ciel,
> Acharnez-vous sur lui! farouches!
> Et qu'il soit chassé par les mouches,
> Puisque les hommes en ont peur.

The fancy is so far-fetched, the rancour so inordinate, that a serious critic might well have held the stanzas up to ridicule, but on the contrary, they seemed to stir within Sainte-Beuve the old poetic sympathy; and when his sudden relapse to bygone rhapsodies was commented upon with natural surprise, he confessed that Romanticism was still alive in his heart, and that when he read and re-read Lamartine's "Lac" and Hugo's passionate "Tristesse d'Olympie," the sacred souvenir revived with all its former fire, and criticisms, strictures, revilings were scattered to the winds.

That Sainte-Beuve could never dissociate the author from the

man accounts in some degree for this change of front, otherwise so inexplicable. Having taken a portrait in hand his curiosity had no limits; he must make a study from life, and was not satisfied till he had investigated temperament, qualities, bias of mind with such persistent industry that the minutest detail could not escape him; he set himself to read the soul of the man as well as the contents of the book, and was excellently described as "l'homme des individus, non celui des idées"; proper names were always hidden under his literary theories, and when former friends and companions fell under the lash, the reason was not far to seek.

The precise moment when he separated himself from the Cénacle is debatable; but from the year 1855 there were evident signs of a falling off from sympathy; the brotherhood had become more and more progressive, liberal, humanitarian; they saw before them grand horizons, and were full of hope for the future emancipation of art, whilst the least approach to passion or latitude was abhorrent to Sainte-Beuve. It was suggested that a coolness was perceptible on the failure of "Les Burgraves"—open to the magnificent reproach of being too good for the stage—and the simultaneous success of Ponsard's "Lucrèce"; it was written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that the fall of the one drama, betraying an eclipse of Romanticism, and the warmth with which the other was received—an evident return to the classics—had changed the wind in high quarters. "Sainte-Beuve n'a jamais eu pour les vaincus une passion bien opiniâtre," said Levallois; but it must in simple fairness be remembered that the eminent critic, after the first fascination of "Hernani," had never held the romantic drama in much esteem; his reception of "Marion Delorme" and "Chatterton" was far from enthusiastic, and he never disguised his opinion that Romanticism, so triumphant in lyric poetry, had failed to create a literature for the stage. Many influences were at work for the quarrel which brought his early associations to a disastrous close, and it is found in the study of his life that there was nothing less surprising, since it was his habit to embrace, to quit, and to decry every form of belief. The teaching of the Abbé Barbe, Jouffroy's mysterious philosophy, the vigorous liberalism of Armand Carrel, Catholicism, Saint-Simonianism, Republicanism, Romanticism, were each in turn accepted and renounced; and far from adopting the generous silence enjoined by Voltaire as the only dignified way of treating disillusions, he was never weary of buffeting his former friends; no sooner had he abandoned them than he remembered only their imperfections.

The year of his separation from the Romanticists was adverse to

Sainte-Beuve in more than one respect; he had imagined himself a poet, and his poetry was overlooked; his attempts at fiction failed; the portraits of his contemporaries no longer satisfied himself, his love dream had come to an end. It was at this stage of disappointment, almost of desolation, that he began the work which must always hold a high if not the highest place amongst his literary productions.

Whilst travelling in Switzerland during the summer of 1837 he was invited to give a series of lectures to the students of the Academy of Lausanne on the history of Port Royal. It was a subject which had long occupied his thoughts. The state of the Church in the seventeenth century, the reforms attempted by Henri Quatre, the union of Jansen and Saint Cyran against the Jesuits, appealed strongly to his love of investigation, and he expected to find in theology the solace for regret and irritation; his practical mind was satisfied with the confluence of opinion from so many different sources; he was able to accept their conclusions as definitive, and in the annals of a single community he declared himself to have realised the veritable existence of his ideal—"pratique méditée, doctrine pratiquée, pénitence et science."

The book of which these lectures were the primary source must always be of permanent value. Fine materials for a whole gallery of portraits were ready to his hand, and the salient points of each individual figure were noted with the most scrupulous care; not a name, title, date but was absolutely exact; the touch is sure; there is never anything fictitious—nothing false, nothing that is not strictly conformable to facts. Sainte-Beuve had a horror of the *à peu près.*

If there were a fault to be found, it is in the immense accumulation of references—the *embarras de richesses.* It is bewildering to be led into so many by-paths, but Sainte-Beuve could not control his discursiveness, for it was derived from his invincible desire to read the book of life—the book of human nature. And if in "Port-Royal" there seem to be too many digressions—if the Church and the convent are too often neglected for Court and camp—it follows that a study which might otherwise have become wearisome falls pleasantly into the fascinating network of romance. Alexander Vinet, prime mover in the religious revival which was taking place in the very centre of Protestantism, was amazed at his learning, his theology, his enthusiasm, and the skill with which he drew together the many actors in the ever-changing scene. Ampère and other serious thinkers endorsed the eulogium, but better understood the character of the man. They knew that having entered religion by the gate of imagi-

nation he was liable to quit it by that of reason and analysis. His enthusiasm at the beginning of his task was inspired by a deep sympathy with the men and women who, in the heyday of youth and prosperity, devoted themselves to the solemn monotony of the cloister, separating themselves from every earthly tie, bound to a life of solitude, penury, penitence, utter self-forgetfulness. He was at this time full of religious fervour—perhaps *religiosity*, a word then much in vogue, would be the better term—but according to an innate mental perversity his researches turned him from belief to doubt. In the very height of the feeling inspired by the grand figures whose strength, endurance, and serenity he depicted so well, the spirit of questioning, or what may be called the demon of criticism, took possession of his mind, and the difference of sentiment between the first and last volumes of "Port-Royal" is sufficiently marked. It is a strange fact that, having expended so much eloquence on the history of the devoted lives of Pascal, St. François de Sales, la Mère Angélique, and a whole host of noble characters, he comes to the conclusion that it is all a mistake, delusion, foolishness; he has painted, but he does not believe in them.

The work is also of importance as a picture of himself; it brings to light all his individuality, his vanity, ambition, beliefs, renunciations, failures. It explains the natural bent of his mind towards discontent and dejection. His letters to the Abbé Barbe, to whom he revealed himself without reserve or affectation, disclose this feeling, and he even describes the work in which he delights as merely a way of cheating the miseries of life. It was in his prime, in the full maturity and satisfaction of his great talents, with simple tastes, sufficient means, and daily increasing reputation, that he allowed a few words to escape him which betray a constant state of melancholy. "There comes a sad moment in life," he writes, "when one has attained everything one could reasonably hope for—*j'en suis là!* I have won much more than I had any right to expect, and I feel that much is very little; the future promises me nothing."

From this it might be surmised that he had failed to meet with the general appreciation and full emolument which he felt he deserved; but this was far from the case. No writer ever achieved greater success or more solid remuneration: the papers of the day were always in his favour. Balzac alone ventured on adverse criticism, and this was partly in reprisal for a cynical review in which Sainte-Beuve, with affected magnanimity, announced that he was far from contesting the skill displayed by the author of the "Comédie Humaine" in depicting what he best understood,

the lives and manners of spendthrifts, usurers, adventurers, and adventuresses—and this sarcasm so exasperated the fiery novelist that he exclaimed, "I will transfix him with my pen, *ce petit Sainte-Beuve*."

Forthwith there appeared an article in the *Revue Parisienne*, dictated by one of those violent literary animosities which are so perceptible as to be harmless. He calls "Port-Royal" a very poor book, and, comparing it to Racine's treatment of the same subject, he proceeds: "But what has M. Sainte-Beuve done? He has seen in the valley of 'Port-Royal-des-Champs,' six leagues from Paris, a little cemetery, where he has disinterred the innocent relics of his pseudo saints—the idiots of the troop—poor girls, poor women, already dust and ashes; his ghastly Muse has opened all the coffins where slept, and where every historian would have allowed to sleep, the vainglorious, tiresome dupes and duping family of the Arnaulds." It was thus that Balzac paid off one of his debts, which must have been a novel sensation for him.

As Sainte-Beuve grew older depression turned to bitterness; he became full of irritation against the existing state of things—the low tone of public taste, the humiliating concessions of authors, and the cant terms of the day. The De Goncourts, in their inimitable journal, took down word for word one of his tirades. His conversation was out of all keeping with his ability—consisting of short, half finished sentences linked together with his habitual hesitating hum-hum. "There is no longer any literature," he said, "it is music, it is painting—we can't all be painters! Everything must be defined, enlarged, laid bare. Look at Rousseau—he was the first to fall into exaggeration; then Bernardin de Saint-Pierre—*he* goes further. Hugo" (this with the grimace he always made at the name), "Gautier, Saint-Victor! And *you*! You pretend that what is wanted is colour—the interior of things. Impossible!" (and with increasing vehemence) "Neutral tint! It isn't in the dictionary—it is a painter's word! And a sky *rose thé—rose thé*! What is *rose thé*?" (becoming more and more infuriated) "There is only one rose—*rose thé*! Ridiculous!"

It was in vain, describe the brothers, that they attempted to explain, as soon as he paused for want of breath, that for the faint yellow tints of evening skies there could be no better colour named than that of a tea-rose, quite distinct from other roses. Sainte-Beuve was deaf to reason and continued to argue, to vituperate, with feminine perverseness, which those who knew him well used to say was one of his characteristics. He was often accused of a womanish

touch in his nature; he quarrelled and made it up again, with tru
feminine facility, and he always put himself into a passion when he
knew he was wrong.

The remarks which may be gathered as to his personal appe-
ance are far from flattering; he is described as short, thick-set,
common; "un petit bourgeois," "un petit mercier de province,"
"sa petite voix," "sa main grasse et froide," complete the picture;
a self-sufficient air in society and many small affectations were
source of some amusement in the salons he frequented; it was
noticed that he never look leave until he had thought of som
especially witty last word. One evening when no *bon mot* woul
come to his call, and he still rose to go, Madame de Girardin—wh
held him in no particular esteem, but whose politeness never allow
her to omit the aristocratic *de* from his name—exclaimed maliciou
"But, Monsieur de Sainte-Beuve, you have not yet gained the rig
to leave us."

"Sainte-Beuve n'est pas gentilhomme," said Victor Cousin, a
d'Haussonville added: "Sainte-Beuve is full of rage, rancour, a
ingratitude—but he is human!" This remarkable eulogy
supported by Jules de Goncourt, who declared that when he was
blinded by passion and malice he was kind and charitab
Charitable, in the sense of putting the best construction on thi
he certainly was not; but he could be generous to struggling auth
and this quality appealed strongly to the Goncourts, who bega
scheme very early in their lives for the assistance of worn-out lite
men; they planned the endowment of a certain number of wri
with a small independence, and determined to leave their
private fortune, copyrights, and the sale of their valuable col
tions for those recipients who should be in need of leisure to conti
their work with ease of mind. The scheme is to be carried out
Edmond's literary executors.

Dining with Sainte-Beuve one day in every week at the fam
Restaurant Magny, the two inseparable brothers set down in t
journal that in spite of his association with refined and well-b
people, he could never be made to look like a man of the world,
that to visit him when laid up with illness was to perceive in
toilette intime the very essence of democracy.

The one act of his life which weighed most seriously against
was the fact of his standing alone among authors, the sole suppo
during the white terror of journalism of the edict which put an
to the liberty of the Press; and although it had been long establis
that he was staunch to no principle, this disloyalty to his liter

colleagues could never be forgiven; the characteristic of always turning his face towards the rising star was still more evident when there appeared an article from his pen in the *Moniteur Officiel* directed visibly against his former friends, to which no reply was possible, since all the independent journals were threatened, and a great many actually suppressed. The article, which he called "Regrets," gave offence even to those who, like himself, had accepted without too many scruples the benefits of the new régime, and the doors of many delightful *salons* were closed to him. There was a still more marked expression of the general feeling when, having been elected Professor of Poetry at the College of France, he betrayed such personal animosity against the poets whose fame was greater than his own, that the whole assembly of students gave way to an outburst of indignation, and the lecture was cut short amidst unmistakable signs of displeasure.

It was whispered at the next meeting that he had arrived on the platform with two loaded pistols; whether one was intended for the audience and the other to blow out his own brains was not very clearly specified, but the effect was irresistibly comic and the proceedings came to an end.

At the same time a perfectly unfounded accusation was brought against him; he was charged with misappropriation of public money—a ridiculously small sum and quite easily accounted for.

"On m'attaque par mon côté fort," he said, but the affair was annoying, and he left Paris, accepting a professorship at Liège, and taking as the subject of his first lecture "Chateaubriand and his literary group." It was unfortunately chosen: Chateaubriand had not been dead a year: Madame Récamier was dying. Sainte-Beuve had been the intimate friend of both, and was a familiar figure in the brilliant circle of the Abbaye aux Bois, yet the author of so many celebrated works was treated with little indulgence, and far less justice, the outcome of personal jealousy which he could never conceal and which had latterly become more apparent in his criticism. There was hardly a writer, however differing in his line of work, who had not felt the sting of his unreasoning and uncontrollable temper; even Michelet, whose equanimity was statuesque, even the Abbé Lamennais, who for a time had exercised the most profound influence on his contradictory character, received from him some rough assaults; with Michelet there was no real animosity; it was a purely intellectual matter; their views were discordant, and the imaginative method of the historian was held in contempt and undisguised suspicion by the patient collector of facts.

[illegible] quarrel of his life, although entirely of his own seeking, was poss[illegible] that which touched him the most nearly. His somewhat soli[illegible] days had been brightened by a cordial friendship with a distinguished woman and cultivated connoisseur in most literary matters. Princess Mathilde fully appreciated the talent, learning, originality, sociability of Sainte-Beuve, and it was through her persuasion and interest that he took his place in the Senate, and accepted the ribbon of th[illegible] Honour, which he had formerly refused. It was with a prev[illegible] the difficulties and dangers to come that he took up his ne[illegible]ition, and as a proof of his clairvoyance he directed the att[illegible]on of the Princess to a florid account of a banquet given at Brus[illegible]ls in honour of Victor Hugo, remarking that what seems of little moment to-day may become no matter for jesting to-morrow, and that such demonstrations were very significant although unheeded at Compiègne—*cette atmosphère isolée et dorée.*

But his old socialistic tenets were not long in reasserting themselves. Napoleon III. had not been careful enough to avoid causes of irritation, and had on one occasion made the mistake of speaking to him of the ability of an article he had written in the *Moniteur* when it had in fact appeared in the *Constitutionnel.* It was a trivial blunder, but to such pin-pricks Sainte-Beuve was notably susceptible. He took up his anti-clerical campaign with renewed energy, and sent an article to the *Temps*, one of the chief organs of the Opposition, which occasioned a strong feeling against him in the Tuileries, and greatly displeased the Princess Mathilde, who had, as she professed, but little sympathy for "les hommes noirs," but who deeply resented his disloyalty. He was no longer favoured with her correspondence, and was forbidden to appear at the literary réunions where he had once been such a welcome guest. The depression which made his latter days a terrible burden rapidly increased; the malady he had borne with so much courage and patience gained ground, but the intellectual man maintained his vigour; he was still critic *par excellence*, to be courted by all who aspired to distinction, but he had alienated the troops of friends who should have gathered round him at the last; and although his life had been blameless, in spite of his great talent, his scholarship, his independence and unquestionable sincerity, many men who deserved it less have been better mourned.

C. E. MEETKERKE.

MISS TWINCH AND HER PIGS.

I THINK 'ee've heard tell of Miss Twinch, 'ave 'ee? Yes? but only a few words, if I mind rightly. Her don't belong to these parts, as the sayin' is; her comes Lunnon way, so I've heard 'em say; but, Lunnon or not, her've took to country ways, lor! as nat'ral as a duck takes to water, as the sayin' is; why, 'ee'd think her was rale born and bred 'mong us, none o' the foine madam 'bout she! I don't s'pose as 'ee'd find ne'er a one as would say a contrairey word agin she, tho' us don't take to furriners most ways. But when her had the infloiza—and her had it turrible bad—'ee couldn't go down street but the folks would stop 'ee to ask, "How's miss, do 'ee know? Do 'ee tell we." As to Matthew, what does her garden an such loike, the women folks used to lay wait for him when he went for his "noonins," as they sezs in these parts. Gentry calls it "lunch"; leastways our Tryphenee tells I so, and her 'ave been up to Squire's now an' agin to help the maids. But I be maunderin'.

Well, the day Miss Twinch come down for the fust toime arter the infloiza I met Matthew, so I sezs to he—

"How be the missis, Mat?"

And Mat, he be a solemn sort o' chap, him's a local preacher, but la he looked that spry I hardly knowed him, so to speak, an' he sezs out that gleesome—

"The Lord be praised, her've come downstairs agin!"

So thinks I, "Well, now she be better her'll want somethin' to amoose her," for I'd heard tell as her was turrible set on books. I've got one as my poor old mother 'ave told I *her* missis was mighty took up wi'; 'twould moither most folks to read it. Our 'Zekiel, him have passed arl the standards, whoi him can't make head nor tail on it; howsomever I takes this 'ere book up to "Meadowlands" and knocks at the back door. I didn't go to front, cos I allers did know how to behave towards my betters, as the Church Catechism sezs, which is more than the young uns do nowadays.

An' 'Lizbeth—her've lived twenty years an' more along o' Miss

Twinch, an' if I was a widder man 'Lisbeth's the maid for my money, jest 'bout clean, and tidy, an' as cheerful as a lark, as the sayin' is. I've a fancy as Mat looks that way, but, la a mussy me! her wouldn't look twice at 'he, for all he's got a warm stockin' laid up in Stanley's Bank o' England. Well, as I was sayin', 'Lisbeth her come to the door, so first I asked after the missis, an' her ses, "Thankee, Mr. Peter"—her's as civil-spoken a young woman as 'ee'll meet with in a day's march, as the sayin' is—"thankee," ses she, "missis is gettin' on nicely. Will 'ee come into the kitchen? I be sure she'll see 'ee."

So I goes in. And 'ee should see 'Lisbeth's kitchen; it's a sight for a picter. Why, the brass pots an' pans hangin' on the walls, they that shines, 'ee could make up 'ee face in 'em, as the sayin' is!

Nowadays the gals be that set on dress, and fallals, their heads filled wi' silly stories they reads on in books all 'bout love, and sich loike trash, they ain't fit for much, I take it. Servants, indeed! Why, a dozen on 'em can't do (or won't, which is 'bout the same thing), the work o' one of the old-fashioned right sort o' maidens! "Too much book larnin', an' too little hand work," sezs I, when I hears tell on the worrit folks has to get servant maids to be fit. But how I be maunderin', sure-ly! Mind 'ee, Lisbeth ain't one o' them there feckless wenches; her can do any mortal thing—jest the gal for a workin' man. I allus loikes to talk along o' she, an' I looks at all the bright skimmitins hangin' on the walls, till my eyes fairly blinked, as 'ee may say, while her goes to tell her missis I be come. Arter a bit Miss Twinch her come into the kitchen wi' 'Lisbeth, an' her shakes hands wi' I, friendly loike, an' 'er sezs, "Thankee, Mr. Peter, for your kind 'quiries." Her allers speaks nice and ginteel to us village folks.

"Glad to see 'ee perkin up a bit, miss," sezs I; "we've a-missed 'ee jest about. But 'ee ain't quite the thing yet; you'm plain still."

Us sezs "plain" in these parts, but our Tryphenee tells us as gentlefolks sezs "indersposed"; la a mussy! what do it matter? 'Tis all the same, I take it; 'tis too late in the day for me and my missus to change.

So I sezs to Miss Twinch, "I've heard tell, ma'am, as 'ee loikes readin'; 'ee wants cheerin' up a bit, I 'spects, so I've made bold to bring 'ee a book. I niver read un, cos sich things ain't in my line; I niver had much skulin', but it's foine readin', cheery loike, for a body arter infloiza," sezs I, givin' it to she. Her took it wi' her pleasant smile, and began readin' the name of un, "Harvey's 'Meditations among the Tombs.'"

I thought she were took bad ag'in, for her turned that red, put her hankercher up to her face, and a'most ran out o' the kitchen.

"What be the matter wi' the missis?" I asked; but I 'clare to you 'Lizbeth she were lookin' queer loike too; "is her took worse?"

"No, no," sezs she; "her'll be arl right soon."

But I were a bit uneasy, cos I'd heard tell as Miss Twinch have said as her thanks Providence more especial for two things—small feet an' a sense o' the riddickerlous. I knows her *has* small feet, cos I've seen her boots at Shoemaker Giles' when he've had 'em to half-sole an' put on tips; but my Tryphee her've left skule now, but her passed her standards, as 'em calls 'em, an' her sezs her learnt 'bout five senses, but "the riddickerlous" wern't one on 'em. La, Miss Twinch must know better nor my Tryphee! I've got in my mind that it's somethin' to do wi' the head, cos her got so red. But that's neither here nor there, as the sayin' is; it's the pigs I'm tellin' 'ee on.

One marnin' I meets Miss Twinch down street, and her sezs—

"Mr. Peter, 'ee be the very man I wants to see."

"Be I, marm?" sezs I.

"I'm a-thinkin' o' havin' a couple of pigs," sezs she; "we've got sich heaps o' garden stuff; pigs would help clear it."

"'Ee be right there, marm," sezs I; "pigs be turrible useful beasts, an' good to eat from snout to tail; 'em pays too, for arl folks sezs to the contrayrie!"

"Well, do 'ee know where there's good uns to be had?" sezs she.

"I do, marm," sezs I; "Butcher Stone 'uve got jest 'bout a prutty lot. Shall I speak to he?"

To cut matters short, I got two o' the pruttiest pigs as ever a body set eyes on, rale Barkshire 'em was, an' riglur picters; an' Butcher Stone he took 'em up to "Meadowlands." 'Twere a lashing wet day, I mind, an' Miss Twinch, her had been down street; but when her come home there stood 'Lizbeth in the house porch wi' a umbrellar over her, 'twere that rainy.

"Oh, missis!" her calls out in a rampage, "as ever we had they blessed pigs!"

"The pigs?" cries Miss Twinch; "where be 'em?"

"The Lord knows; I don't!" sezs 'Lizbeth, her were that put out. "Butcher Stone, the dunderhead, he put 'em in the upper meadow, an' them's run away into Martin's orchard or somewheres!"

With that off trots Miss Twinch (also under a umbrellar) to find they blessed beasts, an' her sees 'em a-racin' arl over Jim Martin's

young corn, follered like mad by Martin's colt, as weren't broke in yet. He'd a-leaped the fence, it seems, the skittish creater, an' was havin' rale sport. So miss, seein' the havoc they was up to, went 'cross they fields to Martin's to speak 'em fair, cos Jim he be a testy chap. But Mrs. Martin her be a civil-spoken woman, jest 'bout; so, seein' the moither miss were in, her sezs —

"Don't 'ee worrit, ma'am; I don't 'spose as 'em'll do much damage: but 'ee must mind as they don't get upon the highroad; they'll fine 'ee £2 if they do."

Off goes Miss Twinch, cos her see plain as the colt was a-chasin' they beastes right away up to the field gate; but afore her could stop 'em out popped them derned pigs, an' away them went as fast as fower legs could carry them on to the highroad, an' Miss Twinch arter 'em! But her couldn't keep up wi' 'em, 'ee may be sartin. Howsomever, her sees a gal wi' a baby coming up the lane, meetin' they beasts, as 'ee may say.

"Stop they pigs, Arabellar," her calls out, tho' the breath were a'most gone from her body; an' Arabellar a'most forgits the infant in her arms, an' a-nigh drops him, so wishful was her to help Miss Twinch. But they pigs they turned tail, scampered past the poor lady, an' would have run goodness knows where but that 'Lizbeth, standin' at the gate, turned 'em into her missis's garden.

"Arabellar, tell 'ee feyther as I wants him to help catch the pigs," cries the dear lady; an' the girl her runs into the house-place where Elisha were havin' his dinner; but for arl that he leaves his food, tho' he be a bit pickish wi' his vittles, an' out he runs, follered by his Benny.

When 'em got into Miss Twinch's garden, lor, 'twere a sight to see! There be they two contrayrie beastes a-rampagin' arl over the prutty flower beds, an' in an' out the shrubs, wi' 'Lizbeth an' her missis a-skerryin' arter em'. Wi' that Elisha calls out—

"Stop 'em that way, Benny!" But, la! they pigs were that knowin' they gives Benny the go-bye, an' bolts past he wi' a lively grunt. Then there were a reg'lar game o' catch who can, as the sayin' is, wi' arl they fower in hot pursoot of they pigs.

By'm-bye Wilson's baker boy he comes in to gate wi' his basket full o' bread-loaves.

"Put 'ee basket into the house porch, Fred, and help us catch these horrid things," sezs Miss Twinch. Her be now quite out o' breath, an' pantin', poor soul. So Fred he puts down his load, an' he runs this way an' that, seemin' to enjoy the sport rayther than not.

Now, the good lady her had a special flower bed, where her had put in some pertickerler good plants, an' cos as the fowls gets loose now an' agin—an' they be mortal bad gardeners—her had got Mat to fix wire round to purtect it loike ; but I'm derned if one o' they beastes (an' the biggest too) didn't make *di*rect for that identical bed, an' away he jumps over the wire into the midst of 'em, an' Benny he were jest behind ; he falls right atop of the pig, the both on 'em crushing the prutty blossoms as were comin' up 'bout foine !

But Benny he were plucky, for he grabbed that rampagious brute by the tail an' hind leg, an' held on too till Elisha come up. The animal were screechin' as tho' 'twere bein' killed, but Elisha hauls him up an' carries him off to the pig-stye.

To make a long story short, as the sayin' is, t'other beast were soon ketched when her missed her mate. They be mortal sociable-loike, be pigs, an' 'em did foine, they two. Them made flesh jest 'bout, an' turned the scale at 'leven score the piece when Butcher Stone bought 'em ; an' Miss Twinch 'er were jest proud on them beastes, an' so were 'Lizbeth ; it a'most broke their hearts to part wi' 'em, they got that tame and friendly. But, lor, as I sezs to the gal when I see her whimperin', "What be pigs for but to turn into bacon ? 'Tis their natur', 'Lizbeth ; 'tis their natur'."

PENLEY REYD.

A COUNTRY READER.

ANYONE who knows aught of literature from the librarian's standpoint will know that there is a large class of readers which comes under the heading of "country readers," and that the tastes of this class are as different from those of town readers as country air is different from town air, and as country life is different from town life. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the country reader is again modified by the circumstances of the country and countryside which he inhabits, that he is not the same in Scotland as he is in England or as he is in Ireland, and that he is not the same in one part of Scotland as in another, in one part of England as in another, in one part of Ireland as in others. Keeping in view, however, all the differences which country and which countryside produce, I venture to maintain that one "country reader" of whatever country and whatever countryside has more in common with another country reader, though he be the most remote from him in space, than he has with the nearest "town" reader; this being the result of the circumstance that what, broadly speaking, all town readers have in common is the feature that they read what is the talk of the town at the time being; whereas, contrariwise, the mark of country readers the wide world over would seem to be that they read what has ceased to be—if ever it was—the talk of the town. This, at all events, is the conviction which has been forced upon me in the course of perusal of diaries English, Scotch, and Irish. At this moment I have beside me the diary of an Irish gentleman,[1] which, interesting as it is in many respects, is to my feeling of crowning interest only in showing what "a country reader" in Ireland is; I cannot bring it over myself to say [illegible] this Irishman was among us yesterday, though he is not am[illegible]-day. Here is an entry dated May 14, 1859, which brings [illegible]e "country" aspect of his life, and the stores of reading wh[illegible]ory could draw on:

[1] *A Life Spent for Ireland* [illegible] urnals of the late W. J. O'Neill, edited by his daugh[illegible] on.)

"Began barking oaks to-day.[1] . . . It is pleasant to poke about in the glen, and to hear the dash of the waterfall some twenty yards beneath my feet; thence to pass to the north brake, marking trees and amuse myself with fancying a resemblance between it and Boccaccio's tangled brake in the tale of Sigismunda and Guiscardo.'

In what follows we get another picture of country life as it is not, surely, peculiar to Ireland and Kilcascan, and yet with once and again a something about it which is peculiarly Irish and Kilcascanish. The entry is dated August 27, 1870, and runs: "A minute and faithful diary of each day's existence in this secluded place would be a record of dull vegetation. Up in the morning at seven or eight o'clock—toilette sufficiently bucolic—post-boy (whose arrival is the great event of the day) with letters from political correspondents [you are not surprised, I imagine, to find that the Irish country reader is a politician] or letters begging for pecuniary subscriptions—breakfast—answer letters if answers are required; if not, poke about the place making war on the thistles with a little instrument which I am told is called a 'spud'; read some old volumes in default of something new, Scott's novels, Grattan's speeches, odds and ends of other books; meditate on Home Government, and note the latest objections thereto for reply; communicate information on the subject to some friend who intends to write or speak about it; think suddenly of some old joke; here's one for instance." [In fairness to the book I do not reproduce it. It will be found there under the given date.] "Wander along the river banks, looking at the inroads of the floods, and grumbling at the financial embarrassments which effectually debar me from fencing off the mischief; ramble through the woods and see with satisfaction the unusually vigorous growths the young oaks have made this year—presently ask myself why I should care much about the matter, as I cannot now have more than a few years to live; then the mind flashes back to long-past days, capriciously fastening for a few moments on events that have no connection with each other—thoughts of dead friends, relatives, and enemies follow—accompanied in many cases by a prayer for their souls; a general sense of feebleness reminds me that I am no longer young [this is fourteen years before the end]—retire to my study—read newspapers, &c.—read, talk, till bedtime. So passes my monotonous life; the next day arrives without any marked variation in its course. . . ."

[1] I would here say, that where dots occur in my quotations from Mr. Daunt they are not mine, but his daughter's. Miss Daunt gives much, but she does not [illegible]e all.

Howbeit the next entry begins: "Accompanied my son and his gun to Barryroe."

This Irishman is, it is now made manifest, a landowner, a Roman Catholic, a Nationalist, and a sportsman. That is a combination which an English countryside or a Scotch countryside could scarcely produce, and yet—I wish to emphasise this—taking this Irishman not on any one side of his character, but as a whole, more particularly taking him in his wholeness as a country reader, there is verily nothing in the world which he is less like than a town reader, though the town which that reader inhabit be an Irish town; and there is scarcely anything which he is more like than another country reader, though the country which that reader inhabit be England or be Scotland. This is seen in his choice of books, which, arranged according to the number of them, touched on by him in this diary, fall into groups as follows: (1) history, (2) theology, (3) miscellanies, (4) fiction, (5) poetry. I shall allude more especially in what follows to the works read by him in his adult age. It is clear that he must have read many books before attaining to ripe years. "Childhood," he chronicles in one place, "of which I have a very distinct recollection, was passed by me partly in my grandmother's house in Tullamore, partly at Kilcascan. . . . There were two rooms in my grandmother's house containing a large number of books. They were always kept locked, and the key was now and again entrusted to me as a reward of good conduct. . . . I rambled *ad libitum* through a sea of very miscellaneous literature. Among the authors were Swift, Dryden, Shakespeare, Milton, Rollin, Addison, Steele, Pope, Goldsmith, Johnson, Cumberland, Molière, Puffendorf, and many others. There was a neat pile of unbound plays, which had doubtless seen their day at the Dublin theatres during the last century, and which, I suppose, had come into our possession while my grandfather was somehow connected with Smock Alley Playhouse." [This connection is explained in a footnote as thus: "He had become lessee of it on the non-payment of a large sum of money which he had lent Daly, the manager."]

No one will imagine that the child read the insides of all these books, but he probably read the outsid[illegible] them, and some persons know (though most do not) how la[illegible] influence in after-life is exerted by the books the outsides o[illegible]ldren read. "'Paradise Lost.' By Milton. What a pi[illegible] little child known to me. The piteousness of this thing l[illegible]me into his thoughts before, and his regret of [illegible] not t[illegible]ine that he imputed the blame of it to Milto[illegible] to

To follow now the country reader who is the subject of this sketch, through his course of reading. As stated, history occupies him most. He reads it as written by Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, and as dealing with England, Scotland, and Ireland. He has a not unpardonable preference for it as written by Irishmen and as dealing with Ireland. That will soon become very evident; meanwhile it shall be recorded that Macaulay finds favour with him, and the observation passed on Macaulay by an English papist ("although Macaulay is an infidel he terms our religion an august and fascinating superstition, which, coming from an infidel, I take as a high compliment") leads this Irishman to say: "Macaulay is not an infidel. It is easier to tell from his writings what he is not than what he is. He is not a Catholic, he is not a Puritan, he is not a Calvinist. Venturing a very diffident guess, I should surmise that he is some sort of Presbyterian . . . one of those whom O'Connell happily termed 'honorary members of Christianity.'" This entry is dated July 11, 1852. Under date March 6, 1858, there is the following:—"Read Macaulay's 'Essays on Hallam's History.' . . . Macaulay has performed a marvellous literary feat; he has made history as amusing as a Waverley novel."

Here is another entry, the date of it being May 26, 1868: "Read a good deal of Macaulay's captivating 'History of England.' In his entertaining account of England in 1685 he compares the past and present rate of travelling in that country. Here in Ireland we have our contrasts also." These contrasts are forthwith described at some length. There is no more about Macaulay's captivating "History of England." There is what follows about Sir Walter Scott's "History of Scotland" (*vide* entry dated June 18, 1879). "Reading it I was struck with a point of resemblance in the governmental management of the Scotch and Irish Unions." The point of resemblance is set forth.

A new acquaintance is made. "Read," runs an entry dated December 11, 1861, "an entertaining little book, 'The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland.' . . . The author is a Protestant, but he is also a Nationalist. He worships Grattan, who, as I once said to his son, is my political patron saint." Belonging to the same year there is this entry: "The clever author of 'The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland' confounds O'Connell's private tribute with the Repeal rent." An interesting discovery is recorded on March 7, 1862: "I have found out who the author (of 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland') is. He is a Mr. Lecky. I reviewed the work as a labour of love in the *Cork Examiner*, being anxious that the brilliant ability

of a young Protestant Nationalist should receive appreciation. . Full of gratitude for the review, the author writes to thank editor. . . . He says that his national principles are neither so known nor unpopular in Trinity College as the reviewer appears suppose."

Dated ten years later is this : "Received a presentation copy Lecky's 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland.' The writer is doubt whether O'Connell was a blessing or a curse to Ireland. used to be said of Rob Roy that he was 'owre bad for blessing, owre gude for banning.' So far as O'Connell's public career concerned, he is certainly 'owre gude for banning,' if it were for his services in preserving emancipation from the drawbacks the veto."

To the world at large Mr. Lecky is less known as the author "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" than as the author another book. That other book is read in course of time by diarist. Here is his memorandum on it—it bears date June 1878 :—"Read Lecky's 'History of England in the 18th Centu On the whole a very valuable and interesting work. . . . He a good deal to say about the Irish Civil War of 1641. Here, in other parts of his book, he effectively exposes the malign falsehood of Froude. . . . Lecky's work is not only valuable its matter, but attractive from its lively and elastic style. Le talks of the state of morality in England and Scotland in the 18 century. . . . In Ireland the position of the Protestant up classes was highly unfavourable to good morals. The penal la placed a bounty upon crimes committed against the remnants Catholic property, and against the domestic peace of Catho families. . . . There was a feeling of insecurity in the landed tit derived from confiscation. All these causes produced a reckle dare-devil character in the Protestant aristocracy. . . ."

It being remembered that the writer is here a Nationalist, I fi in it the true note of the country reader. The same thing appe to me to be true of such an entry as this, much earlier in tim "Our papers have an extract from Sir Archibald Alison's 'Histor asserting that Father Mathew's temperance movement was an engi for the collection of the repeal rent. 'Voilà justement comme écrit l'histoire.'" Town readers do not express themselves in Frenc and express themselves, perhaps, a little more violently. To readers, too, have scarce the time to read once, much less twic such books as some of those which this country reader read. Und date September 23, 1863, there is this memorandum :—"Read

book by a Mr. Bennett, of Bandon, called 'A History of Bandon.' . . . It has some trifling particulars of the ancient O'Muirillys or Hurleys." These particulars are given at some length, and yet the matter does not end there. Six years later there is the following entry :—"Read the new and enlarged edition of Bennett's 'History of Bandon.' There is an appendix devoted to the Bernards of Palace Anne." To the Bernards of Palace Anne the diarist forthwith devotes a paragraph retailing among other matter what led to the "disinherison" of one of their number. That choice word, "disinherison," he uses with Bacon, Clarendon, and Jeremy Taylor.

All is not good in the country reader. He is apt (be his country and countryside what it will) to put the small before the great upon occasion. Burke by this diarist is only mentioned in connection with a Dr. Wilson, a kinsman of his own on the mother's side. Burke's "friendly feeling" to Dr. Wilson is chronicled. One can imagine that such a reader hugely enjoyed the gossiping Varnhagen who is mentioned by him in connection with a story of Queen Victoria. As a country reader this Irishman has time to read that most important part of history which is shut up in biographies. How varied in kind are the biographies which he reads may be gathered from the three entries given below: "Read 'Memoirs of Miles Byrne,' a Wexford 'rebel' of 1798."[1] "Read Burton's interesting 'Lives of Lord Lovat and Forbes of Culloden.' His stories of Scotch hard drinking could be matched in Ireland." "Read Lord Brougham's 'Statesmen.' . . . He approvingly quotes Hume to the effect that there are three descriptions of persons who must be considered beyond the reach of argument . . . an English Whig, who asserts the reality of the 'Popish Plot'; an Irish Catholic who denies the massacre in 1641; and a Scotch Jacobite who maintains the innocence of Mary Queen of Scots. . . ." "As to the alleged Irish massacre in 1641, we may fairly deny it on the ground of insufficient proof," adds Mr. Daunt.

Books that have been read by all of us have not been read by this diarist; on the other hand, books have been read by him that have not been read by all of us. Here, again, is seen the true mark of the country reader. He has read Sir Anthony Weldon's "Court of King James," and jubilantly cites from it a passage which bears out the character which he himself attributes to that monarch, "the crowned miscreant," as he calls him, with an indignant gird at the translators of the Bible to whom the King was "that sanctified person."

[1] More is told of Miles Byrne under date August 5, 1865.

He has read Plowden's "Review of Ireland," and makes two interesting citations from it, one being the pledge of the United Irishmen, the other the pledge of the Orangemen. "I have been," he says, "slowly and carefully reading Colonel Dunne's Blue Book on Irish Taxations." Here follows some language not quite of the mildest on claims made "under the convenient designation of 'the Empire.'"

Praise is tempered by censure in what follows :—"A. M. Sullivan's generally excellent book [name not given] has some defects. He is mistaken when he says O'Connell never defined the exact measure of Repeal which he demanded . . ." After having read Hallam, he reads Duffy. The following is dated May 3, 1882 : "Read over Duffy's clever 'Bird's-Eye View of Irish History.' Among other items noted by him is the degrading fact that in great numbers of Irish schools Irish history is *not* taught and English history *is* taught. How English writers, even those who intend to be fair, treat Irish history is curiously exemplified by the mode in which Hallam treats the scandalous confirmation of Cromwellian confiscations by Charles II."

It can hardly be needful to say that he reads the newspapers. The *Times* does not come his way every day, but it comes sometimes, and sometimes he reads it with a smile; *vide* his comment under date December 15, 1865. "Someone" sends him a copy of the *Tablet* of January 19, 1867. There is a leading article in it which displeases him. He sees upon occasion the *Scotsman* and the *Caledonian Mercury*. He has memoranda on these papers. He does not subscribe for any of them. Perhaps he subscribes for one or other of the native papers ; there is nothing said on this subject. He has been in his day a contributor to the *Nation*, and in his day has offered counsel to the *Nation's* editor, as is seen from the following : "The writers in the *Nation* have been recommending Irishmen to cultivate French rather than British sympathy." So runs an entry dated December 21, 1842. "I have written," we are told further, "to C. G. Duffy, recommending a more prudent mode of treating Ireland's foreign policy than his journal has heretofore adopted." This counsel goes to Dublin from Kilcascan. The writer has his home at Kilcascan ; at Dublin he has "my hotel."

Next to history, it has been said, theology interests this country gentleman of Ireland. Of Protestant parentage, he has become a Roman Catholic. The story of his change of faith, as told by himself, is highly interesting. It shall only be touched on here in so far as it was affected by his reading. Writing of his childhood, he

says :—"I had a strange mysterious yearning after the Catholic Church. Fitzgerald, my Catholic tutor, knew nothing of this, so closely did I hoard my secret." Again:—"In theology I was trained to read daily a chapter of the Old Testament and a chapter of the New. I was taught Mann's catechism, and I privately studied the Douay catechism, which I found in the library. . . ."

Much of the period of his life from the age of twenty-one to thirty-one was, we are told, occupied with politics, but it is added :—"I also read some theological works, including Bossuet's 'Avertissements aux Protestants' and his 'Variations.'" "Read the Reverend S. R. Maitland's excellent work on the Dark Ages," runs an entry dated October 2, 1848. "He mentions that the first Concordance of the Scriptures was compiled by Hugo de S. Charo, a Dominican friar, afterwards a cardinal. Hugo died in 1262."

Heterodox books are not ignored. The diarist reads Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and, as his daughter mentions in a bracket, reviews it at some length. This review is not given, but there is given a scarcely edifying passage on Dr. Strauss's domestic history. A country life is apt to foster a love of scandal, also a love of gossip. One is not quite surprised to come upon the phrase, "One day old Mrs. Smith, of Durrow," or the following, dated May 1, 1854, and beginning, "Read Kenelm Digby's 'Compitum.' In 'Compitum' Mr. Digby gives an account of the feelings, not the reasonings, which eventuated in his conversion to Catholicity. The narrative is tender and beautiful, and possesses a peculiar interest for me from the local descriptions it contains of scenes in the King's County, which I knew formerly in boyhood. I was then acquainted rather intimately with his relatives, the Stepneys, of Durrow. One day old Mrs. Smith, of Durrow (aunt to the *Waterloo* Marquis of Anglesea), visited my grandmother Wilson with the news 'that Kenelm had become a papist.' This intelligence was not received with the feeling of horror which perhaps was expected by the really excellent old lady by whom it was told."

What follows, as a whole, is more worth reading: "Read the Rev. Maziere Brady's excellent pamphlet, demonstrating the falsehood of the State Church advocates who pretend that the Irish Catholic hierarchy, save two prelates, became Protestants at the 'Reformation.' Dr. Brady proves that the whole hierarchy, with the single exception of Hugh Curwen, Archbishop of Dublin, lived and died Catholics. . . ."

One more extract, illustrating the theological bias of the writer, and what I cannot but think his praiseworthy moderation of speech,

shall be given. It is dated August 24, 1867, and runs: "Read the 'Life of Dr. Patrick' by Doctor Todd; an interesting book, calm and scholarly. Todd is a clever fellow, but the following lapse is amusing." There is not space here to quote the lapse, which is certainly amusing. The whole passage (footnote included) is worth perusing and pondering.

He has the country reader's love of "poking" among books. It is possible to "poke" among books in a town house, but the thing is not so often done there as in a country house. "I try to amuse myself," runs an entry dated September 8, 1877, "by poking among some old books . . . Lord Chesterfield's able, sagacious, profligate letters to his son . . . Crébillon's tragedy 'Catiline' . . . I know not if Lord C—— had heard a sharp *mot* of Crébillon's son on that subject." The "sharp *mot*"—it is very sharp—is given, and the diarist goes on: "I found that in the *Almanach Littéraire* for 1788, in which the French compiler ascribes to the Irish Judge Robinson a witticism commonly ascribed to Curran." The witticism is retailed.

Journals have an attraction for this reader, and he chronicles having read Swift's Journal to Stella. One would like to know what he thought of it, but the entry, as published, runs:—"Read Swift's Journal to Stella." Carlyle is read in all country places, and was read at Kilcascan. "Read again—I believe, at the end of forty years—Carlyle's queer tract on 'Hero-Worship'"—so runs the opening of the entry dated June 1, 1883, in the course of which the writer succumbs to a passion of fury, directed against Carlyle. In fact, he becomes forty years younger over the "queer tract on 'Hero-Worship.'" A later entry (date October 24, 1885), runs:—"The papers give copious extracts from Froude's life of the quack philosopher, Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle disparages Mr. Gladstone, calls him a man without true insight into the reality of things, and contemptuously says, 'Poor Phantasm!' This is really too bad."

There is more in this rather painfully ironical vein. Carlyle's "Tour in Ireland" had been read before, it would seem, from what follows, if we are not to conclude that the writer contented himself with what he read of that work in the *Nation*. An early entry (date, June 24, 1882), runs: "Read in the *Nation* extracts from Carlyle's 'Diary of an Irish Tour.' The hospitalities the atrabilious creature received he repays with ingratitude and insolence. . . . Triumphant brutality was the ideal of his adoration. [illegible] naturally savage mind was incapable of sympathy with the [illegible] though unsuccessful, struggle of an oppressed people to rec[illegible] [illegible]berties."

[illegible] his Irish countr[illegible]

There are Scotchmen whose writi[illegible]

gentleman better than the writings of Carlyle. Of them is Hugh Miller, of them is Ramsay, as may be seen from the entries under dates December 16, 1861, and August 23, 1887. Hugh Miller, according to the Irishman, tells a ghost story well. That praise is worth something from a man who tells a ghost story excellently. Ramsay tells stories, some of which have, according to the diarist, their analogues in Ireland. These analogues are given. Under date August 23, 1887, there is this entry :—"My son and his wife have just returned from Scotland. They bring Chambers's 'Traditions of Edinburgh.' *Inter alia*, Chambers records the discontinuance of Sedan chairs." Here follows the not unusual, "I remember."

Country readers are proverbially eclectic in the matter of fiction, and the Irish country gentleman whose diary is here under consideration is no exception to the rule. There are not wanting entries on Scott. Here is one of them :—"Looked through Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather.' The story of muckle-mouthed Meg has an Irish counterpart. . . ." The Irish counterpart is given. Here is another :—"Looked through my old favourite Waverley, and alighted on the passage where Charles Edward complains of the extravagant requests that his followers daily preferred to him. O'Connell often mentioned the multitude of strange requests he frequently received."

Some of these requests are instanced. Notice, by the way, the Irish-English style of that sentence on O'Connell.

A good story is told of Walter Scott. Here is the clue to it :—"I can't be sure about it; go and ask Beveridge." (*Vide* entry March 13, 1852.) It becomes incidentally evident that the diarist has read most of the Waverley novels. There is an entry on the notes to "The Abbot," one of which gains a peculiar interest for this Irish country gentleman from the circumstance that he has dined with a lady belonging to the family with which it deals. Under date March 29, 1866, there is this :—"Read 'Rob Roy' again. . . . What Scott says of highwaymen reminds me of a story told me many years ago by the driver of the Dublin and Limerick coach." The story is of course appended.

There is a note on Disraeli as novelist under date January 26, 1855. It runs : "Read Disraeli's 'Sybil.' . . . He tells us in this book that infanticide is practised as extensively and legally in England as it is upon the banks of the Ganges. When he says 'legally' he must mean that the crime is sanctioned by the *lex moris*, for there is of course no statute law in its favour." A prior memorandum (date August 4, 1850) runs ; "It appears by the

English papers that Rebecca Smith of Chippenham has been convicted by Judge Cresswell of poisoning her infant. She confessed to having poisoned eight children by touching her breasts with arsenic. She was sentenced to death; but some good souls at Chippenham got up a petition for mercy, grounded on the culprit's 'excellent character.'" "Read Charlotte Brontë's capital novel 'Villette'..." runs an entry dated May 4, 1860, and the diarist proceeds: "This novel about a school reminds me of Theresa Daunt's experiences." Theresa Daunt's experiences are forthwith narrated. Parallels are what delight the country reader.

The native novelists meet with scant mention. Miss Edgeworth is only touched on to chronicle this:—"He [Daniel O'Connell] fancied that Miss Edgeworth intended to insult him by making Connal the name of the rascal in her story of Ormonde." Sam Lover is named, but only as thus (under date September 15, 1869):—"Found an old letter of my own with a *mot* of Sam Lover's. Meeting him one day in London, I told him that I had seen in Chelsea churchyard a potato crop growing up among the graves. 'That is death in the pot,' said Lover."

The attitude of the country reader towards poetry is, it is evident, all the world over, even more guarded than is his attitude towards prose. That being so, I imagine that no one will hear with surprise that there is no modern poetry touched on in these journals excepting that which had made its name and fame in the writer's boyhood, and even that is mentioned without enthusiasm. The diarist is not a lover of poetry (query—How many country gentlemen *are* lovers of poetry?) He quotes with unruffled temper Macaulay's expression in connection with the standing of poets at the period when Johnson's literary career commenced ("All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word *Poet*"), and sets forth the contempt felt for poets "in quarters far removed from London," telling a curious Irish club-story ("A poet! Then we'll blackball him") and this:—"Maurice of Desmond, a Norman-Irish chief, went to war with De la Poer for calling him a poet."

"Moore the poet" is mentioned more than once in this diary, *aber wie?* as Germans say. "Read," so runs the opening of an entry, dated January 21, 1853, "extracts in the papers from Lord John Russell's sketch of Moore the poet. I was once offered an introduction to Moore, on, I think, the last occasion of his visiting Dublin, which I very stupidly refused, chiefly from a feeling of indifference to poetry. I recollect hearing O'Connell account for Moore's absence from the Repeal agitation by saying that he was very jealous

of the popular talents of the leaders. 'Before we appeared so much upon the public stage,' said Dan, 'Tom Moore was considered the foremost Catholic lay intellect of the day. He was jealous of losing that pre-eminence.'"

What follows is dated August 30, 1862. "Ran through some of Moore's Diary. He mentions, under date 9th April, 1821, meeting Harry Bushe and his wife at Paris." Who Harry Bushe was is told, and there follows, as usual, a bit of reminiscence. It begins: "I remember when a child of six years old being with the Bushes in Dublin for some days."

A duel story told by Moore in his "Diary" reminds the diarist of another duel story. That other duel story is told. Years later (date of entry May 6, 1879) we get this: "Much excitement in poetical circles about Tom Moore's centenary. . . . *A propos* of poets and poetry, I remember a clever parody of Pope's lines:

> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face, and you'll forget them all!"

The "clever" parody is given.

In another place the approaching marriage of Lord Mountcashel "at the age of ninety-one" is brought to book. "Many years," it is pointed out, "have elapsed since Tom Moore inquired—

> Who the devil, except his nurse,
> For Lord Mountcashel cares a curse?

His lordship," it is duly added, "has now discovered someone who cares for him."

The last entry dealing with Tom Moore again represents him as the satirist of noble lords. He is nowhere in these memoirs touched on as the author of "Irish Melodies" or of "Eastern Tales."

Byron is alluded to only in connection with a friend of the diarist, an Englishman named Scott. "Charles Scott," it is chronicled, "who is a worshipper of Byron's muse, says that the circumstance of which he is vainest is that his cousin-german, Lady Charlotte Harley, received the poetical homage of Lord Byron, who inscribed 'Childe Harold' to her under the classic designation of 'Ianthe.'"

Similarly, Burns is touched on only in one note. "I observe that Leigh Hunt praises Burns for wishing Satan penitent and released from his den. My grandmother Wilson used to tell a story of a Presbyterian divine who introduced this sentiment into the pulpit. Having expatiated on the resources of omnipotent mercy, and the duty of praying for the conversion of sinners, the preacher

proceeded: 'And noo, my frien's, let us pray for the conversion of the puir auld de'il.'"

To conclude. What is everywhere the patronising attitude of the country reader towards poetry is seen well in the case of this Irish country gentleman in the following singular entry, which bears date October 2, 1880:—"Looked into a volume of Longfellow's poems. I am no judge of poetry and dislike it. I am therefore probably wrong in expressing disgust at the queer style of 'Hiawatha.' Rhymes are, I think, a nuisance, but, bad as it [*sic*] is, rhymeless octosyllables are worse. They run somewhat thus:

> The pigs are rooting up the barley,
> Heard ye not their grunt defiant?
> Those old sows make fearful havoc;
> Go, gossoon, and turn them out, or
> Else I'll scourge your lazy carcase,
> Raising welts as thick as fingers.

Now, in my opinion, this sort of metre is enough to destroy the most interesting narrative or the description of the most interesting scenery."

In the opinion of some other persons this sort of criticism would have been better left unpenned. I am not of those other persons; for does it not reveal what many another entry in this diary reveals—the attitude towards literature of a very fine and not at all uncommon type of country gentleman?

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

There's a man who plays a paying game,
  Whatever he may say—
Whose name is a great and mighty name
  Over the world to-day.
Who stands at ease where others fall,
  Where others sink can swim;
While those who toil and spin—yes, all
  Work, sweat, live, die for him;
He's an absolute ruler, deny it who can,
  Our modern monarch, King Middleman.

AN ex-Judge of the Calcutta High Court has recently pointed out in an interesting article which appeared in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, that professional Thugs, organised bands of dakaits,[1] and hired bodies of trained lattials[2] have ceased to exist in India owing to the British administration of justice. Life and property certainly enjoy a security never before known under any of the former rulers of the country, but is the *pax Britannica* an unmixed blessing to the people of India? This is a question which naturally wounds the *amour-propre* of the *Anglo*-Indians who are responsible for the government of the country; but in my humble opinion the parasite middleman, who fattens in still waters, has worked more harm to defenceless natives than the display of physical strength and the force of armed lawlessness which characterised the actions of people in authority during centuries of Indian rule. Peace of the description that now exists in Hindustan is very demoralising, and it is a well-known fact that the people are becoming more effeminate the longer they remain under the shadow of our flag; *ennui* is then created, which, as Auguste Comte has pointed out, is the cause of political convulsion and change.

A month or two ago a speech was made by Mr. Sayani, in the Governor-General's Legislative Council Room at Calcutta, during the debate on the Indian Budget, in which this Muhammadan gentleman expatiated on the flourishing condition of the people in the *sat-yug* (golden age) of the Hindus. On the other hand, Mr.

[1] Highwaymen.   [2] Clubmen engaged for riots.

Sayani's European colleagues looked upon the *sat-yug*
thetical age to which discontented native orators refer t
all their bitter statements regarding the waste of the
their country by an alien Government; and the *Times*,
article on the subject, declared that "it is needless to s
golden age is as purely mythical in India as elsewhere
could regard Mr. Sayani as the exponent of the robus
economy which has been largely superseded in this co
effeminate sentimentality, there might be something to be
his view. The alien rulers of India have indeed gone fa
removal of the natural checks of war, famine, and pestilence
population which in their absence increases its numbers w
more sense of responsibility than obtains in a rabbit warren."
natives of India, however, can thank God that Malthusianis
not found a footing in their land. And, although the "blessi
peace" have allowed the English to cope with famines and pesti
to a certain extent, the arts and industries of India have been woe
neglected.

Only imagine the sin and folly of exporting raw material fro
country which produced the rich silks, brocades, and jewellery wh
amazed the great Charlemagne and his rude barons. Where in t
whole world is there another building to be compared with the gre
Rameswaram temple? regarding which Dr. Fergusson says: "N
engraving can convey the impression produced by such a display o
labour when extended to an uninterrupted length of 700 feet. None
of our cathedrals are more than 500 feet, and even the nave of St.
Peter's is only 600 feet from the door to the apse. Here the side
corridors are 700 feet long, and open into transverse galleries as rich
in detail as themselves. These, with the varied devices and mode of
lighting, produce an effect that is not equalled certainly anywhere in
India. . . . Here we have corridors extending to 4,000 feet, carved
on both sides, and in the hardest granite. It is the immensity of
the labour here displayed that impresses us much more than its
quality; and that, combined with a certain picturesqueness and
mystery, produce an effect which is not surpassed by any other
temple in India."[2] There is no getting behind the fact that a very
high state of civilisation prevailed all over India in prehistoric times,
as even in the wildest forest regions there is evidence that the land
at one time was under cultivation. Moreover, the ruined and buried
cities, the innumerable temples and tombs of indescribable beauty,
the large forts and their intricate defensive works, the magnificent

[1] *Times*, March 29, 1897.
[2] Fergusson's *History of Indian Architecture*, pp. 358, 359.

water-storage lakes, the anicuts and irrigation canals are in themselves monuments of the golden age.

I may as well explain to the English reader that the Hindus divide their history into four *yugs* or ages; and in their *sastras* it is asserted that these *yugs* show a progressive advancement in vice and misery. For example, in the *sat-yug* (golden age) all was purity, the life of a man being passed in the worship of God and in universal benevolence. After this came the *treta-yug*, when sin was first introduced into the world. The third was called the *dwápar-yug*. And the present age is the *kali-yug*, in which all is supposed to be sin, the signs of the *kali-yug* being sorrow, wretchedness, and disease. In this age the people are supposed to be proud and vile, and devoid of all proper feeling towards their parents; the Brahmans are without accurate knowledge of the Vedas, the mixture of castes has commenced, and men are steeped in sensuality. The women are also supposed to be universally corrupt at heart, caring only for pleasure-seeking. The rich are puffed out with their own pride, and look upon themselves as the salt of the earth; and the Brahmans bow down to wealthy Sudras who practise usury and other oppressive forms in their business transactions. Well, the records of the civil courts in every district of India will prove that the above-mentioned prophecy has been fulfilled in its entirety, bringing ruin in its train.

The railways, instead of lightening the burden of debt, have helped to make the fortunes of middlemen at the expense of the ryots. And yet the trading classes are not satisfied with what has already been done for them, as they are still clamouring for further extension in the railway system, as will be seen by the following extract from the *Economist* of April 24, 1897:—

It will be remembered that in response to a very reasonable demand for the extension of railways, put forward by the *commercial communities* both in India and in this country, the Secretary of State agreed to the total expenditure by the State, and by companies guaranteed by the State, of Rx. 28,000,000 during the three years 1896-97, 1897-98, and 1898-1899. The main details of this expenditure, and the manner in which it was to have been incurred, were settled at the Railway Conference held at Simla, under the presidency of the Viceroy, in September last. The programme adopted was as follows:

	1898-9	1897-8	1896-7
	Rx.	Rx.	Rx.
From Imperial funds.	5,405,300	6,420,000	5,980,200
Capital of Indian Railway Companies	2,290,000	3,710,000	4,194,500
Total	7,695,300	10,130,000	10,174,700
		28,000,000	

During the past year the expenditure incurred against this forecast is expected

to amount to Rx.5,256,900 from Imperial funds, and Rx.3,500,400 from capital of railway companies; while the Budget estimate for the present year provides for an expenditure from Imperial funds of Rx.6,700,000, and from capital of companies of Rx.3,430,000. *There is, in addition, in each year the usual expenditure of Rx.750,000 from loan funds on irrigation works* (the italics are mine). It is evident, therefore, that the Government intend to adhere to their original railway programme of Rx. 28,000,000 for the three years, notwithstanding the fact that the resources of the country are so grievously strained to meet the heavy extra expenditure and losses of revenue due to plague and widespread famine, and although it is, we believe, an open secret that the Finance Minister is opposed to this policy, and unsuccessfully pressed his views on his colleagues in Council.

It is very evident that this action on the part of the majority of the members of the Council meets with the thorough approval of King Middleman, although he has said nothing about the mean way in which the irrigation works are being starved. India would, therefore, be the better of having in every province some scientific agriculturists, so as to check this insane expenditure of money on railways which have a scourging effect on the land. To give the reader an idea of the condition of the ryots of those provinces where railways have been in existence for the last thirty-five years, the following extract from a speech made by Mr. J. A. Anderson (a leading Calcutta merchant) at the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce in 1892 is now quoted: "But this is trifling to the mess that is being made in India itself, where the transferring of the wealth from one class of people to another is being carried out in a wholesale manner. The decreasing value of the rupee has caused a drain of all available produce from the country. Lately we had freights at £1 per ton from Calcutta to London, and exchange at 1*s.* 3¾*d.*, but it could bring out nothing from the fertile valley of the Ganges. *The place was clean swept*" (the italics are mine). "We had last year a bumper crop of rice, but we finished the season with ballam at 3 rupees 10 annas per maund, or at close on famine rates. This cold-weather crop is not a good one, and already we see speculators buying and storing rice. The same thing is taking place in the North-Western Provinces, where wheat is now at double its former value, and people are starving, not because food grains are wanting, but because wages have not gone up in proportion to the cost of food." If the fertile valley of the Ganges was "clean swept" of its produce in 1891, which was a year of bumper crops, what is the object in increasing the railways? Mr. Anderson's statement is a clear indictment of the middleman and all his ways, although, perhaps, the good man did not intend others to see it in that light. But the Government had to open relief works in many

of the districts of Bengal and Behar in 1892, so as to keep the people alive after their produce had been swept off to distant markets; and yet, notwithstanding the many bitter lessons which are being administered, we still gaily go on with railway construction throughout India. It would be impossible for the most enthusiastic supporter of railways to prove that they tend to cheapen food grains and the simple necessaries of life in a country where, according to Sir W. W. Hunter, 24,000,000 people go through their lives in a state of chronic hunger. It is, therefore, not surprising that the natives now truly believe that the *kali-yug* has visited them in deadly earnest.

My sympathies are all with the people in this matter. The past glories of their country appeal strongly to the imagination; and, as agriculture is the chief industry, it is, to put it mildly, folly to neglect irrigation works and devote all our energies to the construction of railways. In prehistoric times irrigation was carefully practised in all the provinces of India, and many of the ancient anicuts and the immense irrigation tanks and reservoirs, which were made by the old Hindu kings, are the wonder and admiration of all intelligent observers. These useful works are to be found all over India and Ceylon, and it is probable that most of them were constructed during the period of the Buddhistic supremacy. In Mysore alone there are 37,682 tanks, which vary in size from small ponds to extensive lakes, and Colonel Wilks, in his "History of the South of India," says that "the dreams which revealed to favoured mortals the plans of these ingenious works have each their appropriate legend, which is related with reverence and received with implicit belief." Every deep valley in the hills of India ought to be formed into an artificial lake. The ancient Hindus never spared labour and expense in the construction of these works, which are things of beauty, as will be seen from the following graphic description of an artificial lake in the Central Provinces, from the pen of Sir Richard Temple: "There an irrigation tank is not a piece of water with regular banks, crowned with rows or avenues of trees, with an artificial dyke and sluices, and with fields around it; but it is an irregular expanse of water; its banks are formed by rugged hills, covered with low forests that fringe the margins where the wild beasts repair to drink; its dykes, mainly shaped out of spurs from the hills, are thrown athwart the hollows, a part only being formed by masonry; its sluices often consist of chasms or fissures in the rock; its broad surface is often, as the monsoon approaches, lashed into surging and crested waves." On the borders of these lakes, wherever the most splendid views are unfolded, will be found ancient temples of infinite beauty and design.

Even in Bundelkhand, which is now looked upon by the English as the poorest and most backward part of India, there will be found numerous ruins, large tanks, and magnificent temples, built chiefly of hewn granite and carved sandstone, all of which are marvellous exhibitions of human labour, and attest the prosperity of the Chandel Rajputs who flourished at a period when our ancestors were naked savages. But how has Bundelkhand fared since the principality of Jhansi was confiscated in 1854 by Lord Dalhousie? Money has certainly been spent freely on it, as it has been given a railway (the Indian Midland) which cost nearly £7,000,000 sterling; it has also been given the Betwa canal; but still its people are unhappy and poverty-stricken in a manner which proves that intelligent enterprise is wanted to develop the resources of their country. Bundelkhand is rich in minerals, excellent iron being found in the province; diamond and copper mines are also worked on a small scale. But the raging torrents of its hill-streams are in themselves mines of untold wealth if they were harnessed for the purpose of generating electricity. India will awake from its lethargy when the storage of water is properly attended to in all the deep valleys lying in the midst of its mountains, so that electric power may be applied to industrial purposes and to drive the trains in favourable localities.

The future belongs to the Indians, if they are properly assisted by the Government, as there is no lack of energy and resource in the native character, although, according to Adam Smith, "no society can be flourishing and happy of which the greater part of the members are poor and miserable." In ancient days the ploughs of the Indian cultivators were drawn by horses, now bullocks and buffaloes have to do the work in a perfunctory manner; and in the Vedas descriptive accounts are given of the various professions which flourished under the support of native Governments. The Greek ambassador and topographer, Megasthenes, who resided at the court of Chandragupta (Sandrakottos) in the fourth century B.C., gives an intelligent account of the arts and manufactures of that period, and he quaintly remarked: "The Indians were skilled in the arts, as might be expected of men who inhale a pure air and drink the very finest water." Then why should the descendants of these men be reduced to selling the raw produce of the fields for the purpose of being exported out of India?

I have already alluded to the fact that the people are degenerating and becoming more effeminate owing to the *pax Britannica.* The late Sir James Caird, who was a most [illegible] and intelligent observer, remarked on the more manly bearin[illegible] people in the Native

States. In some things, however, even the natives of Bengal and Behar are wonderfully courageous, and the bravest deed that I ever witnessed was performed in the coolest manner possible by two of my own domestic servants. One morning, while seated in the verandah of my bungalow, a mad jackal rushed through the grounds and went under a raised godown, which was close to the bungalow. I left the verandah for my gun, and on my return I discovered two of my servants armed with hog-spears creeping under the godown until they came within striking distance of the jackal, when they quickly transfixed him with their spears. The offer of a blank cheque on the Bank of England would not have induced me to act in the way that these brave fellows did. An old mihtar (sweeper), a man of the lowest caste in my service, who was nearly bent double with age, was the smartest hand at killing a venomous snake that I ever knew. The old fellow used to sit up at night in the fowl-house for the purpose of destroying the cobras that came after the eggs; and one morning before dawn I stepped into the verandah of my bungalow in time to see him pulling a karáit out of a hole with one hand, which grasped the reptile's tail, while in the other hand was held a stick, which promptly descended on the karáit's head as soon as it appeared in view. It was all done very neatly and smartly, and as quietly as if the old man had been crushing a beetle.

Bengalis are stigmatised as a race of cowards by their detractors, but the following graphic description of how a gang of Bengali dakaits met their death in the year 1810 will prove that some of them can die with a laugh and a joke on their lips: "On the night previous to the execution of a notorious gang of dakaits in Zillah Kishnagar, I went into the condemned hold to see and speak to them. I found them employed in smoking their *hukkas* and telling stories. In passing the *hukka* one of the gang, who was a Muhammadan, refused to receive it from his *sardár* or leader, who was a Hindu; on which the Hindu abused him, and, laughing, asked him what would be his caste next day, and whether they would not all meet in Jehanampur (meaning hell). The Muhammadan then took the *hukka*. They all entreated me to beg of the judge that they might have kids, fowls, and other things allowed them next day, in order that they might have one good dinner. The following day, on going to the gallows, they were with difficulty prevented from singing and clapping their hands, which they had begun to do.[1]" Dakaits and lattials were turbulent gentlemen who spoiled the business of peaceful traders and rack-renting middlemen; but I must say that

[1] Tytler's *Considerations on India*, vol. i. pp. 233–34.

the natives of British India were a manlier and mo the old lawless times than they are at present. Ar a keen sense of humour with it all, as a Tirhut plan cost when he went one morning to dispossess som fields. "Oh, you want these fields for indigo?" in in the politest manner possible. "Yes," replied th proceeded to turn his factory ploughs into a field. retorted the ryots, "we'll use your body as a *henga* (h verise the clods;" and without more to-do they unfortunate man off his horse, and, tying ropes to his feet, dragged him over the fields in the manner in harrows are worked. The planter, being a good-na delighted in telling the story at his own expense.

It must have been the grossest mismanagement that Bengal sepoys to mutiny in 1857, as the deepest sympa between Europeans and natives who have worn the Queen's this sympathy extending even to the camp-followers, as exe in Rudyard Kipling's well-known ballad "Ganga Din." The too, is another most important man in his way, and I hav mind's-eye a retired regimental barber, who now lives in the t Chapra. His father was a camp-follower before him, and T proud of having been born in a Highland regiment. There question of his bringing-up, as he speaks idiomatic English w strong Scottish accent. In personal appearance he is tall and black, withal a man of aldermanic proportions; and it is very d to hear him roll off his stories in "the braid Scottish tongu Tom's dress is worthy of the man; he wears a pair of tartan trew and places a sporran over his capacious paunch, which is decorate with the regimental badges of the 72nd, the 78th, and 79th High landers. The rest of Tom's costume is, however, distinctly Oriental, as he dons an immense red-and-white pagri and the ordinary white cotton coat of the domestic servant. But even then Tom is a sight to be remembered, and I shall never forget the astonishment of a friend of mine when he met the old camp-follower for the first time. My friend was quietly reposing in his room after having come in from his morning ride, when a wonderful apparition with a flourish of an immense white cotton sunshade swaggered into the verandah. The sahib being under the impression that an escaped lunatic was intruding, shouted for the chaprassi to turn him out. "Guid Lord! ye needna do that. I am only Tom the barber," said the old fellow, exhibiting his credentials in the shape of a shaving-soap pot and a case of razors. A few explanations followed, and the sahib and Tom soon became fast friends.

Tom was a very old and experienced campaigner, with a fund of anecdote at his command. He had been as a child with his father in Afghanistan; he had followed the British troops in a war with Burma; he was with the 78th Highlanders in Persia, and then followed the fortunes of this distinguished regiment during the whole of the Indian Mutiny campaign in Upper India. He was also with the 72nd and other regiments in numerous frontier wars. Tom, therefore, may safely be accepted as an authority on the British soldier, for who could scrape a closer acquaintance with Mr. Atkins than the man who shaves him? I am myself a great admirer of Mr. Atkins, as the happiest days of my childhood were spent in the old castle of Edinburgh among the red-coats; and I must say that I love Tom for having nothing but praise for the man who has made the British Empire what it is to-day:

> Winds of the world, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
> And what should they know of England who only England know?
> The poor little street-bred people that vapour, and fume, and brag,
> They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English flag,

is the answer which we throw back to those good people who want us to be a nation of cats instead of a nation of tigers.

Lord Roberts, in his well-known book, "Forty-one Years in India," tells us that "no comparison can be made between the ambitious races of the North and the effeminate peoples of the South." But why is it that the Dravidian races have degenerated so rapidly under British rule? Lord Roberts is not alone in his opinion, as the Government of India for many years has been harping on the degeneration of the Madras peasantry, and this is what a highly-placed officer, Sir Henry Norman, said on the subject so far back as the year 1870: "It is a fact, which no amount of disputing will disprove, that the martial spirit of the Madras cavalry and infantry has died out." This statement is enough to make any old Madras officer to turn in his grave, as no trace can be found of any admission or suspicion of the inferiority of Madras sepoys in the days when the heaviest demands were made on their prowess. Sir Thomas Munro knew the Madras army well; he had seen the troops of all the three Presidencies in action; and this is what he wrote when it was proposed that the subsidiary force at Hyderabad should be relieved with Bengal sepoy regiments: "Where troops are in all respects equal, there is still an advantage in having those who are to act together drawn from one and not from different establishments; but the Coast troops are perhaps in some respects

superior to those of Bengal. They are more regular, more tra[ctable,] more patient under privations, and they have been more accus[tomed] to military operations. If this is true, the argument against em[ploy]ing Bengal sepoys in the Deccan becomes so much the str[onger,] for why bring them here when we have better on the spot?"[1] I[n the] days when the Madras army was second to none, there was a l[arge] proportion of Scotsmen among its officers; and the old 74th [and] 78th Highlanders were the two British regiments which fou[ght] shoulder to shoulder with Madras sepoys in some of the fier[cest] fights that took place on Indian soil. My mother's father was [an] old 74th officer; and on my father's side all his mother's broth[ers] were in the Service, as will be seen from the following inscription o[n] a tombstone in the old burying-ground of the Macleods of Drynoch in the Isle of Skye:

> Underneath are the remains of Donald Macdonald Macleod, Lieutenant 50th Regiment Madras L., who died at Drynoch in 1837, seventh son of Norman Macleod of Drynoch, and Alexandrina Macleod of Bernera, whose eldest son Donald died at Gravesend in 1824, Captain 78th Regiment. Norman died in Java, in 1814, a captain in the same corps. Alexander died at Forres, in 18[..], a major in the 12th Regiment B.N.I. John died a captain in 78th Regiment during passage home from Ceylon. Roderick died at Killegray from a hurt received in action on board the *Belvidera* frigate on N.A. station. Forbes died in Madras a lieutenant, 12th Regiment N.I. This stone is dedicated to the memory of the above-named by their sorrowing mother and her surviving sons, Martin, late 27th, 79th, and 25th Regiments, now of Drynoch, and Charles, now of Glendulochan. 1839.

I give the above record of some of my fighting kinsmen wh[o] sacrificed their lives in the East in the service of their country, a[s] the Anglo-Indians, who only know me as a planter, entertain [a] strong suspicion to the effect that I am a traitor in disguise, owing t[o] the manner in which I espouse the cause of the natives agains[t] European traders. But I may well inquire, How shall I address tha[t] large class of Anglo-Indians with whom rupees are always a weightie[r] consideration than duties? In our pursuit of the almighty rupee w[e] forget to take any interest in the welfare of the natives, with th[e] result that we spend our lives in complete ignorance of their thought[s] and aspirations. Has not William Watson told us that

> Hate and mistrust are the children of blindness;
> Could we but see one another, 'twere well!
> Knowledge is sympathy, charity, kindness,
> Ignorance only is maker of hell!

If the Tamil and Telugu speaking races of Southern India hav[e]

[1] Gleig's *Life of Sir Thomas Munro* (1830), vol. iii. p. 195.

so degenerated that they are now only fit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, it is solely owing to our present system of government, which, as Sir Thomas Munro pointed out to Canning, is "much more efficacious in depressing them than all our laws and schoolbooks can be in elevating their character. . . . The improvement of the character of a people, and the keeping them in the lowest state of dependence on foreign rulers, to which they can be reduced by conquest, are matters quite incompatible with each other." I believe thoroughly in military officers as administrators, for one has only to turn to the many valuable books which were written by the British military officers of the East India Company to judge of their sympathetic demeanour towards the natives, and the following extract from Welsh's "Military Reminiscences" is well worth quoting. Welsh, first of all, describes how splendidly the Madras troops behaved at the battle of Argaum, which was fought on November 23, 1803; and he then goes on to tell how a native officer met his death:

> Subadar Ali Khan, a man so uncommonly diminutive in person that we used to call him the little cock sparrow, was one of the best and bravest soldiers I ever knew. He was at this time far advanced in life, as he had earned the respect and esteem of every European officer, as well as of every native in the corps; and, what was very remarkable, this Liliputian hero had as strong a voice as he had a great soul. In action he was the life and soul of those around him, and in devoted affection to the Service he had no superior. The whole of the flesh and sinews of the hinder part of both thighs being torn away by a large shot, he fell, and could not rise again; but as soon as the action was over he requested his attendants to carry him after us, that his dear European comrades might see him die. We had halted on the field, upwards of a mile in front of where he fell, when he arrived, and spoke to us with a firm voice and most affectionate manner, recounted his services, and bade us all adieu. We endeavoured to encourage him by asserting that his wound was not mortal, and that he would yet recover. He said he felt assured to the contrary, but he was not afraid of death; he had often braved it in the discharge of his duty; and his only regret was that he should not be permitted to render further services to his honourable masters.[1]

Here is another incident of the battle of Argaum, which is worth recording in this article on "Victims of Circumstances":

> Lieutenant Langlands, of the 74th Highlanders, was close to us in the action, when a powerful Arab threw a spear at him, and, drawing his sword, rushed forward to complete his conquest. The spear having entered the flesh of the lieutenant's leg, cut its way out again and stuck in the ground behind him, when Langlands grasped it, and turning the point, threw it with so true an aim that it went through his opponent's body, and transfixed him within three or four yards of his intended victim. All eyes were for an instant turned on these two combatants, when a sepoy of our Grenadiers rushed out of the ranks, and patting the lieutenant

[1] Welsh's *Military Reminiscences*, vol. i. pp. 193, 194.

on the back, exclaimed, "Achha kiya, sahib, bahut achha kiya!" (Well done, sahib, very well done!) Such a ludicrous circumstance, even in a moment of extreme peril, could not pass unnoticed, and our soldiers all enjoyed a hearty laugh.[1]

Now, these Madras sepoys were at the time engaged in doing battle with the fierce Arab spearmen, and yet they could coolly "enjoy a hearty laugh" in the middle of a desperate engagement. These Arabs are of the same kith and kin as the ancestors of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," who has been immortalised by Rudyard Kipling as a first-class fighting man. Kipling's hero, Tommy, tells us that

> We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
> But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Again Tommy confesses that

> When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
> With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
> An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
> Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

From the above it is evident that the races of the Soudan have not degenerated. Then why is it that the Madras sepoys have lost their fighting spirit since their country has been under British rule? King Middleman, sitting on his money-bags, will have to answer this question.

[1] Welsh's *Military Reminiscences.*

DONALD N. REID.

SIDE LIGHTS ON CHINESE RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

I.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

ON the first day of the twelfth moon (about January, 1688) the Emperor K'ang-hi, at the head of the imperial princes, dukes, and lords, the high civil and military officers of the Court, &c., proceeded on foot to offer sacrifice at the Altar of Heaven. His Majesty had personally composed the following special prayer :

"The Son of Heaven by succession, a subject, ventures to impart to the High Emperor of August Heaven as follows : Your subject, under the gracious protection of Heaven, has dutifully served his grandmother, her Majesty the Senior Empress-Dowager, until she was blessed with great age, happily peaceful and healthy. But now she has been suddenly assailed by an eruptive fever, and during the past ten days has gradually grown worse, in such wise that her life is in hourly danger. Your subject has no peace morning or evening, and has abandoned both food and sleep. He is reverentially busying himself with drugs and medicines, hunting everywhere for suitable prescriptions, so far without satisfactory result, much to the perturbation of the bowels of his compassion. He does not know what to do. He humbly reflects that Heaven's heart is benevolent and loving, casting protection impartially over everything, including her. Moreover, his insignificant person has thus far been the object of her tender nurture. He recalls the fact that he lost his own mother in his earliest youth, and was obliged to fling himself at the knees of his grandmother. For over thirty years she has nourished him and taught him, until at last he attained his prime. Had he been without his grandmother, her Majesty the Senior Empress-Dowager, he most certainly would never have seen the present day of his reign and manhood. His whole life would scarce suffice to requite her immeasurable bounty. In her present condition of extreme danger

the cockles of his heart are overwhelmed with despair. He ventures, therefore, having duly purified himself, to select this day upon which, devoutly placing himself at the head of his ministers, to implore and beseech the Sacred Vault of Heaven, and to humbly crave compassionate notice of his earnest prayer, and that a speedy glance may be bestowed upon her, so that she may soon rise from her dire sickness and long enjoy a hoary age. Should her appointed time be at a close, your subject is willing that his own years should be reduced so as to increase by a few twelvemonths the age of her Majesty the Senior Empress-Dowager. Wherefore now he crouches at the foot of the Altar, and looking upward implores that Mighty Aid, the desire of his heart being altogether beyond his control."

As his Majesty read this prayer, the tears rolled down both his cheeks, and all the princes and ministers assisting at the ceremony were moved to weeping. When the sacrifice was over, his Majesty at once went to the Palace of Tender Peace to attend the sick couch.

. . . . . .

With reference to the above prayer, which of course is based upon the ancient Chinese notions of God and Heaven, it will be noticed that both the Supreme Emperor of Heaven and Heaven itself are vaguely assumed to possess a personal character. It is this vagueness which has given rise, amongst Christian missionaries in China, to what is there called the "Term Question," one which has been discussed, often with great acrimony, for many years. Two hundred years ago the Holy Inquisition thus decided the question for the Roman Catholics: "The words *T'ien* and *Shang-ti* must be rejected and the word *T'ien-chu* [Lord of Heaven] retained in the sense of God." The tabooed words are those used in K'ang-hi's prayer. The Jesuits had obtained from K'ang-hi an explicit statement of the principle under which the Chinese worshipped, and the Emperor declared, with the approval of his learned men, that the duty rendered to Confucius and to deceased ancestors was free from superstition and idolatry of every kind. This conflict between the Pope and the Emperor is really at the bottom of the general missionary question in China; for the Manchu Emperors were exceedingly well disposed towards Christianity until the conflicting "regulars" at Peking began to quarrel among themselves, and until the Popes began to interfere in connection with ancient Chinese customs.

The old Empress (originally only a concubine), who was a Mongol of the Korchin tribe, died a few days later, at the age of seventy-five, and the following was her farewell manifesto. Al

persons in high office are supposed to leave a testament of this kind behind them, and, in the case of subjects, these are at once forwarded to Peking :

"I, with my slender share of merit, was invited over to be married by *Divissimus Excelsus*; and *Divus Ornatus*, his son, did me the honour to call me to assist in the duties of a home. A few years later, unhappily, he ascended upon the dragon as a guest on high. In my grief I had no wish to live, and I vowed to die with him. But the princes and ministers, taking into consideration the fact that *Divissimus Origo* was then a mere child, and had no one to take charge of him on his succession to the great heritage, joined in very earnestly begging that I would make an effort to keep alive this my person. I nourished him and taught him without remissness for nineteen years; when again misfortune came upon us, and *Divissimus Origo* collapsed and disappeared, grieving my heart to that cruel extent that I had even less desire than before for the things of this world. At the head of my household I cried out to Heaven, with the view of carrying into execution my earlier intent. But the princes and ministers once more represented that his present majesty had succeeded to the throne as a mere child, and just when he was most in need of nurturing care. They implored me over and over again, and I, looking at the frail orphan, could not bear to abandon him. I made effort to repress my sorrow, and we have clung to each other for months and years. His present majesty, whose disposition is most piously filial, and who is the most loyal and genuine of men, has personally attended to my food and comfort, morning and evening, without intermission. He has thought of my requirements in every way, so that nothing has been wanting. He has on more than one occasion recommended the assumption of additional honours, which have carried me to the extreme of human greatness. From first to last he has been consistent in all this, well-nigh thirty years. I for these reasons have given respectful care to my own self, and have thus been able to overcome in a large degree the grief and sorrow caused to me by the two deaths. Moreover, her Majesty the Empress-Dowager has rendered to me every careful attention, and my heart is therefore quite at peace. But when I reflect upon the tranquil period which the empire is now enjoying, and the pure filial devotion of the emperor, so unequalled from ancient times till now, I would fain think I might well endure more happiness. But, alas! the years of my life have passed the appointed time, and the things of this world only leave a sad feeling of emptiness within me. I am now approaching the point of death. The emperor is per-

sonally watching after my medicines, to the abandonment of his own food and rest. He has proceeded on foot to pray for me at the Altar of Heaven, and with thorough earnestness he has cried out and implored on my behalf. But nay, the appointed time cannot possibly be kept back, and the shadow of death is rapidly closing over me. My years are seventy and five, but as I shall soon be once more at the side of *Divus Ornatus*, my earlier joys will come back to me again; so why need I regret? His present majesty gives the best of his attention to the cares of government, loves and cherishes his people: the world is at peace, and her sons are happy in their vocations: that the rulers and the people of the empire rejoice in the blessings of tranquillity is to be ascribed to the merit of his majesty's ministers and their counsels; and when I have gone, may they continue to render equally illustrious service! But as the filial piety of the emperor has become a part of his nature, and goes far beyond historical precedent, it is to be feared that his grief may be excessive, and he should therefore moderate his lamentations, giving his first consideration to the multifarious affairs of state. On the other hand, the civil and military functionaries will severally pay reverent attention to the effective discharge of their own duties, and in no wise disappoint their trusts, all thus contributing to the common expectation of illimitable happiness.

"As to my funeral, everything shall be done in accordance with statutory form. After three days of sackcloth, the emperor will proceed as usual with public business, and the continuance of mourning will be in accordance with the testamentary commands of *Divissimus Origo*; that is to say, days will be counted in place of months, and mourning may be discarded after the twenty-seventh day. As to the sacrifices at the Altars of Heaven and of Earth, those to the Ancestral Shrines and Terminalia, it will not do to delay these great functions in any way on account of my poor body. The worship ordinarily offered to all the other spirits will also go on as usual without interruption. Wherefore now this manifesto: let all act in obedience."

A few words in explanation of the above document may not come amiss. The founders and *Reichmehrers* of Chinese dynasties are *divissimi*; the others only *divi*. In alluding to her own son and grandson, the Empress does not employ capital letters. *Excelsus* founded the Manchu empire, and *Origo* was the first to rule at Peking.

Suttee was disapproved by the Emperor K'ang-hi, who declined

to honour the memories of suicide widows; but recent Emperors continue to patronise the custom, and only a month or two ago the widow of a torpedo-boat captain took poison at Shanghai, and was buried with her husband. To cut out pieces of one's own flesh in order to make therewith broth for a sick parent is considered specially meritorious.

As to the additional honours, after the suppression of the Satrap Rebellion, K'ang-hi declined them for himself, but (as in the somewhat analogous case of Lord Beaconsfield and his wife) conferred them upon his grandmother. The honours in question are such as the present Empress of China has received from her son and her nephew (adopted son), the last and present Emperors: they consist in such words as Pia, Felix, Amabilis, Sedata, Pacifica, Ornata, &c.

It will be noticed that the Empress-Dowager, though the wife of the Senior Dowager's son, and the titular mother of K'ang-hi, is honoured with capital letters.

Mourning in China is almost literally sackcloth, but without the ashes; the unbleached garments are not hemmed, and everything worn is of this drab or white colour, free, as far as possible, from stitches, buttons, and elegance of fit. For purposes of mourning, a year is nine months, and three years (twenty-seven months) is the period for a parent or grandparent. Military officers, and in some cases even civil ones (as, for instance, Li Hung-chang), only retire for 100 days, completing their term at their official posts; but K'ang-hi himself admits that his policy in insisting upon the full twenty-seven months for exalted military officers has in view to prevent their becoming too powerful.

When I was travelling in Sz Ch'wan in the year 1881, the higher in rank of the two Empress-Dowagers died. Neither I nor my servants knew anything of it, until one day they had their hats "blocked" in the streets for not having removed the red tassels therefrom.

The Tartar Emperor whom K'ang-hi selected as a model belonged to a Tungusic race, ancestors in a way of the now reigning Manchus.

The annals go on to say that the Emperor "beat his breast, stamped and roared, calling to Heaven, and knocking his head on the ground, crying without intermission of sound." All this, and the going into mourning of the Court officials, concubines, &c., is, however, a mere matter of regulation. But K'ang-hi went much farther. Notwithstanding his excessive grief, he discovered one precedent in history for not changing months to days, as had been the practice of

Emperors ever since B.C. 200. The Tartar Emperor ruling in North China in A.D. 471–500 expressed a desire to mourn three whole years. K'ang-hi, whilst disclaiming any vain desire to beat the record, considered that, as his own mother died when he was eleven years of age, he ought to mourn twenty-seven months for his grandmother, who had reared him. He offered to free his ministers from all discomfort, and to do it all himself in the privacy of his own rooms. There were many decrees sent down, and many prayers submitted on this subject; but at last the Emperor said: "Our mind is made up: no further representations." Whether it was in irritation at their failure, or what not, the Board of Rites now (evidently on the principle, "*Don't* duck him in the mill-pond, my lads!") memorialised: "Our dynasty in mourning for Empresses has no precedent for cutting off the pigtail; besides, her Majesty the Dowager-Empress has passed out commands to the effect that her Majesty the late Senior Dowager-Empress, when sick, said to her: 'If I do not rise from this sickness, the Emperor must positively not cut off his pigtail,' and it is therefore only proper to pay due attention to these commands." The following decree was received: "Her Majesty the late Senior Empress-Dowager was so very affectionate in rearing Us that We must notwithstanding cut off Our queue." The annals continue: "And his Majesty thereupon cut off his queue."

The Emperor, it is recorded, would neither eat nor drink; not a drop of water touched his mouth for several days; his face grew wan, and he got quite dazed. The imperial princes remonstrated in a body, but the Emperor explained that "it was the proper thing for a grandson to do," and, after thus speaking, "proceeded to sob more than ever." In a few days the Astronomical Board represented that the last day but one of the year would be a good day for the funeral. But the Emperor would not have that; he wished to be with the corpse a little longer. The Board insisted. The Emperor then said: "Well, then, postpone the funeral three weeks for me." But no, the Board produced dynastic precedents for not crossing over New Year's Day. The Emperor, whose wits seem to have been all about him, despite starvation and a dazed appearance, wanted to know how this last argument would have worked if his grandmother had died on the [illegible] day of the year? He added that the two last Empresses ha[illegible] state for some time, and the Senior Dowager was entitl[illegible]ast as much consideration. As to the plea of ill-luck, th[illegible] offered to take all the risk upon himself. He said: "[illegible]ered Heaven to shorten my

own life to lengthen hers, so why should I be afraid of ill-luck? Moreover, I suspect this belief in luck and retribution is all humbug, and if it fails to do me any personal harm, posterity will be all the wiser for the illustration." After naming the 17th or 18th of the first moon, the Emperor at last made the 11th his irreducible minimum.

The next question was how to get the Emperor to swallow some gruel: the Academy, the six Boards, in fact the whole State, applied itself to the delicate task of getting at least a spoonful down; they also took the opportunity of pointing out the public inconvenience of mourning for twenty-seven months. The Empress's stepmother was called in to assist, and promised not to go back to her own palace until the Emperor had eaten. A decree then announced that, though the Emperor had sipped the gruel, he could not get it down his throat, and, moreover, he positively refused to leave the corpse. Redoubled efforts were now made to get the Emperor back to his palace before the New Year. He inquired: "Is the last day of the year *really* a *dies non*?" After full explanation, the Emperor was asked to consent to take his food on New Year's Day in front of the coffin, and to spend that night at least in a tent outside the building where the corpse lay. The Emperor refused, on the ground that a poor man is obliged to remain in the same house with a coffin, and that an Emperor's feelings of consanguinity are the same as a poor man's. At last, however, yielding to his ministers' solicitations, he consented (but under protest) to leave the coffin for a little time on New Year's Day. Finally, the whole official body "struck work," and demanded punishment for the crime of refusing to consent to twenty-seven months' mourning. His Majesty at last began to totter under the weight of these repeated blows, and issued a rescript: "Just let this memorial remain with me a while, and address me again after New Year's Day." In compensation for this small concession, the Emperor returned to the body and renewed his wailings harder than ever. Another appeal was made by the ministers to the Empress, who said: "I have twice earnestly exhorted the Emperor, but his mind is made up." And so things went on with wearisome iteration. Up to the fourth moon the Emperor is still found weeping at intervals, and not until the summer does he consent to shave his head and allow the pig-tail to grow again. However, the chief astronomer (a Dutchman), Verbiest, died just about now, and the Russian frontier trouble at Albazin got seriously complicated with the Eleuth and Kalka Mongol squabbles; the Emperor joined the Dalai Lama of Tibet

in an effort to restore peace, and so gradually the memory of his grandmother seems to have faded away. He gave all her clothes, jewellery, and knick-knacks to her relatives, the Korchin Mongols.

II.

LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA TO THE POPE.

The commands to the Faith Regeneration Prince Benedict of the Western Ocean are as follow :

" We have perused the Prince's memorial, and observed the tribute of local objects sent with it, from all of which the genuineness of his devotion is sufficiently manifest.

" His late Majesty the Emperor *Divus Benevolens* [K'ang-hi] extended his protection over the myriad regions ; none so distant but what they were reached. When he soared aloft on the Dragon Steed, the ministers and people both of China and of foreign parts felt eternal regrets for his memory. We have now succeeded to the Great Inheritance, and Our most anxious endeavours are to continue the policy indicated by him. The land of the Faith Regeneration Prince is situated in very remote parts : he has despatched a special envoy to bring a letter submitting his views. He is touched with the grace vouchsafed by his late Majesty, and prays for the long life and happiness of Our Imperial Selves. His supplication is as lucid and to the point as his phraseology is respectful. We approve and are comforted.

" The envoy having come so far, We have treated him with exceptional courtesy. As for the men of the Western Ocean living in China, in Our uniform concern for all creation, We have always admonished them to be quiet and circumspect. So long as they are able to pay due regard to the laws, and their conduct is blameless, We shall of course extend to them Our love, and cherish them.

" As the envoy is now about to return home, this mandate is specially issued. Besides, there are bestowed sixty pieces of satin of the three first qualities, with forty of the second. Accept them, Prince, as a mark of Our attention."

The above document was given out towards the end of 1725. Some time during the late autumn of that year the envoys sent by Pope Benedict XIII. had reached Peking in order to endeavour to appease the Emperor [illegible]êng, who at the commencement of 1724 had issued, and [illegible]ict force, the following edict :

"The Board of Rites reports upon a memorial sent up by the viceroy at Foochow, representing that men from the Western Ocean were building chapels all over the provinces of China, and were clandestinely dwelling in them for the purpose of propagating their faith ; that men's minds were being gradually misled by it, and that there was no advantage to be gained from tolerating it : the Board advises that, exception made of those brought to Peking to do service [as mathematicians] there, all the other Western Ocean men in the provinces should be settled at Macao ; and that, as recommended by the viceroy, the chapels should all be turned into public offices, those persons who have mistakenly entered the church being strictly prohibited to remain in it. Rescript : Western Ocean men are foreigners, and as such have long lived in the various provinces : the viceroy in question now recommends that they be removed : it is to be feared that the people of the localities concerned may mischievously molest them. Let letters be sent to the viceroy or governor of each province, ordering them to so manage their removal as to grant a period of a few months or half a year within which the removal must take place. Official escorts must be sent both with those brought to Peking and those quartered at Macao, and care must be taken that they suffer no hardship."

The Catholics, in the official reports they have left on record, admit that Yung-chêng was a wise prince ; but it is doubtful if they are all aware that his life was embittered by the evil conduct of four of his brothers, who had already made the old Emperor's life a burden to him. K'ang-hi had disinherited his fifth son, Yün-jêng, usually known as "the second lad"—two out of three elder sons having died young—and who was for many years recognised as heir-apparent, because his mother, who died in childbirth, was the Empress, and not a mere concubine. In consequence of this the "fourteenth lad" and two other brothers for many years kept up a series of intrigues, and K'ang-hi would never consent to name an heir whilst he lived. Yung-chêng was known as the "fourth lad" until, on his father's death-bed, he was nominated successor, and of course the disinherited clique were jealous of him. But the Emperor was very patient, giving them chance after chance to reform. At last the ex-heir, his elder brother, died, and the treasonable conduct of the other three became so outrageous that two of them were deprived of their liberty, and even their imperial names, and were forced to assume the plebeian appellations of Akina and Sêsuhê respectively. They died in prison towards the end of 1726.

What may have specially embittered Yung-chêng against the

missionaries is the fact that his brother Sêsuhê (then called Yün-t'ang), whilst in semi-exile as generalissimo near Kokonor, was caught in the act of corresponding with his friends in Peking through the means of a secret cypher bearing a resemblance to European letters. The missionaries at Peking, when questioned, professed not to be able to decipher the message, but it is evident from the following language of the Emperor that his animus was strong: "Akina (formerly Yün-sz), Yün-t'ang (afterwards called Sêsuhê), and Yün-t'i, having formed a clique with private ends in view, and having given themselves up to circulating mischievous rumours, seem to be carefully showering favours upon priests, taoists, lamas, physicians, astrologers, fortune-tellers, and even play-actors, low policemen, and Western Ocean men, the serfs of high officials, and such like, with a view to making future use of the acquaintances thus formed, &c., &c." In particular, there was a certain Jean Morao (in Chinese known as Mu King-yüan), who had become intimate with Sêsuhê, and had been overheard discussing with him, whilst the old Emperor was ill, the prospects of coming to the throne. Jean Morao seems to have followed this prince to Kokonor, and to have arranged (according to the precedent set by Father de Rhodes in Tonquin) a back door or window to his house there, through which the prince could slip out unobserved to take spiritual consolation, or, as the Emperor put it, "to disobey national custom and follow the teaching of outlandish bonzes." Indeed, Sêsuhê on one occasion announced his intention to renounce a lay life altogether, and he declined to kneel to the Emperor's messengers. Another of the Emperor's relatives, named Sunu, fell into disgrace for similar reasons. Sunu's sons became converts, and it is stated in a public decree, dated 1728, that they vowed to suffer death rather than recant.

In the summer of 1726 another letter arrives from the Pope: "The Western Ocean Italia Kingdom Faith Regeneration Prince Benedict memorialises, begging that, in accordance with the precedent set in the case of Theodoricus Pedrini, the two missionaries imprisoned at Canton may be released. The Emperor's rescript ran: Theodoricus Pedrini was guilty of transmitting inaccurate messages and making mischievous representations to the throne, in consequence of which his late Majesty, taking into consideration the fact that he was a man from beyond the seas, allotted to him the lenient punishment of confinement. On Our accession to the throne, an edict of indulgence was issued, in which pardon was granted to all pardonable offenders [illegible] to give them a fresh opportunity in life. Theodoricus P[illegible]nce fell within the scope of this

indulgence, and he received his dismissal. But at that time the Canton Government had not yet included the names of Pi T'ien-siang and Ki Yu-kang[1] in the lists submitted under the indulgence. As, however, the prince now makes the request above indicated in his memorial, We order the Canton Government by this special edict to let these two men go, as a mark of Our universal clemency; at the same time it may be stated that We should in any case have noticed the matter and extended Our imperial favour to them, for it appears their offences fall easily within the rules of Our edict of indulgence."

Although the Emperor Yung-chêng thus dealt calmly and justly with the specific matters brought before him, he was not to be prevailed upon to tolerate Christianity. On the other hand, he was not to be deceived by silly rumours such as the one that the pretty girls of Peking were being bought up for presentation to the Europeans. The unseemly disputes between the Catholics themselves did not improve matters. Pope Clement XII. declared void the pastoral letters of the Bishop of Peking, and Benedict XIV. by his Bull *Ex quo singulari* drove matters into the *impasse* from which they have never since been able to extricate themselves. No terms with ancestor worship were allowed to be made, and Christianity was in consequence driven to the inaccessible mountains. Both Dominicans and Jesuits were put to death by the Emperor Kienlung, but this did not interfere with the friendly treatment of the mathematicians at Peking. In 1774 the Jesuits there received news that Clement XIV. had abolished the Society of Jesus, so from that moment they had to work as secular priests under the Bishop. In 1775 the cathedral was destroyed, but the Emperor Kienlung was sufficiently large-minded to sanction and even contribute to its reconstruction; this new building remained *in situ* until after the Franco-Chinese war of 1884, when Pope Leo XIII. endeavoured to establish better relations with China; his conciliatory policy at last consented to the removal of the cathedral to a position outside the north gates of Peking, but he was not politically strong enough to oust France altogether from the political *rôle* she has all along assumed as protector of the Catholic Faith.

E. H. PARKER.

[1] I have not yet been able to ascertain the European names of these missionaries.

WINE

IN ITS RELATION TO HEALTH.

ALCOHOL! What a word! The comforter and curse of millions. Possibly no product for which Nature is responsible has had more influence on the human race, and mostly for evil, more especially where it is taken in the form of spirits. From time immemorial alcohol in the shape of wine has been looked to as the fountain whence perennial pleasures spring. In heathen mythology Bacchus, the god of wine, presided at every festivity, and even the Greatest Being who ever influenced the human race stamped it with His approval at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee. Wine excites love, anger, hate, and every passion that moves the human heart, and while on the one hand it enhances pleasure and soothes sorrow, on the other its abuse entails woe unutterable. To the worn and the weary it brings relief, but to the glutton and the sensualist it means the shadow of death. And what a death!

What potentialities of pleasure in the springtime of life lie in the magic word, and, alas, how often in its dawn what regrets and shadows are conjured up! How many a brilliant future and how many a radiant being full of hope, and every possibility that makes life a heaven upon earth, has been wrecked for ever by this syren that lures the victim to quicksands whence there is often no return. It would be useless to deny that from the earliest stages of history alcohol has influenced, and certainly will continue to influence, the destinies of mankind until humanity ceases to people the globe. An excellent servant, as long as reason guides the helm, but the worst of masters when passion drives the rudderless wreck of humanity drifting on the lee shore of life.

I may premise this article by saying once for all that my experience as a dietitian has taught me that in *moderation* alcohol in its different forms, more [illegible]lly in the form of *pure* wine, does no harm, while it undo[illegible]ds to enhance the pleasures of life.

But I have always held, and still hold, the opinion, that it is not a necessity. There is no reason why a man should not go from the cradle to the grave without touching it, and be in every way the better. It is not a food, nor does it replenish or improve any tissue of the human body. It, however, undoubtedly has its uses, as, for instance, in illness it tides over the victim in the debilitative stage of acute disease until nature reasserts herself.

In these days of competition and worry, when possibly we live faster than our ancestors did, it rounds off those angles of social existence that sometimes grate, and by smoothing the path to friendship and conviviality, makes life more bearable. The fact that a few people injure themselves by over-indulging is no reason why the majority should not enjoy the zest that the exhilarating effects of alcohol give to those who have sufficient control over themselves to use and not to abuse it. And they are the majority. I am a strong opponent of alcohol as a stimulant in its more concentrated form in the shape of spirits, except in cases where it is absolutely essential that they should be used in a medicinal way, and I should like to see a duty placed upon spirits that would make their use absolutely prohibitive: but in the form of wine, and in moderation, more especially where they are taken to please the palate and to enhance the charms of artistic cuisine and promote the flow of wit, laughter, and good-fellowship, I certainly think that they tend to make this transitory existence of ours more bearable and more pleasant. Gluttony in any form must naturally be disgusting, but the gratification of a refined appetite and the appreciation of artistic cookery is only another form of the intellectuality that has run in this groove, but may run in another groove to a love of music, in another to a devotion to art, science, literature, and the thousand other passions and pleasures and pastimes that elevate humanity above the level of the brute creation.

Alcohol in spirit form is the curse of civilisation; it has caused more misery, more degradation, more crime than anything else on God's earth. Indeed, alcohol in any shape in excess has done the same. But in the form it takes in wines, in moderation, it seems as if it were a gift from the gods; and this has been the opinion of most men whose opinion is worth noting, from the time of Noah to the present day.

In ancient times wine was only made from the grape, as beer was from malt; but, alas! it is exceedingly sad to know that in these days wine can be fabricated not only from its legitimate source, the grape, but by chemical processes from substances that are abso-

lutely foreign to the grape; and the unfortunate part of it is that it can be done cheaper and to almost defy detection. If there is a thing that I have a horror for it is "cheap wines," for these, almost without exception, mean poison. For those who cannot afford to pay a reasonable price for wine my advice is, let them drink ale or cyder, or any other wholesome stimulant within their reach.

The Legislature, to a certain extent, guards the spirit-drinker, and sees that the drink he consumes is of a strength that, to say the least of it, means poison; but the Legislature does not guard the wine-drinker in any way, shape, or form. It simply sees that the compound pays a certain duty according to its strength in alcohol, but whether it is a wine, or whether it is a sophisticated concoction made of logwood, acetic acid, sugar, and potato spirit, does not matter to it at all.

Few people know it, but it is an absolute fact, that in the city of Hamburg there are manufactories where wines of every description and every flavour, and of every *age*, can be made that are absolutely guiltless of any connection with the juice of the grape. It is not to be wondered at that these wines are injurious—almost poison. The pure juice of the grape, without the addition of spirit or sugar, is a wholesome beverage; it stimulates the nervous system, it promotes the flow of nervous energy, it brightens the intellectual faculties, and even assists digestion. But wine that is a chemical combination—that is, wine that is manufactured from chemicals instead of from the juice of the grape—is naturally a liquid to be avoided as one would a pestilence.

The juice of the grape in a properly fermented state is entirely void of injurious products, more especially in the shape of "fusel oil." It is only when wine is fortified, as it usually is, with potato spirit and sugar (added to arrest fermentation), that it becomes injurious. Of course, it would be absolutely absurd to suppose that the ordinary person understands all this. It requires the experience of the expert. A perfect wine may be described as one possessing all the characteristic properties, flavour, aroma, and exhilarating action of wine, but in which neither alcoholic pungency, acidity, sweetness, nor astringency is sufficiently marked to offend the most delicate palate. To me as a dietitian wine is of vast service; in fact, I do not know what I should possibly do without it, and naturally I have taken a vast amount of trouble to get wines suitable for my purposes, that is, to try and procure wines that [illegible] imported free from fictitious aids to flavour and alcoholic streng[illegible] instance, in dieting for the reduction of obesity, where it [illegible] by dietetic means alone, to

reduce the weight from twelve to sixteen pounds a month, with at the same time improvement in health and condition, it is necessary, in dealing with those who are accustomed to take stimulants, that the particular stimulant allowed should be free from sugar, and in the shape of what is known as *dry* and *natural* wines, and undoubtedly these wines are the finest flavoured and the most wholesome of all.

Of late years the taste for what are known as dry wines has enormously increased. I remember some years ago going to a very noted champagne shipper and asking him whether he could introduce, compatible with my requirements, an absolutely dry champagne, what is known as a "brut" wine—and here, perhaps, it may interest many wine-drinkers to know what a "brut" champagne really means. It means that the juice of the grape that furnishes the wine known as champagne is allowed to run through its fermentation. If from the first it is found to contain sufficient alcohol for the purpose from the grape, it is left to make a wine that will improve as age goes on. In years when from cold and other causes the grape does not sufficiently mature, after the fermentation has run to a certain extent sugar is added to create a second fermentation, and when this has run through the wine is, after racking and the different processes that such wine undergoes, bottled and temporarily corked; the bottles being placed head downwards in racks and moved daily. In this position a sediment deposits at the neck of the bottle, on the cork, which in due course is removed by a dexterous twist of the hand before the wine is finally corked, being blown out by the wine in the bottle. This is afterwards filled up by a certain amount of syrupy liqueur. The bottle is then finally corked. The amount of this added liqueur depends upon the country it is exported to. In the case of England 2 or 3 per cent. of liqueur is added, in the case of Russia a very great deal more, and so on. Where it is necessary to produce a "brut" wine, instead of adding a syrupy liqueur a small quantity of a similar wine is added to fill up the bottle, which is then finally corked. This is known as a "brut" wine,[1] and undoubtedly as a dietetic wine when the taste is acquired for it, which it soon is, for all purposes such a wine is best.

But to proceed. A short time after, this gentleman informed me that he had communicated with the head of the firm at Epernay, who replied that they had made their name (a world-wide one) by their well-known present champagne, which was of great celebrity, and they would not alter it. As of course might be expected, other

[1] "Brut" champagne absolutely free from cane sugar may be had from the firm mentioned on p. 609.

firms took up the idea, and many years afterwards this wine-
came to me saying that they found it was absolutely essenti
they should produce a "brut" champagne. I pointed out to
that they were late in the day, and that they had thrown a
chance that would have been worth to *them* untold wealth.

In nothing has fashion or taste changed so much of recent
as in wine. Our grandfathers drank heavy and strong wines in
shape of port, madeira, and sherry, but for some reason or ot
possibly owing to the mischief done by excess in those days, wh
has left to us an inheritance in the shape of gout, the taste for he
and strong wines seems to have passed away. The three-bottle m
of years ago are quite obsolete, and one may truly say that wine
now drunk more as an aid to health, and as an adjunct to the appr
ciation of the more delicate cuisine of these Sybarite days, than a
an intoxicant. So in food, the roast beef and plum pudding of ol
England are now considered as fit for one day in the year only—
Christmas Day—and we go in for dinners of numerous courses in
which plain joints are conspicuous by their absence, each course
having its own particular wine to enhance its charm.

For instance, among the luxurious classes, in the recherché dinners
now in vogue, it is usual to have some dry sherry or sauterne after
the first course—soup;[1] and a choice Rhine wine or Moselle, such as
Berncasteler, Doctor Auslese, or Rauenthaler Berg, with or after fish;
and with the entrée or joint, or with both, a glass of Chambertin, but
there is one wine, viz. champagne, which seems to marry well with
the dinner after the first two or three courses are over. This latter
wine may be continued throughout even until the ice or dessert
appears upon the table, and the invariable cigarette takes the place
of wine, and mates with the cup of coffee that then should appear.

There are a certain number of people who drink wine simply as
an excitant, but there are others who drink it because they believe,
and rightly, that it makes life more bearable, that it assists digestion,
and even that it lengthens existence. For many years now, for my
dietetic requirements, I have found it necessary to take a personal
interest in the matter of wines, more especially as it is absolutely
essential, in dieting for such conditions as gout, obesity, and dys-
pepsia, that I should have wines to meet my requirements, and I may
truly say that within the last fifteen or twenty years I have tasted and
analysed many hundreds of different kinds, and after taking a very
great amount of trouble I have been able to have procured

[1] The present fashion of taking what are known as *hors d'œuvres* before the
soup is a great mistake; it is beginning a dinner at the wrong end.

by the Dry Wine Co., 56 Pall Mall, London, S.W., a very large variety of natural wines of different countries and brands, such as sherries, burgundies, hocks, moselles, champagnes, ports, &c. I believe that there are very few people in England who have tasted all the different kinds of what are now known as "natural wines"—that is, pure wines without the addition of added spirit or sugar. The national taste, until within recent years, has been for strong and sweet wines, matured, perhaps, by age, as in the case of port; but I question whether even in these days many people know or have tasted a "natural port"—that is, a port in which there is no sugar. This class of wine may now be had, and a very nice wine it is, and a wine that would be suitable for gouty people to whom ordinary port is undoubtedly poison. My own opinion as a dietitian is, that natural wines are the wholesomest of all, and in this opinion I am borne out by such eminent authorities as Pavy and Thudichum, and, in fact, by hosts of others.

Natural wine rarely contains more than 26 per cent. (by volume) of proof spirit, and therefore a wine of alcoholic strength of 36 to 40 per cent., such as port and sherry, must have supplementary spirit added to it. Fortified wines, such as port, sherry, madeira, &c., usually contain 36 to 40 per cent. of spirit. This is added to arrest fermentation after it has advanced to a certain extent; and these wines, on account of their increased alcoholic strength, will keep under exposure to air, where the unfortified ones would not.

What I would here point out is the fact that the spirit for supplementing the alcoholic strength of wine is, as a rule, fabricated at Hamburg from rotten potatoes, and is known as potato spirit, and is imported to France, Spain, and other countries for this purpose, and it is this fact that makes cheap wines so very heady and injurious to drinkers. I would therefore strongly urge those who drink wines, if they are to drink them at all, to endeavour by every means in their power to get some wine that is guaranteed not to be fortified in any such way. At the risk of being blamed, which of course is a matter of absolute indifference to me, I must say that there is one firm in London, as I have said before, which has endeavoured in every way to meet my requirements, as far as the procuring of these wines is concerned, and that I have tasted and tested two or three hundred wines of every description furnished by them.[1] There are doubtless hundreds of other firms who supply the requirements of their customers with wines of exceptional purity, and indeed the names of many of them are of world-wide reputation; but of course with me

[1] The Dry Wine Company, 56 Pall Mall, London, S.W.

it is essential that I should know exactly what wines are furnished for my requirements, which, as a dietitian, are naturally very extensive.

It would be absurd to suppose that any ordinary individual can be a judge of every particular class of wine, as the taste for high-class wines, like the taste for high-class cookery or high-class music, must be acquired, but I have for years pointed out that people should take the trouble to learn what particular kind of wine suits them best. This they certainly do not do. For instance, a gouty person will go on year after year drinking sweet wines when he should be drinking a Rhine wine or Moselle, and another subject to constipation will go on drinking clarets or ports which contain a large amount of tannin, thereby adding to the trouble already existing. Gouty, fat, and bilious persons will often drink wines which are totally unsuited for them, not from the fact that they have any special taste for that particular wine, but that they are ignorant in the matter of what particular wines or stimulants are most suitable. Not that there are not plenty of wines suitable for the gouty and obese, but it is that victims of these ailments will not take the trouble to find what these are and where they can be obtained. Again, more from ignorance than from love of wine, very many people take more than their requirements or their particular constitutions can assimilate, with the result that gastric irritation and other troubles are set up which eventually lead to persistent indigestion, malnutrition, and general ill-health.

Of course it would be out of place to expect the ordinary human being to be a physician or to understand the laws that govern and regulate health. This is the province of the expert, or perhaps as more commonly known the "specialist," and those who are wise and who find that their health does not seem to be all it should be should naturally consult the expert, and of experts in this way or that one may truly say there are thousands. It is only a matter as to which "expert" the person should choose, having regard to the particular ailment from which he suffers.

The first expert—save the mark!—he generally tries is himself—the worst of all—and after swallowing drugs and quack medicines and making his ailment worse, or even incurable, he goes to the physician to undo his own evil work. A sensible man does not try to cut his own clothes or repair his own watch, but the same man thinks himself quite competent to act as his own physician, and fritters away his life as if, like the proverbial cat, he had eight more to spare.

Thousands of people suffer from persistent ill-health from errors

in diet and in drink; indeed, it frequently comes under the observation of the physician that people suffering from bronchial troubles, from persistent sore throat (often due to excess of uric acid in the blood), headache, malaise, and other conditions that make life unbearable, owe their origin to the food they eat and the liquid or wine they drink, and when these two factors are adapted to their particular requirements and constitutional needs, robust health is again obtained.

With regard to excess in stimulant, of course everyone is familiar with the evils that arise from this failing. One that comes more particularly under the observation of the physician is the fact that excess in alcohol prevents the elimination of waste from the system, and therefore it is retained in the form of gout, obesity, rheumatism, eczema, and numerous other conditions that mean a retention of effete products in the system, or products that should be consumed in the operations of life.

Excess in stimulant, more especially in the form of spirit, undoubtedly tends to deteriorate tissue, and by so doing leads when middle age is drawing to its close to changes in the kidneys, in the liver, and indeed in all the organs (the healthy working of which is absolutely essential to continued health), and to their early decay. It does not matter whether it is excess in eating or excess in drinking, but, undoubtedly, excess of any kind means the wearing out of the different organs that have to get rid of it, and the old proverb that says that he "who lives in wine dies in water," is perfectly true. It simply expresses the fact that excess in wine eventually leads to disease of the kidneys that finally terminates in dropsy and death, and the proverb might just as well have added that he "who eats too much dies of suffocation," for it simply means that they become corpulent, and by thus overloading the heart with fat, weaken its structure, and eventually die from the oppression of breath that such a condition entails. It has often struck me as an incongruous fact that people frequently come under my observation who are abstainers from alcohol, and who even go on temperance platforms and preach against the evils of intemperance, who are of such unwieldy proportions and so corpulent that they are unable to properly breathe, take exercise, or enjoy life, who by want of that temperance in eating which they preach so much about in drinking, have brought themselves into a condition of disease and ill-health pitiable to behold. These are the individuals who, in [illegible]ds of Hudibras, "Compound for sins they are inclined t[illegible]ng those they have no mind to."

or that contains fusel oil.

It may be asked, is alcohol in its differen[t]
necessity to life? My answer is, it is not, and
from the cradle to the grave without ever touch
enjoy the most perfect health as far as that is
more necessary to a man than it is to a horse—
habit; and therefore one may truly say that th
from alcohol in all forms is the healthiest man.
people are the exception, and as wine tends i
hilarate and to add to good-fellowship, a p
indulge in a little occasionally is an anomal
further and say that in many cases he is a wet b

It seems to be a necessity of our existence
and every dinner and every social function sh
good eating, but, if one may so express it, good
a recherché dinner at the Princes' Restaurant, w
sybarite cuisine furnished under the auspices of
Benoist and Fourault, the restaurateurs—the
latter days—washed down with tea, water, or gin
imagination pales at the thought.

The fact that alcohol in its different forms v
effects according to the particular idiosyncrasy
individual has been well shown by Hogarth, wh
depicts the ale-drinker, coarse, fat, and bloated
the thin and emaciated wreck, who has ruined h
In "Marriage à la Mode" the portrait of t
exemplified in the gouty old squire, whose com

drinker as a rule is furious when he takes it to excess, the wine-drinker is gay and blithesome, whatever the after results may be, and the beer-drinker is stupid and coarse and heavy. Indeed, it is not too much to say of the latter what some philosopher or other said, viz., that the man who drinks beer thinks beer.

After all, in regard to alcohol as an adjunct to health, it simply comes to this, that the individual himself is no judge of the quantity or of the character of the stimulant that he indulges in. He may be right or he may be wrong, but if under any circumstances the health is not what it should be, he would do well to see whether what he is drinking may not be the cause of it. Not that the stimulant itself may necessarily be injurious in the particular case, but that the character of the particular stimulant he is taking may be so. For instance, it is well known that French red wines interfere more with the digestion than white German wines, and in this respect the Sicilian wine marsala is still worse. The most wholesome wines of all for ordinary use are undoubtedly hocks and moselles. These seem to suit almost any person. They suit the gouty, they suit the obese, and they suit those affected with the ordinary forms of indigestion. Of course there are constitutions that are benefited more by other wine. For instance, anæmic people may take with benefit burgundy. In the debilitated stage of acute disease port seems to be the most valuable of fermented liquors, and where a rapid stimulant is required, and one that at the same time aids digestion, champagne furnishes the best. It would be impossible in a short article to enter into the merits and demerits of all the different well-known wines, but those best known in England are the hocks, clarets, ports, sherries, and champagnes. Champagnes, unless of special brands, are as a rule too sweet for any but the robust. Dry wines and champagnes may be procured that are suitable even for the gouty and obese; indeed, other wines in the form of sherries and ports may also be obtained from the firm that I have previously mentioned ; but these, though cheap, are imported more to please fastidious palates, and those who cannot drink other classes of wine. Most people naturally drink wine regardless of its after effects, but there are, unfortunately for themselves, those who require to consider and choose what wine they should drink, and, happily for such people, such wines are now within their reach.

Few people seem to know or to understand that spirits distilled from the grape or from sugar are the purest of all, as they contain no fusel oil. The danger is with spirits distilled from grain, and I take this opportunity of pointing this out. Brandy in France

is, or should be, distilled from the grape, and hence it is of all spirits the best and the purest. Rum distilled from cane sugar is equally free from injurious products, and it is a pity that the place of these two should be now taken up by grain spirit such as whisky and gin, that really require great age or care in their distillation to eliminate the "fusel oil," so injurious to the votary of these excitants.

Before closing this article I should like to point out that there is a field for beverages in our own country which would undoubtedly, by the application of a little science and care, open up a very large industry, and this is in the manufacture of perry and cider. These are among the most wholesome of beverages, very pleasant in taste, and free from fusel oil or other poisonous ingredient. They have a great future before them, but for want of enterprise or some other cause they do not seem to take the place they should. There are a few counties in England noted for their perry and cider, such as Hereford, Dorset, Somerset, and Devon, but in every other part of England, Scotland, and Wales they are almost unknown.

I have often wondered why spirit has not been distilled from cider or perry. The destructive distillation of sugar in their case would undoubtedly distil a most valuable spirit, and one that could be used even in its newest stages, but fashion seems to point at present to the consumption of vast quantities of what is known by the simple name of "Scotch," and whisky, the worst spirit that can possibly be drunk unless it is old and pure and matured, forms the staple beverage of the present day. It is a spirit of the very worst description as far as the kidneys and nervous system are concerned.

Perhaps, before concluding, it would be as well to point out the injurious effects of alcohol taken in excess, and this of course only applies to those who take it, not as an adjunct to the enjoyment of life or to the pleasures of the table, but who take it at all times and under all circumstances. Taken in moderation it can do no more harm than any other luxury—it increases appetite and stimulates digestion. In advancing and old age it is certainly beneficial. It strengthens the action of the heart, increases warmth, and acts as oil does to rusty machinery. We have St. Paul's authority for this. But, taken in excess, it weakens the nervous system, and in women leads to hysteria and other neurotic derangements. It further impedes the renewal of nervous and muscular tissue and the vital activity of the blood-vessels. It influences the circulation in such ways as to lead to congestion, and by paralysing nervous energy is the cause of degeneration of tissue that eventually leads to such con-

ditions as Bright's disease, *cirrhosis* of the liver, thickening of the membrane of the larynx and bronchi (as may be noticed in the hoarseness of confirmed topers), and other evils too numerous to mention. It is a well-known fact that those who are exposed to the temptation of tippling, such as hotel-keepers, wine-merchants, barmen, &c., are very short-lived.

Insurance companies, as is well known, refuse to take at ordinary rates persons who indulge to excess in alcohol, and their tables show conclusively that life is shortened by a great number of years by immoderate indulgence in drink or food. On the other hand, it would, I think, be an evil day if the moderate and healthy-minded individual is to be ruled by the faddists, who, though in the minority, can always make themselves loudest heard. Happily, there is always a majority of level-headed people to keep them in subjection, so that the ordinary sensible man shall be able to enjoy all the foods and drinks that a beneficent nature has placed within the reach of humanity.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BESIDE the cottage door, she sees
  The white sheep in the sun ;
The old church gable through the trees
Breaks with the bounding of the breeze—
  Cloud-shadows o'er it run.

Upward the green hill-slope they go,
  Cloud-shadow, shadow and cloud ;
Kiss on the height and hasten so
Down heaven's blue galleries below—
  Cloud, cloud-shadow, and cloud.

The brown bee buzzes at the door,
  The lilies shine like fire,
And overhead the lark will soar
And toss his sweet song evermore
  Higher, and ever higher.

Rich marigolds, star-thick, arise
  Out of the warm wet earth ;
Gaze, orange-gold, up azure skies,
Like beacon-flames for butterflies
  Half-blind in honeyed mirth.

She sees it all with open eye,
  Absorbed in dreamworld wonder ;
Looks, child-like, o'er the tree tops high,
And smiles—she has not learnt to sigh—
  Then comes the distant thunder !

Quick as a squirrel she slips her book
  Into her satchel brown,
Smooths fair her frock to get a look
At tiny feet that said they took
  To heart her solemn frown ;

Then, unforgetful evermore
  Of hill and cloud and valley,
Hastens, the thunderstorm before,
Hot-cheeked at its rebukeful roar,
  All down a dark yew alley.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

TABLE TALK.

A Yorkshire Naturalist.

IN consequence partly of what I have written concerning the protection of bird life, I have had my attention directed to the recently published life of Francis Orpen Morris, by his son, the Rev. M. C. F. Morris.[1] Apart from his contributions to the knowledge and preservation of birds, Morris was a cultivated country clergyman, the tenor of whose life at Nunburnholme, Yorkshire, was disturbed by few incidents other than fall to the lot of average humanity, and who in his later days was fortunate enough to receive a civil list pension. Though popular rather than scientific, his works on natural history have a recognised position, and his "History of British Birds," in six volumes, has attained recently the honour of a third edition, as have indeed his "Natural History of the Nests and Eggs of British Birds" and his "History of British Butterflies." These things in themselves, together with his other works on kindred subjects, would scarcely have commended him to mention in these pages, more especially as he was a confirmed opponent of the Darwinian theory. He was, however, as has been indicated, one of the first to perceive the folly and wickedness of indiscriminate bird slaughter, and to his exertions are largely ascribable the provisions made, and still in course of extension, for securing a close period for birds. In 1867 he petitioned Parliament that a heavy tax should be imposed on the possession of a gun, and in 1869 began, in the *Animal World*, a crusade that at length led to practical results. In the proceedings on behalf of protection for sea birds slain in thousands during breeding time on the Yorkshire coast, as elsewhere, he took an active part, writing more than once to the *Times*, and seconding one of the resolutions passed at the meeting in Hanover Square. He was, I believe, the first to start an association for the protection of British birds generally, and persevered in his [illegible] present augmented, though even yet inadequate, [illegible]sed. One of his later actions was establishing, at

[1] John C. Nimmo.

the suggestion of Lady Mount-Temple, what is now, or was, known as "The Plumage League."

LEGISLATION FOR BIRDS.

IN dismissing for a while at least a subject that I have much at heart, and concerning which I have, perhaps, preached overmuch, I will say that, ineffective as is as yet the carrying out of recent legislation with regard to birds, some results have already attended the measures taken. In my own garden, within three miles of Charing Cross, I have seen during the present spring birds that I have missed for a score of years; and I have heard within a day or two the mellow pipe of the blackbird singing, not in caged discontent, but with the full ripe jubilancy of perfect freedom. There is of course great difficulty in securing respect for the law. Rural policemen cannot be everywhere, and some of them are not too anxious to burden themselves with the duties of apprehending the bird-capturers. For the casual traveller it is difficult and even dangerous to attempt an arrest or even a remonstrance, and the labourer is indifferent to what does not directly concern his own interest. In many, even in most, villages there is, however, some individual of superior station who takes an intelligent interest in animal life, and he might work wonders. The knowledge that "Squoire" would pay a trifle for the preservation of birds, and not, like too many farmers, for their destruction, and a few words of commendation to a zealous officer from the magisterial chair, would probably lead to augmented zeal on the part of the police.

ARE ENGLISHMEN BOOK-LOVERS?

WHEN I see the number of books annually distributed at the great auction marts, and watch the prices occasionally paid for single volumes, I am compelled to own that there is in England a book-loving and a book-collecting world. I hold, however, to my frequently expressed conviction that we are not as a rule a book-loving race. If we take our upper classes, most of whom have parted with their libraries, if they ever had them, the collection consists of the *Racing Calendar*, Ruff's *Guide to the Turf*, a few works connected with the stud or the farm, and, perhaps, if a gleam of enlightenment has penetrated, a few volumes of the "Badminton Library." With the English middle classes matters are even worse. I have before alluded to the estimate of the space required for books that is formed by the great providers for the public in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Grove or Tottenham Court Road. The

amount of shelf-room held to be requisite for a young couple furnishing a small house or a flat might, perhaps, though this is doubtful, hold a complete set of the *Gentleman's Magazine.* More frequently it would barely suffice for the library which Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford had—

> At his beddes heed
> Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed.

I quote from the text of Professor Skeat. Whether we are improving or otherwise I leave for those to say who have more facilities for forming a judgment. Reading books is, of course, a different thing from owning them, and so in some cases is purchasing them. Clubs and country houses subscribe to Mudie's or other similar institutions, while the sempstress pays twopence a volume for the greasy and well-thumbed novels in the circulating library. The first Napoleon used to have the new books sent him on his campaigns, cut them open with his finger or anything that came to hand, and throw them out of the window when he had done with them. Some men still treat modern French novels after this manner, but the fashion is no more common than commendable.

THE LIBRARIES OF TO-DAY.

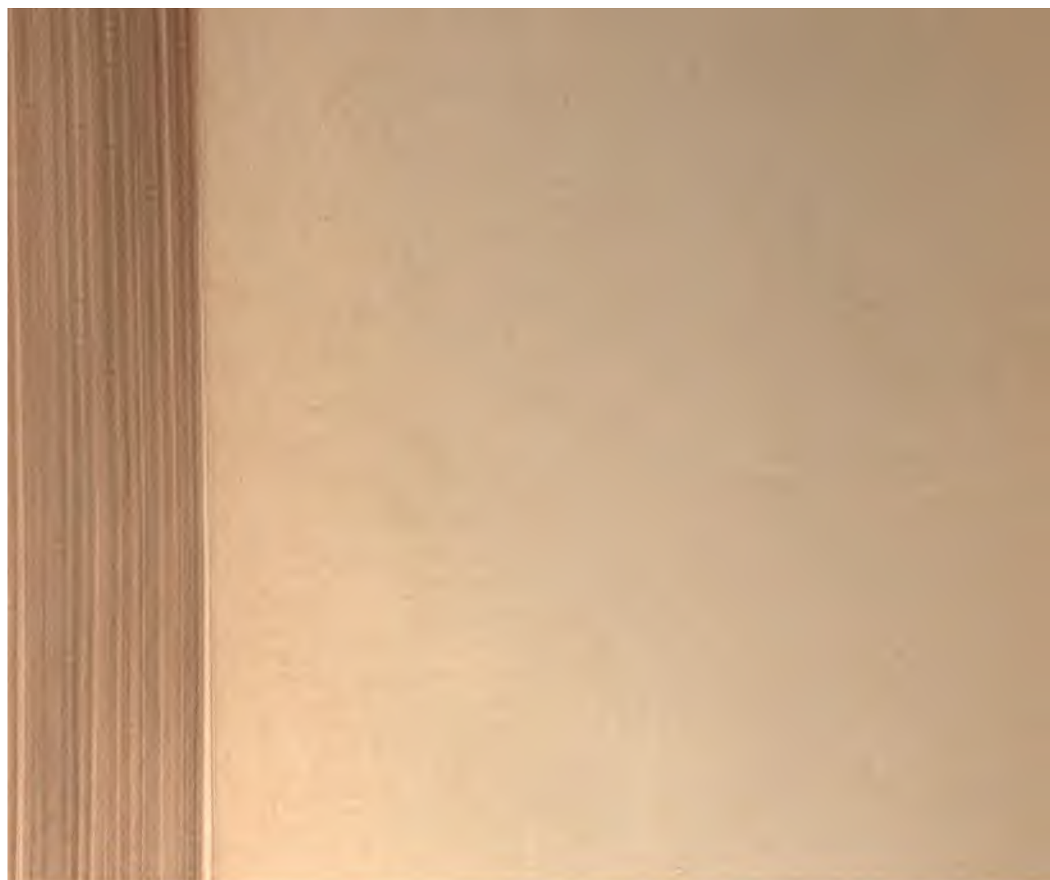
WHEN a modern collection of books assumes the dimensions that justifies the application to it of the term library, it rarely lasts in the same family for more than a generation or two. In spite of the dispersal of the great historical collections, or their acquisition in one or two happy cases by the nation or some country centre, there are still a few country libraries the owners of which regard them as heirlooms. These are, however, exceptions, and the record of the prices obtained at the sale of some noble collection begets hope, generally to be succeeded by disappointment, in the minds of those who own books into which they never look, and who expect that a collection of last-century theology will excite as much stir as sixteenth-century quartos or fifteenth-century classics. The man, however, who collects judiciously—alas! which of us does?—rarely leaves behind him a son with similar tastes. It is not every one who is fitted to be trusted with a library or will take the pains to keep it from ruin. The possession of a collection of books, especially if they are fine books, is in itself a responsibility which everybody will not and should not undertake. Then, again, there is the possibility that books are an important asset in reckoning up a man's estate, and a sale may be obligatory when a fair division is to be made. Whatever the reason may be, the library is generally t[illegible] delight of the individual, and is dispersed immediately or shortly a[illegible]

his death. For this reason the same books come
the market. Messrs. Sotheby & Co. know well
flutter is made in the market when it is known tha
sold come from an old house, and are not the
almost by this time have learnt their own way int
sale-room.

A HALF-DETHRONED IDOL.

LIKE many men of my own age or thereab
tastes and ambitions were fostered by the
Hunt, a critic I still think of fine instinct, great
taste and varied erudition. His "Imagination and
"Wit and Humour" constituted pleasant portal
delight. Through them I acquired, while still at s
only for Chaucer, Spenser, and the old dramatists, i
Hunt had potent allies in Hazlitt and Charles Lamb,
luminaries of Stewart times, Suckling, Lovelace,
the days of which I speak he was no longer alone,
he almost was, in his appreciation of later poets,
Shelley, and Wordsworth. But then even there we
and very few to love." My obligations to Hunt r
though the knowledge he communicated is now
later criticism has equalled his in few respects a
fewer. I am a little astonished, accordingly, on
reissue of "The Months,"[1] a work with which I
acquaintance, to find a grave apologetic tone adop
This work has not been previously reprinted
grieve to say, it does something towards abating
Hunt, and aiding to dethrone him, supplying some
for regarding him as a Cockney, a charge to which,
he was constantly subject. It gives one paus
sentence stating that artificial flowers "may be
glasses like real ones, or hung up in wreaths
pictures, doorways, or the middle of a pier, where
a picture of their own, a memorial of classical tim
contrast to the squareness of the compartment."
approval the comment of "somebody," who, on s
said "pleasantly," "Very lovely indeed! It is
artificial." One has to think of Hunt's experi
pardon an utterance such as that, and one must
the Marchioness, in order to accept the idea t
lighten up even a prison. SYL

[1] Hull: William Andrews.



Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 012 106 394